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THE DARK FLOWER

(THE LOVE LIFE OF A MAN)

PART I—SPRING

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

HE walked along Holywell that afternoon of early June with his short gown drooping down his arms, and no cap on his thick dark hair. A youth of middle height, and built as if he had come of two very different strains, one sturdy, the other wiry and light. His face too was a curious blend, for, though it was strongly formed, the expression was rather soft and moody. His eyes, dark gray, with a good deal of light in them, and very black lashes, had a way of looking beyond what they saw, so that he did not always seem to be quite present; but his smile was exceedingly swift, and alive, uncovering teeth as white as a negro's, and giving his face a peculiar eagerness. People stared at him a little as he passed—since in eighteen hundred and eighty he was before his time in not wearing a cap. Women especially were interested; they perceived that he took no notice of them, seeming rather to be looking into distance, and making combinations in his soul.

Did he know of what he was thinking—did he ever know quite definitely at that time of his life, when things, especially those beyond the immediate horizon, were so curious and interesting?—the things he was going to see and do when he had got through Oxford, where everybody was 'awfully decent' to him and 'all right' of course, but not so very interesting.

He was on his way to his tutor's to read an essay on Oliver Cromwell; and under the old wall which had once hedged in the town he took out of his pocket a beast. It was a small tortoise, and he watched it move its little inquiring head with an extreme absorption, feeling it all the time with his short, broad fingers, as though to discover exactly how it was made. How hard it was in the back! No wonder poor old Æschylus felt a bit sick when it fell on his head! The ancients used it to stand the world on—a pagoda world, perhaps, of men and beasts and trees, like that carving on his guardian's Chinese cabinet. The Chinese made jolly beasts and trees, as if they believed in everything having a soul, and not only being just fit for people to eat or drive or make houses of. If the Art school would let him model things 'on his own,' instead of copying and copying—it was just as if they imagined it would be dangerous to let you think out anything for yourself!

He held the tortoise to his waistcoat, and let it crawl. What would his tutor do, if he were to know it was there in his pocket—cock his head a little to one side, and say: "Ah! There are things, Lennan, not dreamed of in my philosophy!" Yes, there were a good many not dreamed of by 'old Stormer,' who seemed so awfully afraid of anything that wasn't usual. Noticing that the tortoise was gnawing the corner of his essay, he put it back in his pocket. Old Stormer seemed always laughing at you, for fear that you should laugh at him.

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There were lots of people in Oxford like that. It was stupid. You couldn't do anything decent if you were afraid of being laughed at! Mrs. Stormer wasn't like that; she did things because—they came into her head. But then, of course, she was Austrian, and ever so much younger than old Stormer.

And having reached the door of his tutor's house, he rang the bell. . . .

II

When Anna Stormer came into the study she found her husband standing at the window with his head a little on one side—a tall, long-legged figure in clothes of a pleasant tweed, and wearing a low turn-over collar (not common in those days) and a blue silk tie, which she had knitted, strung through a ring. He was humming and gently tapping the window-pane with his well-kept finger-nails. Though celebrated for the amount of work he got through, she never caught him doing any in this house of theirs, chosen because it was more than half a mile away from the college which held the 'dear young clowns,' as he called them, of whom he was tutor.

He did not turn—it was not, of course, his habit to notice what was not absolutely necessary—but she felt that he was aware of her. She came to the window-seat and sat down. He looked round, then, and said: "Ah!"

It was a murmur almost of admiration, not usual from him, since, with the exception of certain portions of the classics, it was hardly his custom to admire. But she knew that she was looking her best sitting there, her really beautiful figure poised, the sun shining on her brown hair, and making her deep-set, ice-green eyes very bright under their black lashes. It was sometimes a great comfort to her that she remained so good-looking. It would have been an added vexation indeed to have felt that she ruffled his fastidiousness. Even so, her cheekbones were too high for his taste, symbols of that something in her character which did not go with his—the dash of desperation, of vividness, that lack of a certain English smoothness which always annoyed him.

"Harold!"—she would never quite flatten her r's—"I want to go to the mountains this year."

The mountains! She had not seen them since that season at San Martino di Castrozza twelve years ago, which had ended in her marrying him.

"Nostalgia!"

"I don't know what that means—I am homesick. Can we go?"

"If you like—why not? But no leading up the Cimone della Pala for *me!*"

She knew what he meant by that. No romance. How splendidly he had led that day! She had almost worshipped him. What blindness, what distortion of everything! Was it really the same man standing there with those bright doubting eyes, and with gray already in his hair? Yes, romance was indeed over! And she sat silent, looking out into the street—that little old street into which she looked day and night. A figure passed out there, came to the door, rang.

She said softly: "Here is Mark Lennan!"

She felt her husband's eyes rest on her just for a moment, knew that he had turned, heard him murmur: "Ah! the angel clown!" And, quite still, she waited for the door to open. There was the boy with his blessed dark head, and his shy gentle gravity, and his essay in his hand.

"Well, Lennan, and how's old Noll? Hypocrite of genius, eh? Draw up; let's get him over!"

Motionless, from her seat at the window she watched those two figures at the table; the boy reading in his queer, velvety bass voice; her husband leaning back with the tips of his fingers pressed together, his head a little on one side, and that faint satiric smile which never reached his eyes. Yes, he was dozing, falling asleep; but the boy, not seeing, was going on. He came to the end, and glanced up. What eyes he had! Other boys would have laughed; but he looked almost sorry. She heard him murmur: "I'm awfully sorry, sir."

"Ah! Lennan, you caught me. Fact is, term's fagged me out. We're going to the mountains. Ever been to the mountains? What—never! Better come with us, eh? What do you say, Anna? Don't you think this young man ought to come with us?"

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She got up, and stood staring at them both. Had she heard aright?

Then her answer came—very gravely: "Yes; I think he ought to come."

"Good, we'll get *him* to lead up the Cimone della Pala!"

III

When the boy had said good-by and she had watched him out into the street, Anna stood for a moment in the streak of sunlight that came in through the open door, her hands pressed to cheeks which were flaming. Then she shut the door and leaned her forehead against the window-pane, seeing nothing. Her heart beat very fast; she was going over and over again the scene just passed through. This meant so much more than it had seemed to mean. . . .

Though she always had *Heimweh*, and especially at the end of the summer term, this year it had been a different feeling altogether that made her say to her husband: "I want to go to the mountains!"

For twelve years she had longed for the mountains every summer, but had not pleaded for them; this year she had pleaded for them because she did not long. It was because she had suddenly realized the strange fact that she did not want to leave England, and—the reason for it, that she had come and begged to go. Why then had she said: "Yes, I think he ought to come!" when it was just to get away from thought of this boy that she had asked to go? Ah! but life was always a strange pull between the conscientious and the desperate, a queer, vivid, aching business! How long was it now since that day when he first came to lunch, silent, and shy, and suddenly smiling as if he were all lighted up within—the day when she had said to her husband afterward: "Ah! he's an angel!" Not yet a year—the beginning of last October term. He was different from all the other boys; not that he was a prodigy with untidy hair, ill-fitting clothes, and a clever tongue—but because of something—something—Ah! well—different; because he was—he; because she longed to take his head between her hands and kiss it. She remembered, so well, the day that longing first came to her. She was giving him tea—it was quite early in the Easter term—he was telling her that he meant to be a sculptor, but that his guardian objected, so that of course he could not start till he was of age. The lamp on the table had a rose-colored shade; he had been rowing—a very cold day—and his face was glowing; generally it was rather pale. He was stroking her cat, who always went to him; suddenly he leaned forward, smiling, and said: "It's beastly waiting for things, isn't it?" It was then she had almost stretched out her hands to draw his forehead to her lips. She had thought then that she wanted to kiss him because it would have been so nice to be his mother—she might just have been his mother, if she had married at sixteen. But she had long known now that she wanted to kiss not his forehead, but his lips. He was there in her life—as a fire is in a cold unaired house; it had even become hard to understand that she could have gone on all these years without him. How she had missed him those six weeks of the Easter vacation, how she had revelled in his three queer little letters, half-shy, half-confidential; kissed them, and worn them in her dress! And in return had written him long, perfectly correct epistles in her still rather quaint English. She had never let him guess; the idea that he might guess, shocked her inexpressibly. As spring became summer, life seemed to be all made up of thoughts of him. If, ten years ago, her baby had lived, if its cruel death—after her agony—had not killed for good her wish to have another; if for years now she had not been living with the knowledge that she had no warmth to expect, and that love was all over for her; if life in the most beautiful of all old cities had been able to grip her—there would have been forces to check this feeling. But there was nothing in the world to divert the current. And she was so brimful of life, so conscious of vitality running to sheer waste. Sometimes it had been terrific, that feeling within her, of wanting to live—to find outlet for her energy. So many hundreds of lonely walks she had taken during all these years, trying to lose herself in Nature—hurrying alone, running in the woods, over the fields—where people did not come—trying to get rid of that sense of waste, trying once more to feel as she had felt when a girl

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with the whole world before her. It was not for nothing that her figure was superb, her hair so bright a brown, her eyes so full of light. She had tried many distractions. Work in the back streets—music—acting—hunting; given them up one after the other, taken to them passionately again. They had served in a way. But this year they had not served. . . . One Sunday, coming from confession unconfessed, she had faced herself. It was wicked. She would have to kill this feeling—she must fly from this boy who moved her so! If she did not act quickly, she would be swept away. And then the thought had come: Why not? Life was to be lived—not torpidly dozed through in this queer cultured place, where age was in the blood! Life was for love—to be enjoyed! And she would be thirty-six next month! It seemed to her already an enormous age. Thirty-six! Soon she would be old, actually old—and never have known passion! The worship, which had made a hero of the distinguished-looking Englishman, twelve years older than herself, who could lead up the Cimone della Pala, had not been passion. It might perhaps have become passion if he had willed. But he was all form, ice, books. Had he a heart at all, had he blood in his veins? Was there any joy of life in this too beautiful city and these people who lived in it—this place where even enthusiasms seemed to be formal and have no wings; where everything was settled and sophisticated as the very chapels and cloisters? And yet, to have this feeling for a boy—for one almost young enough to be her son! It was so—shameless! That thought haunted her, made her flush in the dark, lying awake at night. And desperately she would pray—for she was devout—pray to be made pure, to be given the holy feelings of a mother, to be filled simply with the sweet sense that she could do anything, suffer anything for him, for his good. After these long prayers she would feel calmed, drowsy, as though she had taken a drug. For hours perhaps she would stay like that. Then—it would all come over her again. She never thought of his loving her; that would be—unnatural. Why should he love her? She was very humble about it. Ever since that Sunday when she avoided the confessional, she had brooded over how to make an end—how to get away from a longing that was too strong for her! And she had hit on this plan—to beg for the mountains, to go back to where her husband had come into her life, and try if this feeling would not die. If it did not, she would ask to be left out there with her own people, in her own country. And now the fool—the blind fool—the superior fool—with his satiric smile, his everlasting patronage, had driven her to overturn her own plan. Well! let him take the consequences—she had done her best! She would have this one fling of joy, even if it meant that she must stay out there, and never see the boy again!

Standing in her dusky hall, where a faint scent of wood-rot crept out into the air whenever windows and doors were closed, she was all tremulous with secret happiness. To be with him among her mountains, to show him all those wonderful, glittering or tawny crags, to go with him to the top of them and see the kingdoms of the world spread out below; to wander with him in the pine woods, on the Alps in all the scent of the trees and the flowers, where the sun was hot! The first of July; and it was now the middle of June! Would she ever live so long! They would not go to San Martino, now—rather, to Cortina—some new place that had no memories!

Suddenly she moved from the window, and busied herself with a bowl of flowers. She had heard that humming sound which often heralded her husband's approach, as though warning the world to recover its good form before he reached it. In her happiness she felt kind and friendly to him. If he had not meant to give her joy, he had nevertheless given it! He came downstairs two at a time, with that air of not being a pedagogue, which she knew so well; taking his hat off the hat-stand, he half turned round to her.

"Pleasant youth, young Lennan; hope he won't bore us out there!"

His voice seemed to have an accent of compunction, to ask pardon for having issued that impulsive invitation. And there came to her an overwhelming wish to laugh. To hide it, to find excuse for it, she ran up to him, and, pulling his coat lapels till his face was within reach, she kissed the tip of his nose. And then she

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laughed. And he stood looking at her, with his head just a little on one side, and his eyebrows just a little raised.

IV

When young Mark heard a soft tapping at his door, he was out of bed indeed, but getting on very dreamily—it was so jolly to watch the mountains lying out in this early light like huge beasts. The fellow they were going up—with his head just raised above his paws, looked very far away out there! Opening the door an inch, he whispered:

"Is it late?"

"Five o'clock; aren't you ready?"

It was awfully rude of him to keep her waiting! And he was soon down in the empty dining-room, where a sleepy maid was already bringing in their coffee. Anna was there alone. She had on a flax-blue shirt open at the neck, a short green skirt, and a gray-green velvety hat, small, with one blackcock's feather. Why could not people always wear such nice things, and be as splendid-looking! And he said:

"You do look jolly, Mrs. Stormer!"

She did not answer for so long that he wondered if he had been rude to say that. But she *did*—so strong, and swift, and happy-looking.

They went down the hill, through a wood of larch-trees, to the river, and crossing the bridge, began at once to mount by a path through hay-fields. How could old Stormer stay in bed on such a morning! Peasant girls in blue linen skirts were already gathering into bundles what the men had scythed. One, raking at the edge of a field, paused and shyly nodded. She had the face of a Madonna, very calm and grave and sweet, with delicate arched brows—a face it was pure pleasure to see. The boy looked back at her. Everything to him, who had never before been out of England, seemed strange and glamorous. The châlets with their long wide burnt-brown wooden balconies and low-hanging eaves jutting far beyond the walls; these bright dresses of the peasant women; the friendly little cream-colored cows, with blunt, smoke-gray muzzles. Even the feel in the air was new, that delicious crisp burning warmth that lay so lightly as it were on the surface of frozen stillness; and the special sweetness of all places at the foot of mountains—scent of pine gum, burning larch wood, and all the meadow flowers and grasses. But newest of all was the feeling within him—a sort of pride, a sense of importance, a queer exhilaration at being alone with her, the chosen companion of one so beautiful.

They passed all the other pilgrims bound the same way—stout unshaved Germans with their coats slung through straps, who trailed behind them heavy alpenstocks, carried greenish bags, and marched stolidly at a pace that never varied, grunting as Anna and the boy went by: "*Aber eilen ist nichts!*"

But those two could not go fast enough to keep pace with their spirits. It was no climb—just a training walk to the top of the Nuvolau; and they were up before noon, and soon again descending, very hungry. When they entered the little dining-room of the Cinque Torre Hütte, they found it occupied by a party of English people, eating omelettes, who looked at Anna with faint signs of recognition, but did not cease talking, in voices that all had a certain half-languid precision, a slight but brisk pinching of sounds, as if determined not to tolerate a drawl, and yet to have one. Most of them had field-glasses slung round them, and cameras were dotted here and there about the room. Their faces were not really much alike, but they all had a peculiar drooping smile, and a particular lift of the eyebrows, that made them seem reproductions of a single type. Their teeth too for the most part were a little prominent, as though the drooping of their mouths had forced them forward. And they were eating as people eat who distrust the lower senses, preferring not to be compelled to taste or smell.

Finding one small table on which no camera had been deposited, and ordering red wine and *schnitzels*, the intruders sat down. The lady who seemed in command of the English party inquired now how Mr. Stormer was—he was not laid up, she hoped. No? Only lazy? Indeed! He was a great climber, she believed. It seemed to the boy that this lady somehow did not quite approve of them. The talk was all maintained between her, a gentleman with a crumpled collar and puggaree, and a short thick-set gray-bearded

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man in a dark Norfolk jacket. If any of the younger members of the party spoke, the remark was received with a rather arch lifting of the brows, and drooping of the lids, as who should say: "Ah! Very promising!"

"They are in our hotel," Anna whispered.

"Nothing in my life has given me greater pain than to observe the aptitude of human nature for becoming crystallized." The lady in command was speaking, and all the young people were swaying their faces up and down as if assenting. How like they were—the boy thought—to guinea-fowls with their small heads and sloping shoulders and speckly gray coats!

"Ah! my dear lady, you novelists are always girding at the precious quality of conformity. The sadness of our time lies in this questioning spirit. Never was there more revolt, especially among the young. To find the individual judging for himself is a grave symptom of national degeneration. But this is not a subject—" And the gentleman with the crumpled collar broke off.

"Surely, the subject is of the most poignant interest to all young people—" Again all the young ones were raising their faces and moving them slightly from side to side.

"My dear lady—we are too prone to let the interest that things arouse blind our judgment in regard to the advisability of discussing them. We let these speculations creep and creep until they twine themselves round our faith and paralyze it."

One of the young men interjected suddenly: "Madre—" and was silent.

"I shall not, I think"—it was the lady speaking—"be accused of license when I say that I have always felt that speculation is only dangerous when indulged in by the crude intelligence. If culture has nothing to give us, then let us have no culture; but if culture be, as I think it, indispensable, then we must accept the dangers that culture brings."

Again the young people moved their faces, and again the younger of the two young men said: "Madre——"

"Dangers? Have cultured people dangers?"

Who had spoken thus? Every eyebrow was going up, every mouth was drooping, and there was silence. The boy stared at his companion. In what a strange voice she had made that little interjection! There seemed a sort of flame, too, lighted in her eyes. Then the little gray-bearded man spoke; his rather whispering voice sounded hard and acid:

"We are all human, my dear Madam."

The boy felt his heart go thump at the queer little laugh that Anna gave. It was just as if she had said: "Ah! but not you—surely!" And he got up to follow her toward the door.

The English party had begun already talking—of the weather.

The two walked some way from the "hut" in silence, before Anna said:

"You didn't like me when I laughed?"

"You hurt their feelings, I'm afraid."

"I wanted to—the English Grundys! Ah! don't be cross with me! They *were* English Grundys, weren't they—every one?"

She looked hard into his face; he felt the blood rush to his cheeks, and a dizzy sensation of being drawn forward.

"They have no blood—those people! Their voices, their supercilious eyes that look you up and down! Oh! I've had so much of them! That woman with her Liberalism, just as bad as any. I hate them all!"

He would have liked to hate them too, since she did, but they had only seemed to him amusing.

"They aren't human. They don't *feel!* Some day you'll know them. They won't amuse you then!"

She went on, then, in a quieter, almost dreamy voice:

"Why does God allow them to come here? The world is still young and warm and good out here. Why doesn't he make them keep to their Culture, where no one knows what it is to ache and feel hunger? Their hearts don't beat. Feel!"

Disturbed beyond measure, the boy could not tell whether it was in her heart or in his hand that the blood was pulsing so. Was he glad or sorry when she let his hand go?

"Ah! well! They can't spoil this day. Let's rest."

They sat down at the edge of a larch

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wood. Little mountain pinks, with fringed edges and the sweetest scent imaginable, were growing all around, and she got up presently to gather them. But he stayed where he was, watching her, and odd sensations stirred in him. The blue of the sky, the feathery green of the larch-trees, the mountains, were no longer to him what they had been that morning.

She came back with her hands full of the little pinks, spread her fingers and let them drop. They showered all over his face and neck. Never was so wonderful a scent; never such a strange feeling as they gave him. They clung to his hair, his forehead, his eyes, one even got caught on the curve of his lips; and he stared up at her through their fringed petals. There must have been something wild in his eyes then, something of the feeling that was stinging his heart—for her smile died; she walked away a few steps, and stood with her face turned from him. Confused, and unhappy, he gathered the strewn flowers; and not till he had collected every one did he get up and shyly take them to her, where she still stood, gazing into the depths of the larch wood.

V

What did he know of women, that should make him understand? At his public school he had seen none; at Oxford only this one. At home in the holidays, not any, save his sister Cicely. The two hobbies of their guardian, fishing, and the antiquities of his native county, rendered him averse to society; so that his little Devonshire manor-house with its black-oak panels and its wild stone-walled park along the riverside was, from year's end to year's end, innocent of all petticoats save those of Cicely and old Miss Tring, the governess. Then too the boy was shy. No, there was nothing in his past, of not yet nineteen years, to go by. He was not of those youths who are always thinking of conquests. The very idea of conquest seemed to him vulgar, mean, horrid. There must be many signs indeed before it would come into his head that a woman was in love with him, especially one to whom he looked up, and thought so beautiful. For before all beauty he was humble, inclined to think himself a clod. It was the part of life which was always unconsciously sacred, and to be approached trembling. The more he admired, the more tremulous and diffident he became. And so, after his one wild moment, when she plucked those blossoms, and dropped them over him, he felt abashed; and walking home beside her was quieter than ever, awkward to the depths of his soul.

If there were confusion in his heart which had been innocent of trouble, what must there have been in hers, that for so long had secretly desired the dawning of that confusion? She too was very silent.

Passing a church with open door in the outskirts of the village, she said:

"Don't wait for me—I want to go in here a little."

In the empty twilight within, one figure, a country-woman in her black shawl, was kneeling—marvellously still. He would have liked to stay there. That kneeling figure, the smile of the sunlight filtering through into the half darkness! He lingered long enough to see Anna too go down on her knees in the stillness. Was she praying? Again he had the turbulent feeling with which he had watched her pluck those flowers. She looked so splendid kneeling there! But this was caddish. And he turned quickly away into the road. But that sharp sweet stinging sensation did not leave him. He shut his eyes to get rid of her image—and instantly she became ten times more visible, his feeling ten times stronger. He mounted to the hotel; there on the terrace was his tutor. And oddly enough, the sight of him at that moment was no more embarrassing than if it had been the hotel concierge. Stormer did not somehow seem to count; did not seem to want you to count him. Besides, he was so old, nearly fifty!

The man who was so old was posed in a characteristic attitude—hands in the pockets of his Norfolk jacket, one shoulder slightly raised, head just a little on one side, as if preparing to quiz something. He spoke as Lennan came up, smiling—but not with his eyes.

"Well, young man, and what have you done with my wife?"

"I've left her in a church, sir."

"Ah! yes. She will do that! Has she

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run you off your legs? No? Then let's walk and talk a little."

To be thus pacing up and down and talking with her husband seemed quite natural, did not even interfere with those new sensations, did not in the least increase his shame for having them. He only wondered a little how she could have married him—but so little! Quite far and academic was his wonder—like his wonder in old days how his sister could care to play with dolls. If he had any other feeling it was just a longing to get away and go down the hill again to the church. It seemed cold and lonely, after all that long day with her—as if he had left himself up there, walking along hour after hour, or lying out in the sun beside her. What was old Stormer talking about? The difference between the Greek and Roman views of honor. Always in the past—seemed to think the present was bad form. And he said:

"We met some English Grundys, sir, on the mountain."

"Ah! Grundys. Any particular brand?"

"Some advanced, and some not—but all the same, I think, really."

"I see. Grundys, I think you said?"

"Yes, sir; from this hotel. It was Mrs. Stormer's name for them. They were so very superior."

"Quite."

There was something unusual in the tone of that little word. And the boy stared—for the first time there seemed a real man standing there. Then the blood rushed up into his cheeks, for there she was! Would she come up to them? How splendid she looked—burnt by the sun, and walking as if just starting! She passed into the hotel without turning her head their way. Had he offended—hurt her? He made an excuse, and got away to his room.

In the window, from which that same morning he had watched the mountains lying out like lions in the dim light, he stood again, and gazed at the sun dropping over the high horizon. What had happened to him? He felt so different, so utterly different. It was another world. And the most strange feeling came on him, as of the flowers falling again all over his face and neck and hands, the tickling of their soft fringed edges, the stinging sweetness of their scent. And he seemed to hear her voice saying: "Feel!" and to feel her heart once more beating under his hand.

VI

Alone with that black-shawled figure in the silent church, Anna did not pray. Resting there on her knees she experienced only the sore sensation of revolt. Why had Fate flung this feeling into her heart, lighted up her life suddenly, if God refused her its enjoyment? Some of the mountain pinks remained clinging to her belt, and the scent of them, crushed against her, warred with the faint odor of age and incense. While they were there, with their enticement and their memories, prayer would never come. But did she want to pray? Did she desire the mood of that poor soul in her black shawl, who had not moved by one hair's breadth since she had been watching her, who seemed resting her humble self so utterly, letting life lift from her, feeling the relief of nothingness? Ah! yes—what would it be to have a life so toilsome, so little exciting from day to day and hour to hour, that just to kneel there in wistful stupor was the greatest pleasure one could know. It was beautiful to see her, but it was sad. And there came over Anna a longing to go up to her neighbor and say: "Tell me your troubles, we are both women!" She had lost a son perhaps, some love—or perhaps not really love, only some illusion. Ah! Love! . . . Why should any spirit yearn, why should any body full of strength and joy, wither slowly away for want of love? Was there not enough in this great world for her, Anna, to have a little? She would not harm him, for she would know when he had had enough of her; she would surely have the pride and grace then to let him go. For, of course, he would get tired of her. At her age she could never hope to hold a boy more than a few years—months perhaps. But would she ever hold him at all? Youth was so hard—it had no heart! And then the memory of his eyes came back—gazing up, troubled, almost wild—when she had dropped on him those flowers. That memory filled her with a sort of delirium! One look from her then, one touch, and he would have clasped her to

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him. She was sure of it, yet scarcely dared to believe what meant so much. And suddenly the torment that she must go through, whatever happened, seemed to her too brutal, and undeserved! She rose. Just one gleam of sunlight was still slanting through the door-way; it failed by a yard or so to reach the kneeling country-woman, and Anna watched. Would it steal on, and touch her, or would the sun pass down behind the mountains, and it fade away? Unconscious of that issue, the black-shawled figure knelt, never moving. And the beam crept on. "If it touches her, then he will love me, if only for an hour; if it fades out too soon—!" And the beam crept on. That shadowy path of light, with its dancing dust-motes, was it, indeed, charged with Fate—indeed the augury of Love or Darkness? And, slowly moving, it mounted, the sun sinking; it rose above that bent head, hovered in a golden mist, passed, and suddenly was gone.

Unsteadily, seeing nothing plain, Anna walked out of the church. Why she passed her husband and the boy on the terrace without a look, she could not quite have said—perhaps because the tortured does not salute her torturers. When she reached her room she felt deadly tired, and lying down on her bed, almost at once fell asleep.

She was wakened by a sound, and, recognizing the delicate "rat-tat" of her husband's knock, did not answer; indifferent whether he came in or no. He entered noiselessly. If she did not let him know she was awake, he would not wake her. She watched him sit down noiselessly astride of a chair, cross his arms on its back, rest his chin on them, and fix his eyes on her. Through her veil of eyelashes she had unconsciously contrived that his face should be the one object plainly seen—the more intensely visualized, because of this queer isolation. She did not feel at all ashamed of this mutual fixed scrutiny, in which she had such advantage. He had never shown her what was in him, never revealed what lay behind those bright satiric eyes. Now perhaps she would see! And she lay regarding him with the intense excited absorption with which one looks at a tiny wild flower through a magnifying lens, and watches its insignificance expanded to the size and importance of a hothouse bloom. In her mind was this thought: He is looking at me with his real self, since he has no reason for armor against me now. At first his eyes seemed masked with their customary brightness, his whole face with its usual decorous formality; then gradually he became so changed that she hardly knew him. That decorousness, that brightness, melted off what lay behind, as frosty dew melts off grass. And her very soul contracted within her—as if she had become identified with what he was seeing; a something to be passed over, a very nothing. Yes, his was the face of one looking at what was unintelligible, and therefore negligible; at that which had no soul; at something of a different and inferior species and of no great interest to a man. His face was like a soundless avowal of some conclusion, so fixed and intimate that it must surely emanate from the very core of him—be instinctive, unchangeable. This was the real he! A man despising women! Her first thought was: What a fate for him to be married! Her second: If he feels that, perhaps thousands of men do! And I—are all women really what he thinks us? The conviction in his stare, its through and through conviction, had infected her, and she had given in to it for the moment, crushed. Then her spirit revolted with such turbulence, and the blood so throbbed in her, that she could hardly lie still. Was she really what he thought her—a nothing—a bundle of soulless inexplicable whims and moods and sensuality? No! It was *he* who was the soulless one, the dry, the godless one; he, who, in his sickening superiority, could thus deny her, and in her all women! It was just as if, in his stare, she saw a vision of her, a doll tricked out in garments labelled soul, spirit, rights, responsibilities, dignity, freedom—all—so many words. It was vile, it was horrible, that he should see her thus! And a really terrific struggle began in her, between the desire to get up and cry this out, and the knowledge that it would be stupid, undignified, even mad, to show her comprehension of what he would never admit or even understand that he had revealed to her. And then a sort of cynicism came to her rescue. What a funny thing was married life—to have lived all these years with him

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and never known what was at the bottom of his heart! She had the feeling now that if she went up to him and said—I am in love with that boy!—it would only make him droop the corners of his mouth, and say in his most satiric voice: Really! That is very interesting!—would not change in one iota his real thoughts of her; only confirm him in the conviction that she was negligible, inexplicable, an inferior strange form of animal, of no real interest.

And then, just when she felt that she could not hold herself in any longer, he got up, passed on tiptoe to the door, opened it noiselessly, and went out.

The moment he had gone, she jumped up. So, then, she was linked to one for whom women did not, as it were, exist. It seemed to her that she had stumbled on knowledge of almost sacred importance, on the key of everything that had been puzzling and hopeless in their married life. If he really, secretly, whole-heartedly despised her, the only feeling she need have for one so dry, so narrow, so basically stupid, was just contempt. But she knew well enough that contempt would not shake what she had seen in his face; he was impregnably walled within his clever dull conviction of superiority. He was forever intrenched, and she would always be only the assailant. Though—what did it matter, now?

Usually swift, and almost careless, she was a long time that evening over her toilette. Her neck was very sunburnt, and she lingered, doubtful whether to hide it with powder, or accept her gipsy coloring. She did accept it, for she saw that it gave her eyes, so like glacier ice, under their black lashes, and her hair with its surprising glints of flame color, a peculiar value.

When the dinner gong sounded, she passed her husband's door without, as usual, knocking, and went down alone.

In the hall she noticed some of the English party of the mountain hut. They did not greet her, becoming at once interested in the barometer; but she could feel them staring at her very hard. She sat down to wait, and at once became conscious of the boy coming over from the other side of the room like a person walking in his sleep. He said not a word. But how he looked! Her heart began to beat. Was this the moment she had longed for? If it, indeed, had come—dared she take it? Then she saw her husband descending the stairs, saw him greet the English party, heard the intoning of their drawl. She looked up at the boy, and said quickly: "Was it a happy day?" It gave her such delight to keep that look on his face, that look as if he had forgotten everything except just the sight of her. His face seemed to have in it something holy at that moment, something of the wonder-yearning of Nature and of innocence. It was dreadful to know that in a moment that look must be gone. Perhaps it would never come back on his face—that look so precious! Her husband was coming up! Let him see, if he would! Let him see that some one could adore—that she was not to every one a kind of lower animal. Yes,—he must have seen the boy's face; and yet his expression never changed. He noticed nothing!—Or was it that he disdained to notice?

VII

Then followed for young Lennan a strange time, a time when he never knew from minute to minute whether he was happy—always trying to be with her, restless if he could not be, sore if she talked with, and smiled at, others; yet, when he was with her, restless too, unsatisfied, suffering from his own timidity.

One wet morning, she was playing the hotel piano, and he listening, thinking to have her to himself, when in came a young German violinist—pale, and with a brown, thin-waisted coat, longish hair, and little whiskers—rather a beast, in fact. Soon, of course, this young beast was asking her to accompany him—as if any one wanted to hear him play his disgusting violin! Every word and smile, that she gave him, hurt frightfully. How much more interesting than himself this foreigner was! And his heart grew heavier and heavier, and he thought: If she likes him I ought not to mind—only, I *do* mind! How can I help it? It was hateful to see her smiling, and the young beast bending down to her. And they were talking German, so that he could not tell what they were saying—which made it the more unbearable.

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He had not known there could be such torture.

And then he began to want to hurt her too. But that was mean—besides, how could he hurt her? She did not care for him. He was nothing to her—only a boy. If she really thought him only a boy, who felt so old—it would be horrible. It flashed across him that she might be playing that young violinist against him, but it was only a flash! She never would do that! The young beast looked just the sort that might take advantage of her smiles. If only he *would* do something that was not respectful, how splendid it would be to ask him to come for a walk in the woods, and, having told him why, give him a thrashing. Afterward, he would not tell her, he would not try and gain credit by it. He would keep away till she wanted him back. But suddenly the thought of what he would feel if she really meant to take this young man as her friend in place of him became so actual, so poignant, so horribly painful, that he got up abruptly and went toward the door. Would she say anything to him before he got out of the room, would she try and keep him? If she did not, surely it would be all over; it would mean that anybody was more to her than he. That little journey to the door seemed like a march to execution. Would she call after him? He looked back. She was smiling. But *he* could not smile, she had hurt him too much! Turning his head away, he went out, then dashed into the rain bareheaded. The feeling of it on his face gave him a sort of dismal satisfaction. Soon he would be wet through. Perhaps he would get ill. Out here, far away from his people, she would have to offer to nurse him; and perhaps—perhaps in his illness he would seem to her again more interesting than that young beast, and then—Ah! if only he could be ill!

He mounted rapidly through the dripping leaves toward the foot of the low mountain that rose behind the hotel. A trail went up there to the top, and he struck into it, going at a great pace. His sense of injury began dying away; he no longer wanted to be ill. The rain had stopped, the sun came out; he went on, up and up. He would get to the top quicker than any one ever had! It was something he could do better than that young beast. The pine-trees gave way to stunted larches and these to pine scrub and bare scree, up which he scrambled, clutching at the tough bushes, terribly out of breath, his heart pumping, the sweat streaming into his eyes. He had no feeling now but wonder whether he would get to the top before he dropped, exhausted. He thought he would die of the beating of his heart; but it was better to die than to stop and be beaten by a few yards. He stumbled up at last on to the little plateau at the top. For full ten minutes he lay there on his face without moving, then rolled over. His heart had given up that terrific thumping; he breathed luxuriously, stretched out his arms along the steaming grass—felt happy. It was wonderful up here, with the sun burning hot in a sky clear-blue already. How tiny everything looked below—hotel, trees, village, châlets—little toy things! He had never before felt the sheer joy of being high up. The rain-clouds, torn and driven in huge white shapes along the mountains to the south, were like an army of giants with chariots and white horses hurrying away. He thought suddenly: "Suppose I had died when my heart pumped so! Would it have mattered the least bit? Everything would be going on just the same, the sun shining, the blue up there the same; and those toy things down in the valley." That jealousy of his an hour ago, why—it was nothing—he himself nothing! What did it matter if she were nice to that fellow in the brown coat? What did anything matter when the whole thing was so big—and he such a tiny scrap of it?

On the edge of the plateau, to mark the highest point, some one had erected a rude cross, which jutted out stark against the blue sky. It looked cruel somehow, sagged all crooked, and out of place up here; a piece of bad manners, as if people with only one idea had dragged it in, without caring whether or no it suited what was around it. One might just as well introduce one of these rocks into that jolly dark church where he had left her the other day, as put a cross up here.

A sound of bells, and of sniffing and scuffling, roused him; a large gray goat had come up and was smelling at his hair—clearly the leader of a flock. They were soon all round him, solemnly curious,

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with their queer yellow oblong-pupilled eyes, and their quaint little beards and tails. Awfully decent beasts—and friendly! What jolly things to model! He lay still (having learned from the fisherman, his guardian, that necessary habit in the presence of all beasts), and the leader sampled the flavor of his neck. The passage of that long rough tongue athwart his skin gave him an agreeable sensation, awakened a strange deep sense of comradeship. He restrained his desire to stroke the creature's nose. It appeared that they now all wished to taste his neck; but some were timid, and the touch of their tongues simply a tickle, so that he was compelled to laugh, and at that peculiar sound they withdrew and gazed at him. There seemed to be no one with them; then, at a little distance, quite motionless in the shade of a rock, he spied the goatherd, a boy about his own age. How lonely he must be up here all day! Perhaps he talked to his goats. He looked as if he might. One would get to have queer thoughts up here, get to know the rocks, and clouds, and beasts, and what they all meant. The goatherd uttered a peculiar whistle, and something, Lennan could not tell exactly what, happened among the goats—a sort of "Here!" seemed to come from them. And then the goatherd moved out from the shade and went over to the edge of the plateau, and two of the goats that were feeding there thrust their noses into his hand, and rubbed themselves against his legs. The three looked beautiful standing there together on the edge against the sky. . . .

That night, after dinner, the dining-room was cleared for dancing, so that the guests might feel freedom and gaiety in the air. And indeed, presently, a couple began sawing up and down over the polished boards, in the apologetic manner peculiar to hotel guests. Then three pairs of Italians suddenly launched themselves into space—twirling and twirling, and glaring into each others' eyes; and some Americans, stimulated by their precept, began airily backing and filling. Two of the 'English Grundys' with carefully amused faces next moved out. To Lennan it seemed that they all danced very well, better than he could. Did he dare ask *her?* Then he saw the young violinist go up, saw her rise and take his arm and vanish into the dancing-room; and leaning his forehead against a window-pane, with a sick, beaten feeling, he stayed looking out into the moonlight, seeing nothing. He heard his name spoken; his tutor was standing beside him.

"You and I, Lennan, must console each other. Dancing's for the young, eh?"

Fortunately it was the boy's instinct not to show his feelings; to be pleasant, though suffering.

"Yes, sir. Jolly moonlight, isn't it, out there?"

"Ah! very jolly; yes. When I was your age I twirled the light fantastic with the best. But gradually, Lennan, one came to see it could not be done without a partner—there was the rub! Tell me—do you regard women as reasonable beings? I should like to have your opinion on that."

It was, of course, ironical—yet there was something in those words—something——!

"I think it's you, sir, who ought to give me yours."

"My dear Lennan, my experience is a mere nothing!"

That was meant for unkindness to her! He would not answer. If only Stormer would go away! The music had stopped. They would be sitting out somewhere talking! He made an effort, and said:

"I was up the hill at the back this morning, where the cross is. There were some jolly goats."

And suddenly he saw her coming. She was alone—flushed, smiling; it struck him that her frock was the very color of the moonlight.

"Harold, will you dance?"

He would say "Yes," and she would be gone again! But his tutor only made her a little bow, and said with that smile of his:

"Lennan and I have agreed that dancing is for the young."

"Sometimes the old must sacrifice themselves. Mark, will you dance?"

Behind him he heard his tutor saying:

"Ah! Lennan—you betray me!"

That little silent journey with her to the dancing-room was the happiest moment perhaps that he had ever known. And he need not have been so much afraid about

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his dancing—true, it was not polished, but it could not spoil hers, so light, firm, buoyant! It was wonderful to dance with her. Only when the music stopped and they sat down did he know how his head was going round. He felt strange, very strange indeed. He heard her say:

"What is it, dear boy? You look so white!"

Without quite knowing what he did, he bent his face toward the hand that she had laid on his sleeve, then knew no more, having fainted.

VIII

Growing boy—over-exertion in the morning! That was all! He was himself very quickly, and walked up to bed without assistance. Rotten of him! Never was any one more ashamed of his little weakness than this boy. Now that he was really a trifle indisposed, he simply could not bear the idea of being nursed at all or tended. Almost rudely he had got away. Only when he was in bed did he remember the look on her face as he left her. How wistful and unhappy! It seemed to implore him to forgive her. As if there were anything to forgive! As if she had not made him perfectly happy when she danced with him! He longed to say to her: "If I might be close to you like that one minute every day, then I don't mind all the rest!" Perhaps he would dare say that to-morrow. Lying there he still felt a little funny. He had forgotten to close the ribs of the blinds, and moonlight was filtering in; but he was too idle, too drowsy to get up now and do it. They had given him brandy—that perhaps was the reason he felt so queer; not ill, but mazy, as if dreaming, as if he had lost the desire ever to move again. Just to lie there, and watch the powdery moonlight, and hear far-away music throbbing down below; and still feel the touch of her, as in the dance she swayed against him, and all the time to have the scent about him of flowers! His thoughts were dreams, his dreams thoughts—such precious unreality. And then it seemed to him that the moonlight was all gathered into a single slip of pallor—there was a thrumming, a throbbing, and that shape of moonlight moved toward him. It came so close that he felt its warmth against his brow; it sighed, hovered, drew back soundless, and was gone. He must have fallen then into dreamless sleep. . . .

What time was it when he was awakened by that delicate "rat-tat" to see his tutor standing in the door-way with a cup of tea?

Was young Lennan all right? Yes, he was perfectly all right—he would be down directly! It was most frightfully good of Mr. Stormer to come! He really didn't want anything.

Yes, yes; but the maimed and the halt must be attended to!

His face seemed to the boy very kind just then—only to laugh at him a very little—just enough. It was awfully decent of him to have come, and to stand there while he drank the tea. He was really all right, but for a little headache. Many times while he was dressing he stood still, trying to remember. That white slip of moonlight—was it moonlight? Was it part of a dream, or was it, could it have been she, in her moonlight-colored frock? Why had he not stayed awake? He would not dare to ask her, and now would never know whether the vague memory of warmth on his brow had been a kiss?

He breakfasted alone in the room where they had danced. There were two letters for him. One from his guardian enclosing money, and complaining of the shyness of the trout. The other from his sister. The man she was engaged to—he was a budding diplomat, attached to the embassy at Rome—was afraid that his leave was going to be curtailed. They would have to be married at once. They might even have to get a special license. It was lucky Mark was coming back so soon. They simply *must* have him for best man. The only bridesmaid now would be Sylvia. . . . Sylvia Doone? Why! she was only a kid! And the memory of a little girl in a very short holland frock, with flaxen hair, pretty eyes, and a face so fair that you could almost see through it, came up before him. But that, of course, was six years ago; she would not still be in a frock that showed her knees, or wear beads. It was stupid being best man—they might have got some decent chap! And then he forgot all—for there

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she was, out on the terrace. In his rush to join her he passed several of the 'English Grundys,' who stared at him askance. Indeed his conduct of the night before might well have upset them. An Oxford man, fainting in a hotel! Something wrong here! . . .

And then, when he reached her, he did find courage.

"Was it really moonlight?"

"All moonlight."

"But it was warm!"

And, when she did not answer that, he had within him just the same light, intoxicated feeling as after he had won a race at school.

But now came a dreadful blow. His tutor's old guide had suddenly turned up, after a climb with a party of Germans. The war-horse had been aroused in Stormer. He wished to start that afternoon for a certain hut, and go up a certain peak at dawn next day. Lennan was not to go. Why not? Because of last night's faint; and because, forsooth, he was not some stupid thing they called 'an expert.' As if—! Where she could go he must! This was treating him like a child. Of course he could go up this rotten mountain. It was because she did not care enough to have him! She did not think him man enough! Did she think that he could not do what—what—he—her husband could! And if it were dangerous, *she* ought not to be going, leaving him behind—that was simply cruel! But she only smiled, and he flung away from her—not having seen that all this grief of his only made her happy.

And that afternoon they went off without him. What deep, dark thoughts he had then! What passionate hatred of his own youth! What schemes he wove, by which she might come back, and find him gone—up some mountain far more dangerous and fatiguing! If people did not think him fit to climb with, he would climb by himself. That, anyway, every one admitted, was dangerous. And it would be her fault. She would be sorry then. He would get up, and be off before dawn; he put his things out ready, and filled his flask. The moonlight that evening was more wonderful than ever, the mountains like great ghosts of themselves. And she was up there at the hut, among them! It was very long before he went to sleep, brooding over his injuries—intending not to sleep at all, so as to be ready to be off at three o'clock. At *nine* o'clock he woke. His wrath was gone; he only felt restless and ashamed. If, instead of flying out, he had made the best of it, he could have gone with them to the hut anyway, could have stayed the night there. And now he cursed himself for being such a fool and idiot. Some little of that idiocy he could, perhaps, retrieve. If he started for the hut at once, he might still be in time to meet them coming down, and accompany them home. He swallowed his coffee, and set off. He knew the way at first, then in woods lost it, recovered the right track again at last, but did not reach the hut till nearly two o'clock. Yes, the party had made the ascent that morning—they had been seen, been heard jodelling on the top. *Gewiss! Gewiss!* But they would not come down the same way. Oh, no! They would be going home down to the west and over the other pass. They would be back in hotel before the young *Herr* himself.

He heard this, oddly, almost with relief. Was it the long walk alone, or being up there so high; or simply that he was very hungry; or just these nice friendly folk in the hut, and their young daughter with her fresh face, queer little black cloth sailor-hat with long ribbons, velvet bodice, and perfect, simple manners; or the sight of the little silvery-dun cows, thrusting their broad black noses against her hand? What was it that had taken away from him all his restless feeling, made him happy and content? . . . He did not know that the newest thing always fascinates the puppy in its gambols! . . . He sat a long while after lunch, trying to draw the little cows, watching the sun on the cheek of that pretty maiden, trying to talk to her in German. And when at last he said: "Adieu!" and she murmured: "*Küss die Hand. Adieu!*" there was quite a little pang in his heart. . . . Wonderful and queer is the heart of a man! . . . For all that, as he neared home he hastened, till he was actually running. Why had he stayed so long up there? She would be back—she would expect to see him; and that young beast of a violinist would be with her, perhaps, instead! He reached the hotel just in time to rush up and dress, and rush down to dinner. Ah! They

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were tired, no doubt—were resting in their rooms. He sat through dinner as best he could; got away before dessert, and flew upstairs. For a minute he stood there doubtful; on which door should he knock? Then timidly he tapped on hers. No answer! He knocked loud on his tutor's door. No answer! They were not back, then. Not back? What could that mean? Or could it be that they were both asleep. Once more he knocked on her door; then desperately turned the handle, and took a flying glance. Empty, tidy, untouched! Not back! He turned and ran downstairs again. All the guests were streaming out from dinner, and he became entangled with a group of 'English Grundys' discussing a climbing accident which had occurred in Switzerland. He listened, feeling suddenly sick. One of them, the short, gray-bearded 'Grundy' with the rather whispering voice, said to him: "All alone again to-night? The Stormers not back?" Lennan did his best to answer, but something had closed his throat; he could only shake his head.

"They had a guide, I think?" said the 'English Grundy.'

This time Lennan managed to get out: "Yes, sir."

"Stormer, I fancy, is quite an expert!" and turning to the lady whom the young 'Grundys' addressed as 'Madre,' he added:

"To me the great charm of mountain-climbing was always the freedom from people—the remoteness."

The mother of the young 'Grundys,' looking at Lennan with her half-closed eyes, answered:

"That, to me, would be the disadvantage; I always like to be mixing with my own kind."

The gray-bearded 'Grundy' murmured in a muffled voice:

"Dangerous thing, that, to say—in a hotel!"

And they went on talking, but of what, Lennan no longer knew—lost in this sudden feeling of sick fear. In the presence of these 'English Grundys,' so superior to all vulgar sensations, he could not give vent to his alarm; already they viewed him as unsound, for having fainted. Then he grasped that there had begun all round him a sort of luxurious speculation on what might have happened to the Stormers. The descent was very nasty—there was a particularly bad traverse. The 'Grundy,' whose collar was not now crumpled, said he did not believe in women climbing. It was one of the signs of the times that he most deplored. The mother of the young 'Grundys' countered him at once: In practice she agreed that they were out of place, but theoretically, she could not see why they should not climb. An American standing near threw all into confusion by saying he guessed that it might be liable to develop their understandings. Lennan made for the front door. The moon had just come up, over in the south, and exactly under it he could see their mountain. What visions he had then! He saw her lying dead; saw himself climbing down in the moonlight and raising her still living but half-frozen form from some perilous ledge. Even that was almost better than this actuality of not knowing where she was, what had happened. People passed out into the moonlight, looking curiously at his set face staring so fixedly. One or two asked him if he were anxious, and he answered: "Oh, no! thanks!" Soon there would have to be a search party. How soon? He would, he must be, of it! They should not stop him this time. And suddenly he thought: Ah! it is all because I stayed up there this afternoon, talking to that girl—all because I forgot *her!*

And then he heard a stir behind him. There they were, coming down the passage from a side door—she in front, with her alpenstock and rücksack—smiling! Instinctively he recoiled behind some plants. They passed. Her sunburnt face, with its high cheekbones, and its deep-set eyes, looked so happy; smiling, tired, triumphant. Somehow he could not bear it; and when they were gone by he stole out into the wood and threw himself down in shadow, burying his face and choking back a horrible dry sobbing that would keep rising in his throat.

IX

NEXT day he was happy; for all the afternoon he lay out in the shade of that same wood at her feet, gazing up through the larch boughs. It was so wonderful,

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with nobody but Nature near. Nature so alive, and busy, and so big!

Coming down from the hut the day before, he had seen a peak, that looked exactly like the figure of a woman with a garment over her head—the biggest statue in the world; from further down it had become the figure of a bearded man with his arm bent over his eyes. Had she seen it? Had she noticed how all the mountains in moonlight, or very early morning, took the shape of beasts? What he wanted most in life was to be able to make images of beasts and creatures of all sorts, that were like—that had—that gave out the spirit of—Nature; so that by just looking at them one could have all those jolly feelings one had when one was watching trees and beasts and rocks, and even some sorts of men—but not 'English Grundys.'

So he was quite determined to study Art?

Oh, yes! Of course.

He would want to leave—Oxford, then!

No, oh! no! Only some day he would have to.

She answered: "Some never get away!"

And he said quickly:

"I shall never want to leave Oxford while you are there."

He heard her draw her breath in sharply.

"Oh! yes; you will. Now help me up!" And she led the way back to the hotel.

He stayed out on the terrace, when she had gone in; restless and unhappy the moment she was away from him. A voice, close by, said:

"Well, friend Lennan—brown study, or blue devils, which?"

There, in one of those high wicker chairs that insulate their occupants from the world, he saw his tutor leaning back, head a little to one side, and tips of fingers pressed together. He looked like an idol, sitting there so inert—and yet—yesterday he had gone up that mountain!

"Cheer up! You will break your neck yet! When I was your age, I remember feeling it deeply that I was not allowed to risk the lives of others."

Lennan stammered out:

"I didn't think of that; but I thought where Mrs. Stormer could go—I could!"

"Ah! For all our admiration, we cannot quite admit—can we—when it comes to the point?"

The boy's loyalty broke into flame:

"It's not that. I think Mrs. Stormer as good as any man—only—only——"

"Not quite so good as you, eh?"

"A hundred times better, sir."

Stormer smiled. Ironic beast!

"Lennan," he said, "distrust hyperbole!"

"Of course I know I'm no good at climbing," the boy broke out, "but—but—I thought where she was allowed to risk her life, I ought to be!"

"Good! I like that." It was said so entirely without irony for once, that the boy was disconcerted.

"You are young, Brother Lennan," his tutor went on. "Now at what age do you consider discretion begins? Because, there is just one thing always worth remembering—women have none of that better part of valor."

"I think women are the best things in the world," the boy blurted out.

"May you long have that opinion!" His tutor had risen, and was ironically surveying his knees. "A bit stiff!" he said. "Let me know when you change your views!"

"I never shall, sir."

"Ah, ah! Never is a long word, Lennan. I am going to have some tea;" and gingerly he walked away, quizzing, as it were, with a smile, his own stiffness.

Lennan remained where he was, with burning cheeks. His tutor's words again had seemed directed against her. How could a man say such things about women! If they were true, he did not want to know; if they were not true, it was wicked to say them. It must be awful never to have generous feelings; always to have to be satirical. Dreadful to be like the 'English Grundys'; only different, of course, because after all old Stormer was much more interesting and intelligent—ever so much more; only, just as 'superior.' "Some never get away!" Had she meant—from that superiority? Just down below were a family of peasants scything and gathering in the grass. One could imagine her doing that, and looking beautiful, with a colored handkerchief over her head; one could imagine her doing anything simple—one could not imagine old Stormer doing anything but what he did do. And suddenly the boy felt miserable,

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oppressed by these dim glimmerings of lives misplaced. And he resolved that he would not be like Stormer when he was old! No, he would rather be a regular beast than be like that!

When he went to his room to change for dinner he saw in a glass of water a large clove carnation. Who had put it there? Who could have put it there—but she? It had the same scent as the mountain pinks she had dropped over him, but deeper, richer—a scent moving, dark, and sweet. He put his lips to it before he pinned it into his coat.

There was dancing again that night—more couples this time, and a violin beside the piano; and she had on a black frock. He had never seen her in black. Her face and neck were powdered over their sunburn. The first sight of that powder gave him a faint shock. He had not somehow thought that ladies ever put on powder. But if *she* did—then it must be right! And his eyes never left her. He saw the young German violinist hovering round her, even dancing with her twice; watched her dancing with others, but all without jealousy, without troubling; all in a sort of dream. What was it? Had he been bewitched into that queer state, bewitched by the gift of that flower in his coat? What was it, when he danced with her, that kept him happy in her silence and his own? There was no expectation in him of anything that she would say, or do—no expectation, no desire. Even when he wandered out with her on to the terrace, even when they went down the bank and sat on a bench above the fields where the peasants had been scything, he had still no feeling but that quiet, dreamy adoration. The night was black and dreamy too, for the moon was still well down behind the mountains. The little band was playing the next waltz; but he sat, not moving, not thinking, as if all power of action and thought had been stolen out of him. And the scent of the flower in his coat rose, for there was no wind. Suddenly his heart stopped beating. She had leaned against him, he felt her shoulder press his arm, her hair touch his cheek. He closed his eyes then, and turned his face to her. He felt her lips press his mouth with a swift, burning kiss. He sighed, stretched out his arms. There was nothing there but air. The rustle of her dress against the grass was all! The flower—it, too, was gone.

X

Not one minute all that night did Anna sleep. Was it remorse that kept her awake, or the intoxication of memory? If she felt that her kiss had been a crime, it was not against her husband or herself, but against the boy—the murder of illusion, of something sacred. But she could not help feeling a delirious happiness too, and the thought of trying to annul what she had done did not even occur to her.

He was ready, then, to give her a little love! Ever so little, compared to hers, but still a little! There could be no other meaning to that movement of his face with the closed eyes, as if he would nestle it down on her breast.

Was she ashamed of her little manœuvres of these last few days—ashamed of having smiled at the young violinist, of that late return from the mountain climb, of the flower she had given him, of all the conscious siege she had laid since the evening her husband came in and sat watching her without knowing that she saw him? No; not really ashamed! Her remorse rose only from that kiss. It hurt to think of that, because it was the death, the final extinction of the mother-feeling in her; the awakening of—who knew what—in the boy! For if she was mysterious to him, what was he not to her, with his eagerness, and his dreaminess, his youthful warmth, his innocence! What if it had killed in him trust, brushed off the dew, tumbled a star down? Could she forgive herself for that? Could she bear it if she were to make him like so many other boys, like that young violinist; just a cynical youth, looking on women as what they called 'fair game'? But *could* she make him into such—would he ever grow like that? Oh! surely not; or she would not have loved him from the moment she first set eyes on him and spoke of him as 'an angel.'

After that kiss—that crime, if it were one—in the dark, she had not known what he had done, where gone—perhaps wandering, perhaps straight up to his room. Why had she refrained, left him there,

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vanished out of his arms? This she herself hardly understood. Not shame, not fear; reverence perhaps—for what? For love—for the illusion, the mystery, all that made love beautiful; for youth, and the poetry of it; just for the sake of the black still night itself, and the scent of that flower—that dark flower of passion that had won him to her, and that she had stolen back, and now wore all night long close to her neck, and in the morning placed withered within her dress. She had been starved so long, and so long waited for that moment—it was little wonder if she did not clearly know why she had done just this, and not that!

And now how should she meet him, how first look into his eyes? Would they have changed? Would they no longer have the straight look she so loved? It would be for her to lead, to make the future. And she kept saying to herself: I am not going to be afraid. It is done. I will take what life offers! Of her husband she did not think at all.

But the first moment she saw the boy, she knew that something from outside, and untoward, had happened since that kiss. He came up to her, indeed, but he said nothing, stood trembling all over, and handed her a telegram that contained these words: "Come back at once Wedding immediate Expect you day after tomorrow. Cicely." The words grew indistinct even as she read them, and the boy's face all blurred. Then, making an effort, she said quietly:

"Of course you must go. You cannot miss your only sister's wedding."

Without protest he looked at her; and she could hardly bear that look—it seemed to know so little, and ask so much. She said: "It is nothing—only a few days. You will come back, or we will come to you."

His face brightened at once.

"Will you really come to us soon, at once—if they ask you? Then I don't mind—I—I—" And then he stopped, choking.

She said again:

"Ask us. We will come."

He seized her hand; pressed and pressed it in both his own, then stroked it gently, and said:

"Oh! I'm hurting it!"

She laughed, not wishing to cry.

In a few minutes he would have to start, to catch the only train that would get him home in time. She went and helped him to pack. Her heart felt like lead, but, not able to bear that look on his face again, she kept cheerfully talking of their return, asking about his home, how to get to it, speaking of Oxford, and next term. When his things were ready she put her arms round his neck, and for a moment pressed him to her. Then she escaped. Looking back from his door, she saw him standing exactly as when she had withdrawn her arms. Her cheeks were wet; she dried them as she went downstairs. When she felt herself safe, she went out on the terrace. Her husband was there; and she said to him:

"Will you come with me into the town? I want to buy some things."

He raised his eyebrows, smiled dimly, and followed her. They walked slowly down the hill into the long street of the little town. All the time she talked of she knew not what, and all the time she thought: His carriage will pass—his carriage will pass!

Several carriages went jingling by. At last he came. Sitting there, and staring straight before him, he did not see them. She heard her husband say:

"Hullo! Where is our young friend, Lennan, off to, with his luggage—looking like a lion cub in trouble?"

She answered in a voice that she tried to make clear and steady:

"There must be something wrong; or else it is his sister's wedding."

She felt that he was gazing at her hard, and wondered what her face was like; but at that moment the word: "Madre!" sounded close in her ear, and they were surrounded by a small drove of 'English Grundys.'

(To be continued.)

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DOWN THE WEST COAST TO LIMA

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN we boarded the steamer at Panama (or, as the new port is called, Balboa, and I like the name) we seemed to be headed for a new world. The moist and misty air, the soft hills fringed with tropical vegetation, the rich islands of the bay, Taboga and Taboguilla with their little neighbors, precipitous, yet thickly wooded down to the very water's edge, composed a picture so unlike the usual ports of embarkment in more northern climes that we settled ourselves in our chairs with a feeling of quiet expectancy, anticipating a voyage on placid waters in the doldrums under the Equator. Nor were we to be disappointed.

As we slowly steamed down the Gulf the sun neared the horizon and its broad golden rays spread out great fingers behind the purple islands, making them appear, as one of the young ladies naïvely expressed it, "like the old pictures of heaven." Long files of pelicans lazily flapped their heavy wings as they slowly made their way homeward against the evening breeze.

An hour later the faint forms of the Pearl Islands rose before us—San José to the southward; Pedro Gonzales to the north, and behind them the cloud-wreathed summit of Rey Island that screened from view Saint Michael's Bay, where Balboa strode into the surf to take possession of the Southern Sea in the name of the Spanish King. These islands lured us on like sirens, as they had many a mariner before us by the glint of their precious gems, to fall into the hands of some pirate, some John Sharp or his like, lurking in an inlet awaiting the galleons, gold-laden, that bore the treasure of the Incas for transshipment to Spain.

Following the same track that we were taking, Pizarro, nearly four hundred years ago, with his little company, had set out upon his conquest of Peru. And that tall brig upon the horizon,

"her tiering canvas in sheeted silver spread,"

might she not well be his caravel bound for Gorgona or lonely Gallo or the verdant islands of the Gulf of Guayaquil? The sun had now set; the clouds parted, and the moon, hitherto hidden, poured its pale radiance upon the calm Pacific.

Next morning (how strange at sea!) I was awakened by the bleating of a lamb and by a lusty cock-crow. The Royal Mail steamers of the West Coast are a strange little world. Built for an ocean where storms are unknown, they combine certain comforts not to be found on much more pretentious boats. Their saloons and cabins are exceptionally large and open directly upon the promenade decks that stretch the entire length of the ship, there being, properly speaking, no steerage and no second-class. The natives and others who cannot afford the first-class ticket travel in the "cubierta," as it is called, a deck at the stern roofed with canvas but otherwise open, where in picturesque confusion, surrounded by bags and bundles, they loll in hammocks or lie wrapped in shawls.

Upon this deck the hen-coop faces—a big two-story affair, partly filled with ripening fruits, bananas, oranges, and the like, and partly with chickens, ducks, and other forlorn-looking fowl, fattening for the table. Between decks stands your beef and mutton on the hoof, gazing mournfully up at you as you look down the hatchways.

Upon this home-like boat, quiet and contented, with no unseemly hurry, you meander down the coast at ten knots. The air is soft as a caress and for at least eight months of the year the sea as placid as a mountain lake, a glassy mirror reflecting an azure sky.

For one who wishes to escape the rigors

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of a northern winter, for a lover of soft sunshine, of southern seas without the brisk trades of the Caribbean, I can imagine no more delightful voyage than this West Coast cruise, quietly gliding southward, a cloudless sky overhead in the daytime, a marvellous starry heaven at night. Little by little the North Star drops toward the horizon; little by little the Southern Cross ascends in the firmament.

It may be hot for the first day or two, but on the third day out you cross the Equator and face the breeze that follows the Antarctic Current, Humboldt's Current, that freshens and cools what otherwise would be a hot and steamy coast. Occasionally the calm surface of the sea is ruffled, now by the spike-like fin of a shark or the blow and rounded back of a gray whale; again by tortoise shining like great topazes set in opals or by silvery flying-fish skimming from wave to wave or schools of white-bellied mantas that frolic along by the steamer's side.

Three idle days pass by.

At dawn upon the fourth I distinctly heard a locomotive whistle and then the clear call of a bugle. Looking out of the state-room window I had my first glimpse of Peru. It was quite what I had been led to expect: a long bleak shore of sand, desolate, treeless, dry. We were anchored before Paita, but the port was still silent and the little town apparently asleep, except for an officer taking his morning ride along the beach. By the time I came on deck, a boat or two had put out from shore with the doctor and the company's agent. Finally the captain of the port arrived, resplendent in his gold-laced uniform as he sat in the stern-sheets of his smart *chaloupa* manned by four stalwart oarsmen in spotless white.

I lost all interest in him, however, as soon as I made out the queer rafts and boats that were now paddling out toward us. Here, come to life again, were the old wood-cuts in Oviedo's "Historia." In the first edition of this old book, now rare and costly, published in Seville only a few years after the Conquest, there are quaint pictures showing the manners and customs of the natives as the Spaniards first found them: their thatched huts; their cabins perched in the tree-tops; their strange animals and queer fish, and their various primitive boats. Here in this harbor of Paita, these self-same craft were coming out to meet us—dugouts filled with fruit and manned by single Indians, *balsas* of cabbagewood (a light timber common to Ecuador and Colombia) like those that brought the friendly caciques to greet Pizarro, and larger rafts rigged with square sails that ferried him and his little army, horses and all, from Puno to Tumbez, only a few miles distant in the Gulf of Guayaquil.

But now another flotilla approached us; this time row-boats of more modern type, painted like those of Naples, blue and green, with the *fleteros*, the sharks of the coast, who row you ashore for whatever they can make, but are no better and no worse than their prototypes in Mediterranean waters.

We landed, and upon the dock found Indian women in black *mantas* selling green paroquets and gaudy parrots and the strange tropical fruits with which we were soon to grow so familiar. We walked to the Plaza, set out with palms and dominated by the towers of its church, a queer Hispano-Moorish affair in which a black-robed congregation was listening to low mass.

We looked, too, into the Gran Hotel Pacifico, where, in its dining-room, we found quite the strangest ceiling decoration that we had ever seen. It was painted by some man of real ability, not at all the same person who had daubed the crude marines upon the walls, but a man who understood his art. Yet his subject was worthy of a neo-impressionist. In the corners parrots and gaudy butterflies disported themselves, while eggs and fruits lay about in salvers, but the dominant note, the *raison d'être*, of the ceiling was an enormous lobster, some fifteen feet across, that spread its vermilion claws and nippers in all directions, embracing parrots and fruits, eggs and salvers in its all-consuming clutches.

Paita is really a very old settlement, dating from colonial days. Yet a walk among its streets discloses only the most ephemeral constructions, flimsy beyond belief—houses built of dry bamboo thinly covered with plaster and mud, so thinly covered indeed that one can look through the cracks and chinks into the rooms

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Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Lima Cathedral from the Bodegones.

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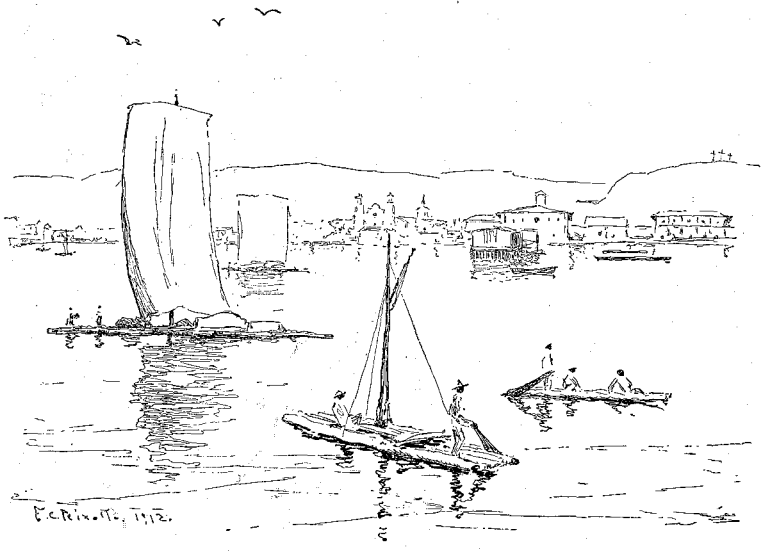

Native Boats, Paita.

The queer rafts and boats that were now paddling out toward us.—Page 422.

themselves. The whole fabric would crumble away in an instant at the first hint of rain. But rain comes to Paita, according to legend, only once in twenty years. Notwithstanding, Paita is the wettest place on the Peruvian coast. Thence southward for hundreds of miles to the distant coast of Chili, between the Andes and the sea, it never rains, though clouds sometimes form and at certain seasons a sort of heavy mist, the *camanchaca*, hangs over the land for weeks at a time.

We weighed anchor after luncheon and all afternoon skirted the sandy desert of Sechura, whose yellow dunes backed by lavender mountains terminate at times in rocky headlands shaped like ruined castles and spotted with guano.

We reached Eten early next morning. A more desolate spot could scarcely be imagined. Sky, sea, a long, sheer sandy bluff, an iron mole, and that was all. What town there is must lie behind the dunes.

From each of these coast ports, desolate as they may appear, railroads run inland, sometimes far, sometimes only for a short distance. From the looks of the coast one wonders where they run to, little suspecting, as we afterward found, the prolific valleys that open behind, teeming with vegetation wherever water can be found.

Harbors there are none from Guayaquil to Callao, the ships anchoring about a half mile off shore, a fact that in these peaceful waters entails neither the discomforts nor inconveniences that it does on other coasts. Here at Eten we hoisted our new passengers aboard in a sort of car like those used in roller-coasters, four people at a time. Freight is transferred in lighters which they call *lancias*. Even before we had been "received" by the captain of the port, several of these could be seen approaching us.

How can I describe them? They are about the size of a sea-going schooner. Five heavy beams laid across the bow form seats for ten men, whose brawny arms and well-developed deltoids and pectorals would do honor to trained athletes. Their type—the broad, flat face, the high cheek-bone, the narrow eyes set atilt, and the drooping mustache—plainly shows their descent from the Chimus, that strange Chinese race whose civilization seems to have centred about Trujillo, somewhat farther down the coast. Clad only in jerseys and trousers; bareheaded or shaded by wide-rimmed straw hats, each lays hold of a gigantic sweep, five on a side. And how they row, wing and wing, throwing the whole weight of their mighty frames upon the oars, rising in their seats till

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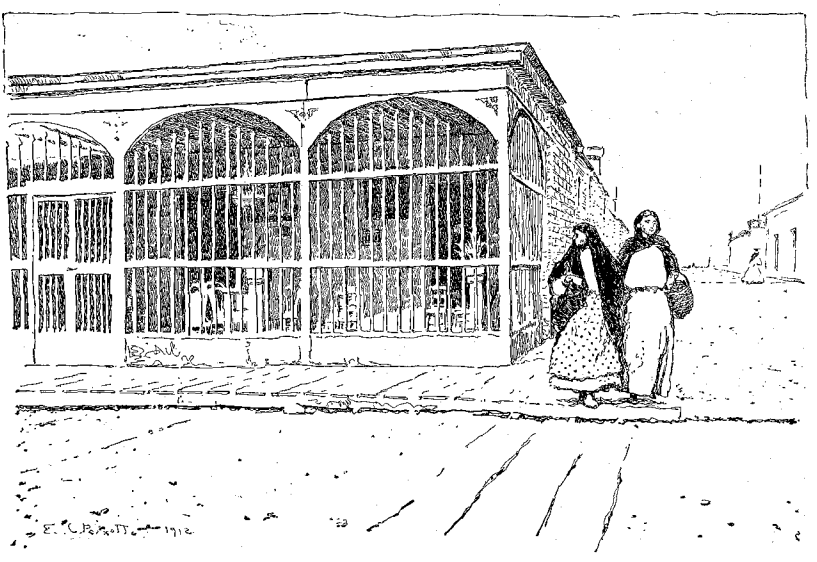
standing—the only boatmen I ever saw who suggested the galley-slaves of the Egyptians or the men who manned the Roman triremes!

It is only a three hours' run from Eten to Pacasmayo. On the way you catch glimpses of higher mountains, buttresses of the Coast Cordillera, and by the shore see little groups of fishing-huts clustered in the coves. We had thought the frail *balsas* of Paita the most daring of sea-going craft, but now we came upon others more daring still—the *caballitos* (little horses), tiny boats but six or eight feet long, that, at a distance, look like the forward end of a gondola. They are made of two cylinders of straw lashed together and diminishing toward the prow, where they tilt sharply upward. The lone fisherman sits astride of them, his feet dangling in the water at either side, and thus he puts to sea, a sort of Triton bestriding his sea-horse.

Pacasmayo lies in a wide, open roadstead enclosed by golden sand hills behind which rise chains of lofty mountains, a long wall of blue, deceptive, apparently peaceful and soft in the distance, but jagged and precipitous at closer quarters and traversed only by mule-paths. Yet should I like to have crossed them, for beyond their lofty summits, hidden in a lovely valley, lies Cajamarca, the "City of Atahualpa's Ransome," the Inca town that played so important a part in the story of the Conquest.

Another quiet night on shipboard sleeping with that dreamy contentedness that comes over one upon a calm sea, and at dawn the following morning we were anchored off Salaverry, the most picturesque of the ports we had yet seen. The sun was just rising in a film of clouds. Behind the dunes that clasped the bases of the mountains in a firm embrace rose the ranges of the Andes, fold upon fold, first the foot-hills, purple-clad, then the fainter Coast Cordillera, and finally, blue and distant, the Black Cordillera. But the Cordillera Real, the royal range of towering peaks, is not for the wayfarer by the coast. Once in a while on a clear, calm evening toward sunset, a gleaming snow-capped peak may be descried like a cloud in the sky, but otherwise these mountain giants jealously guard their summits for the pilgrims to their shrine. Soon we were to become such pilgrims and see for ourselves the glories of their mighty heights.

We landed at Salaverry and were delighted with the broad strand, worthy of an Ostend or a Brighton, that stretches in a wide curve off toward Trujillo, founded by Pizarro and named by him for his birthplace in Estremadura, whose white domes and towers lay some miles distant



A barred Veranda, Salaverry.

Broad *verandas*, barred with screens and used as out-door rooms.—Page 426.

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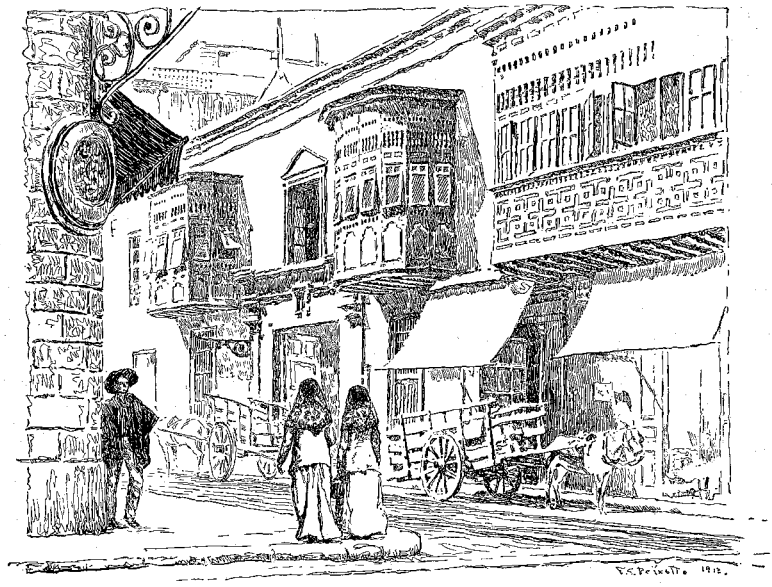
like a mirage of the Orient among palms and verdant valleys.

Salaverry itself is a low, one-storied affair whose broad, straight sandy streets with their wooden houses are strongly reminiscent of some of our western frontier towns. Yet Spanish civilization has put a picturesque impress upon it—upon its windows with their iron *rejas*, upon its broad verandas, barred with screens and used as out-door rooms, and upon the life of its streets where women in black, half hidden in sombre door-ways, call to the *aguador*, as he peddles his donkey-load of water from door to door, and half-naked street urchins vend *chirimoyas* and alligator pears at the street corners.



Balconies in a Lima street.

Often elaborately carved, that project from the upper story.—Page 428.

Upon the beach the fishermen mend their nets near the *caballitos* drying in the sun, that stand erect against gaily painted fishing-smacks. It was a Sunday morning, so the strand was dotted with bathers, diving in the surf or chasing each other in wild races across the hard-packed sand, among them the children of the British vice-consul, the only foreigners upon the scene.

Again we weighed anchor after lunch, and as we sailed southward the coast grew more and more majestic. Never a note of green, to be sure, but, by compensation, behind the fringe of golden sand that skirts the sapphire sea, range upon range of mountains, always varied, ever broken into a thousand cones and pinnacles and as changeable in hue as a chameleon, flecked by fleecy cloud shadows through the whole gamut of grays, lavenders, and purples. At times the dunes would break as at Chimbote and inland valleys open green as gardens. Toward evening the level sun-rays warm these ashen mountains, burnishing them like bronze, and their deep *quebradas* and rocky gorges by contrast are plunged into indigo shadows of a strength and intensity quite beyond belief.

Occasionally islands whitened with guano lie upon the sea, and upon them nest myriads of birds, and along the water's edge flocks of glistening sea-lions bark and snarl and wriggle and fight or disport themselves in the surf. Our captain took us quite close to one of these islets, so close indeed that with the naked eye we could plainly see the innumerable shags and murre that peopled its honey-combed pinnacles. Just as we passed, he blew two mighty blasts upon the siren and every seal threw itself headlong into the

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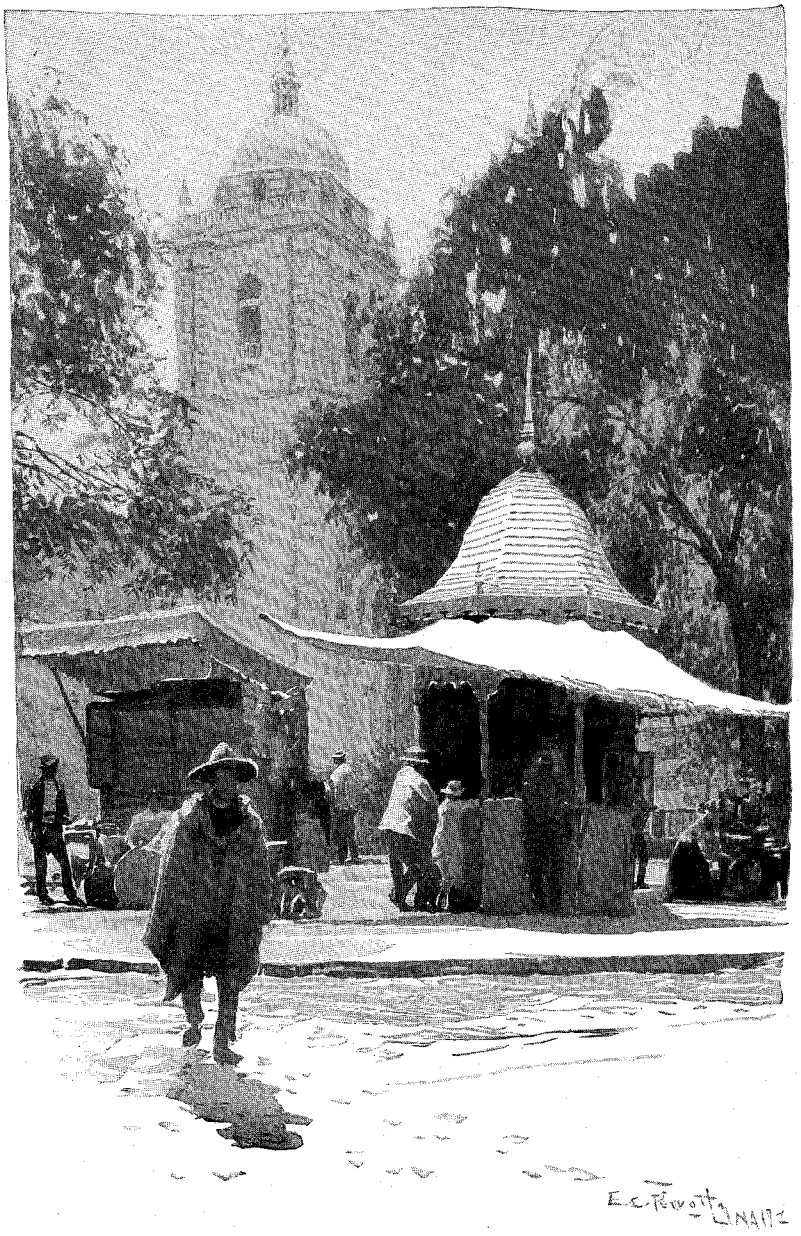

Plaza of San Francisco.

One of the prettiest little squares of the city.—Page 431.

sea, while the birds in one enormous cloud that darkened the sun left their nests, flying far out to sea—a mist of golden dust rising from the island raised by the whir of their countless wings.

For the first time in several days, no land was in sight the following morning. But by ten o'clock the long tawny hills of San Lorenzo Island appeared above the horizon and we made Callao harbor within an hour. There lay a great variety of shipping, from the clean, white, English-built cruisers of the Peruvian navy and the smart "home-boats" of the Royal Mail to old hulks anchored to the northward, whose only passengers or crew were

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the gulls and pelicans that settled in their rigging or perched along their decks.

Our steamer was immediately surrounded by a swarm of small boats, each manned by a shouting crowd of *fleteros*, that made a gay and brilliant scene, painted in the brightest colors and covered with awnings not unlike those used upon the Italian lakes.

In the President's garden.

We went ashore with friends in the company's motor-launch, got through the customs quickly, and soon were in the train bound for Lima, only eight miles distant.

I rubbed my eyes as we sped along. Was I in Peru in early March or in California in September? It was surely the end of summer, for here were fields of ripened corn, there venders of luscious grapes. The cattle grazing in the parched fields; the Rimac roaring over its stony bed; the tawny shores of San Lorenzo wreathed with fog like the Contra Costa hills; the files of eucalypti, even the whistle of the American-built locomotive and the clang of its bell, recalled, like magic, the country that surrounds the bay of San Francisco or hides within the depths of Sonoma Valley.

But there across the aisle sat a major in his Franco-Peruvian uniform, while in front of him a group of young subalterns in the same neat clothes conversed amiably to ladies in rather boisterous hats, and in the coach ahead, second-class, the *cholos* and other mixed races that we could see proved beyond a doubt that we were in Peru.

LIMA

LIMA is a flat city whose straight, wide streets are as regular in plan as those of any metropolis of the New World. Pizarro is said to have laid it out, and if he did so, he used a T-square and no imagination, merely leaving one empty block in the centre for a Plaza de Armas. Like all cities built upon this checker-board system, it lacks both the picturesqueness and charm of the mediæval town, and the dignity and stateliness of the modern city whose converging streets meet to frame views of important monuments.

Despite this drawback, however, Lima has a physiognomy all its own. Throughout the colonial period it was the capital of the Spanish-American colonies, the residence of the viceroy and of the nobility. Hence it contains, more than any other South American city, notable examples of Hispanic architecture little suspected by the average tourist.

The streets, too, have distinct individuality, imparted to a great extent by the *balcones*, adaptations of the Oriental moucharaby, or mirador, often elaborately carved, that project from the upper story of almost every house, far out over the sidewalks, sometimes occurring uninter-

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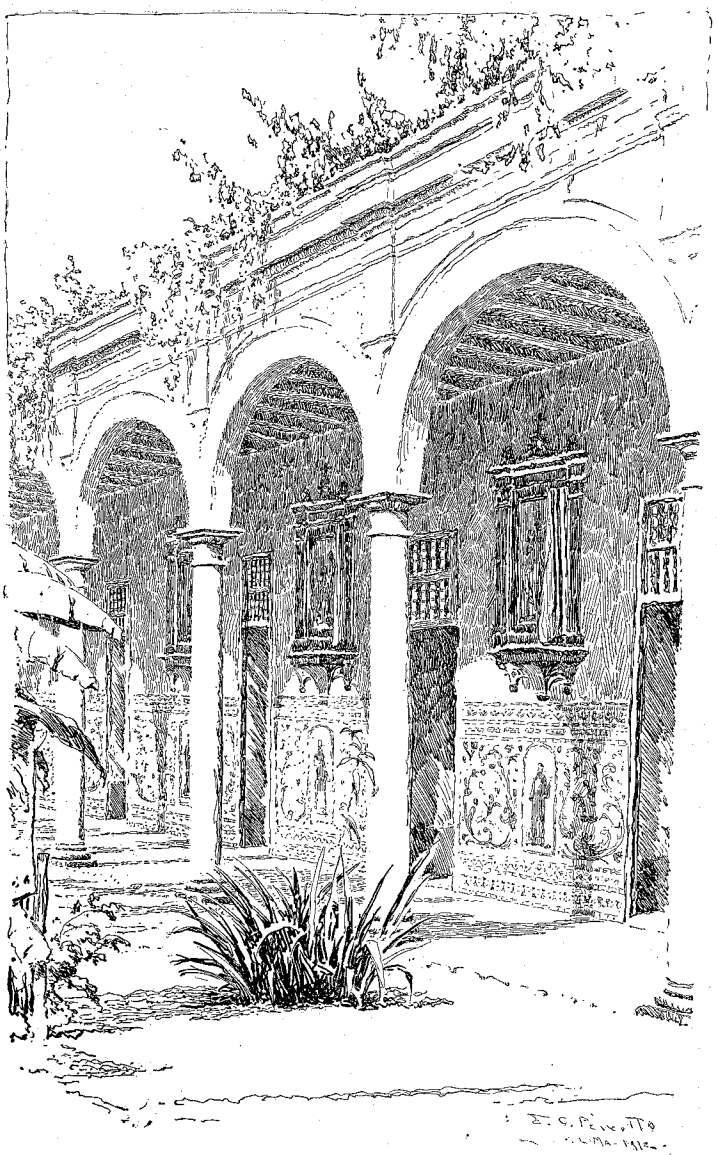

In the Cloister of San Francisco.

ruptedly for blocks at a time. They are most practical, allowing the air to pass freely to the rooms within, yet screening the house walls from the direct rays of the sun. The people, especially the women, live upon them, flitting behind their long rows of windows as they pass from room to room or leaning over the rail to watch the life in the streets below. The shops, too, are peculiar, being without fronts—wide open during the daytime and closed by long series of folding wooden doors at night.

Much interest is also imparted to these streets by the stately palaces, mostly dating from the viceregal period, that are encountered in all the principal thoroughfares. They present a rather forbidding aspect, with their great walls pierced only by a few barred windows and by their monumental *porte-cochères*. But look through one of these vast door-ways and all is gayety within. In an instant you are transported to Spain and the sunlit courts of Andalusia. Here the same patios,

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washed with pale pastel-tones and paved with tiles or colored marbles, bask in the sunlight, decked with palms and oleanders screened behind iron grills of intricate and artistic workmanship. Through pavilions at the rear you catch glimpses of other gardens beyond. The whole scheme, cool, airy, framing the peep of blue sky overhead, seems singularly well adapted to this land of soft sunshine.

The Plaza is a handsome square—well paved, neatly kept, and adorned with beautiful tropical gardens set with flowers and stately palms, and ornate lamp-posts supporting arches of lights for festivals. It is surrounded on two sides by *portales*, or arcades, lined with shops. The third side is occupied by the palace and the fourth by the cathedral.

This last is not as interesting as some of the other great Peruvian churches. It was apparently made over in the last century, when a wave of classic revival swept away many of the picturesque plateresque constructions of the Latin-American churches and substituted cold Roman columns and arches for the elaborate pediments and richly carved surfaces of the Churrigueresque artists. So now the cathedral lacks much of that interest that one expects to find in a building of its age. The interior, too, suffers at first sight from the same cause, yet upon closer investigation the choir and chapels yield notable works of art. There are, for example, the massive silver high-altar and the rarely beautiful *silleria*, rows of richly carved stalls ornamented with good statues of saints and apostles enshrined in ornate canopies or framed in elaborate panelling—all done in cedar wood after the best Hispanic traditions. The chapel of the Purísima, too, is a fine piece of plateresque not yet debased by the baroque, and we discovered in the sacristy a delightful little Moorish fountain of alabaster, the glint of whose tiles in the penumbra and the splash of whose water in the silence recalled to us some inner court of the Alhambra.

In the Chapel of the Virgen dell' Antigua, under the benign eyes of a placid Virgin and Child sent over from Spain by Charles V, a modest white casket with open glass sides contains the remains of that wonderful ruffian, that intrepid conquistador, Francisco Pizarro. As I looked at his dried bones and mummified flesh exposed thus publicly to the gaze of the curious, lying upon, but in no way shrouded by, a bed of purple velvet, his entrails in a bottle at his feet, I wondered if it was with design that his remains are so displayed. Is it mere chance that this poor tomb is all that marks his final resting-place? Is it by mere neglect that no monument to him (at least to my knowledge) exists in all Peru?

During the last stormy days of his life, he occupied the palace that he built across the Plaza. This vast, rambling pile is worthy of a visit, not merely because it is the actual residence of the President, the White House of Peru, but because of its historic associations.

A big door-way, where a company of soldiers always mounts guard, admits to an outer court, vast in scale, across which you reach a stairway that leads to a broad upper corridor, severely chaste, white and fresh and open to the sky throughout its entire length. A series of apartments lead off on either hand, and sentinels challenge you at each door, for revolutions are frequent. But under the guidance of the President's chief aide-de-camp, a colonel of distinction and courtly manners, we visited in turn the various reception-rooms, with their ornately gilded furniture of the viceregal period, and saw the viceroy's throne that still, standing under its baldaquin but shorn of its imperial ornaments, does duty for the President. We admired, too, the proportions and acoustics of the long banquet hall—a bit shabby, perhaps, but hemmed in between two of the lovely tropical gardens that are incorporated within the palace walls, some of their ancient fig-trees, we were told, dating from the days of Pizarro.

The apartments that he occupied open upon an inner corridor, long and narrow, down which the old lion at bay fought Rada's men, single-handed, toward the street and safety. At the foot of its last step you are shown a small white stone that is said to mark the spot where he fell, wounded to the death, and where, dipping his finger in a pool of his own blood, he traced a cross upon the ground, expiring as he kissed it.

I had the rare good fortune while in

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Patio of the Torre Tagli Palace.

Lima to procure as my cicerone a certain police commissioner (that is the best translation I can make of his title) who knew every corner of the capital and apparently every one in it. Whether in the halls of the President's palace or the grim corridors of the penitentiary or the dark aisles of the churches, he seemed equally at home, and every one treated him as a friend. His kindness was of great value to me, for, strange as it may seem, there exists no guide-book to Lima, and it is difficult to ferret out the points of interest.

With him I visited the monasteries, and was certainly surprised by what I found in them. Nothing that I had heard, nothing that I had read, had prepared me for what I saw, for they have been strangely neglected by travellers. Yet to my mind they are among the chief features of the city—of interest both because of their vast extent as well as for the numerous art treasures that they contain.

The finest belongs to the Franciscans and faces upon one of the prettiest little squares of the city, the Plaza of San Francisco. To visit it you enter a sort of vestibule whose lower walls are completely covered with beautiful Mudejar tiles in which little amorini alternate curi-

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ously with grim death's-heads. Borders of deep lapis-blue frame the panels and completely surround the great door-way that occupies one end of the hall. In answer to a knock the little wicket opens, a few words are exchanged, the heavy door swings, a brown friar steps back to let you pass, and you enter another world—a world of seclusion and quiet, of cloister courts with monks moving silently about or digging in the flower-beds; of ancient pictures depicting the life of good Saint Francis looking down from their golden frames upon sunlit gardens filled with the bright bloom of the tropics.

It would be quite impossible to describe the labyrinths of this convent's courts, the varied features of its trinity of churches and its thirteen chapels with their carved *coros* and gilded altars. But its chief interest lies in the beautiful *azulejos* that completely cover the lower walls and pillars of its cloisters. These tiles date mostly from the early years of the seventeenth century and are of great variety. Some are patterned with the rich designs of the high Renaissance; others with figures of brown-cowled monks; others again with heraldic monsters or with those intricate arabesques that the Moors introduced into Spain. Moorish, too, is the beautiful flattened dome that covers the main stairway, a great half-orange of cedar wood, unfortunately now falling to decay but still retaining enough of its original inlay of ebony and bone to recall its pristine glory.

The Dominicans possess an equally beautiful monastery, though not so extensive a one. It is the oldest in Lima, and like San Francisco is richly adorned with tiles that date from the second decade of the seventeenth century, many of them evidently designed expressly for the convent, depicting scenes in the history of the Dominican order.

Through the upper loggia of one of the inner courts whose rose-colored walls act as a foil to a pale-green fountain in the centre, you reach the library, a quiet room divided by arches resting upon slender columns. On the morning of my visit a painter was graining the shafts of these columns to imitate marble. Several brothers in white stood watching him, their shaven heads and intellectual faces (for these Dominicans are of a studious stamp) making an attractive picture for some Vibert or Zamacois against the golden background of parchment-covered books lit by the sunlight that filtered through the leaded windows. There are other monasteries of lesser note, repetitions on a smaller scale of these great ones.

Of Lima's churches, San Pedro makes the richest effect. It is the fashionable church of the city, and its dark aisles with their deep-toned paintings set in elaborate gilded frames, their polychrome saints and martyrs looking out from niches charged with carvings that wake the shadows with the glow of their golden ornaments, their *retablos* toned with the smoke of incense and the dust of years, form a fine background indeed for the beautiful women that frequent it—women whose pallid faces gleam like ivory from beneath the lacy folds of the mantilla or the sombre pleats of the heavy manta.

The palace of the Torre Tagles without doubt takes precedence over all the secular buildings of the city.

Its superb *balcones*, the finest in the city, would alone arrest your attention, or its door-way, the best example of the Churrigueresque style that I saw in Peru. You may or you may not like this form of architecture, with its bizarre proportions, its broken pediments, its general lack of organism, but the mere bulk of this entrance, the grandeur of its scale and absence of finicky detail, will prepare you for the splendid court-yard within. This great patio is reached through a deep vestibule where, after the fashion of Spanish palaces, steps are arranged for mounting and dismounting from horses.

The court itself is shaded by a broad projecting balcony of cedar wood left without paint or varnish, its columns, arches, and balustrades richly carved, and its supporting corbels, elaborate and intricate in detail, ornamented with heads of animals and men that, though Hispanic in design, are evidently the handicraft of highly skilled Indian workmen.

A broad staircase, whose glazed tiles imitate a stair-rail upon the one hand while its mahogany stair-rail imitates these same tiles upon the other, leads to the upper balcony where the main apartments open. These are spacious and handsome

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and still contain much of their antique furniture of the viceregal period, among other things two superb wardrobes, royal objects of massive design completely encrusted with mother-of-pearl, silver, and tortoise-shell, the viceroy of Mexico's wedding gift to an ancestor of the family. Handsome portraits of gentlemen in wigs and the elaborately embroidered coats and waistcoats of the eighteenth century, and of ladies in the voluminous skirts and powdered hair of the same period, complete a picture of aristocratic life under the Spanish régime.

The Torre Tagles, who counted among their members a viceroy and the first President of Peru, were a family of great importance, as many things about the palace testify. By royal grant, a pair of cannon, their noses planted in the ground at either side of the vestibule, gave right of asylum to any one who passed between them. In one corner of the patio a heraldic lion carved in wood supports a post from which hung the scales that weighed the gold and silver for the King's troops, the head of this family having been for centuries paymaster of the army and navy. The great collection of pictures that they owned, once the most notable in Peru, is now being dispersed, and their state-coach, a gilded calèche worthy of the royal stables of Madrid, has been bequeathed to the National Museum, where it now forms the central object in the colonial collection.

This National Museum, with the National Library, and San Marcos University founded in 1551, the oldest in the New World, form the three important institutions of learning in the capital.

The museum's well-ordered cases, arranged by an enthusiastic German archæologist, afford an excellent opportunity to study the civilization of the Incas, containing as they do rare picture cloths from Tiahuanaco, with their strange conventionalized figures of animals and men; quaintly fashioned *huacos* that, like the Greek and Etruscan vases, give us the best documents we have of the manners and customs of the times; and row upon row of those strange seated mummies, whose knees touch their chins and whose faces are covered with masks of gold, silver, or vicuña cloth, according to their social standing.

The National Library is again of importance. I say again, for during the Chilian invasion it was ruthlessly looted and its priceless treasures carried off by a pack of vandals. Now, however, through the

The *aguador*, as he peddles his donkey-load of water from door to door.—Page 426.

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unremitting efforts of Don Riccardo Palma, one of the most brilliant literary lights of Latin America, whose "Recuerdos de Lima" forms the classic collection of the city's tales and legends, it has again attained to a certain degree of its former importance.

San Marcos University looks much as it did in colonial days, and its sunny cloisters with their white arcades still echo the footsteps and voices of students preparing for the liberal professions.

It is in one of the populous quarters of the city—one of the districts where you may still see some of the curious street types of Lima: the *aguador* vending his water or the *lechera* peddling her milk, mounted high upon her pillion, a Panama hat upon her head, her huge cans bound in calf-skin sacks dangling at either side of her ambling pony. Here, too, or over in the Malambra quarter, near where the favorite of the viceroy Amat dwelt in seclusion in the Casa Perricholi, you will find the *chicha* venders, women who smoke cigars and carry bamboo canes, and the *panaderos* who cover their bread-baskets with bright-red parasols. And at any time, in any street, you may meet the *capeador*, perhaps the most characteristic of all the Lima types, mounted upon his pacing pony of Arab stock, whose hair saddle-cloths, silver-mounted bridle, and housings over the tail will recall the trappings of the mediæval knights.

The business streets of the city are animated; the better shops full of attractive imported articles, especially wearing apparel, for the women are smart and well dressed, devoting much of their time and attention—too much, perhaps—to their clothes. If you want to see a group of them, go in the winter season to the race-course, or in the bathing season, December to April, upon a Sunday morning, to La Punta, a little resort reached by trolley.

And if you want to see more of them and in more attractive surroundings, go some Sunday evening to Barranco, and especially to Chorrillos, where a broad promenade skirts the sea. The scene in many ways would remind you of some lesser resort on the Riviera—the broad terrace with its balustrades and seats, the music in the band-stand, the palm gardens, the villas new and bright overlooking the terrace and the sea, among whose lazy rollers far below lies the Yacht Club with its phantom boats.

With a bit of energy, with the impetus of a few enthusiastic citizens, Lima could be made most attractive as a winter resort. When the Canal is opened, I dare say it will become one, especially when some hotel not yet in existence, but soon to be, I hear, will have been constructed, set in wide gardens.

And then there is the Oroya Railway. What city in the world can boast such an attraction at its very doors? Where else can you, in the short space of a few hours, ascend from the coast, from palms and mango groves, bananas and tropical gardens, to the snow and ice of eternal winter, to heights above the utmost summit of Mont Blanc?

All this is possible through the pluck, ingenuity, and indomitable perseverance of a certain American promoter, a picturesque figure of the sixties, Henry Meiggs. He it was who conceived this gigantic scheme to scale the dizzy steeps of the Andes, and he it was who carried to execution this first railroad, and the only one that crosses these icy summits at such an elevation, to this day the "highest railway in the world." No matter what else you may see in this mundane sphere of ours, you will never forget the day you climbed the Oroya Railway.

We made the trip under exceptionally favorable auspices. A private car, most comfortable in all its appointments, was put at our disposal, and in it we lived, with two excellent servants to care for us.

Instead of leaving Lima by the early morning train, as is usually done, our car was attached to the afternoon passenger and left at Chosica for the night, a station about twenty-five miles distant and a little less than three thousand feet above the sea, used as a resort, a sort of *cure d'air*, by the Limanians. After dinner we walked about its streets, and, in the semi-darkness of the tropic night, enjoyed its villas set in palm gardens, their windows and doors wide open and the occupants sitting upon verandas or chatting in the brightly lighted drawing-rooms.

As I awoke in the early morning I could hear our engine breathlessly climbing

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On the Oroya Railway.

No matter what else you may see in this mundane sphere of ours, you will never forget the day you climbed the Oroya Railway.—Page 434.

from height to height, puffing like a winded horse, and could see in the gray, dim dawn the long fingers of banana-trees swaying in the breeze and the clustered palms rustling their dry leaves. Dark-blue slaty hills shut us in, and at the bottom of the gorge the Rimac stormed along, a roaring torrent.

As it grew lighter we reached the first switchback, the only device used on this wonderful road, standard gauge, to overcome the difficulties of climbing the dizzy heights. Here, too, we came upon the first *andenes*, those Inca terraces still in use, irrigated with painstaking toil by canals that deflect the waters of the river along

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the faces of the cliffs. Below us lay the narrow river valley divided, like a large green relief-map, into states and territories, by wriggly stone walls, and dotted here and there with cattle, impossibly small.

The vegetation was changing. Along the track grew strange cacti whose long green fingers stood erect and serried as organ pipes. Loquats and figs and masses of wild heliotrope were still to be seen, though we had passed the six-thousand-foot level.

We slowed down at Matucana while the engine took a drink, and we had a glimpse of its clean little hotel and gayly painted houses opposite the station. Two Franciscan friars and a group of *serranos* in *ponchos*, or bright skirts, disappeared within the little pink church for early mass. Early mass! And we had already climbed more than a mile in altitude that morning.

But we were only beginning our ascent. Our engine, having caught its breath and greased its joints, started again to puff and snort and haul us from switchback to switchback. In the next ten miles we attained the ten-thousand-foot level, and as I looked on the one hand at the dullish-purple cliffs with their varied stratifications and at the deep-red ones opposite, I thought of the Colorado Midlands, and of the splendors of Marshall Pass, and of the time, years ago, when the crossing of that divide, at the same altitude that we now were, constituted an accomplishment of considerable moment.

From our observation platform at the rear of the train we looked down into giddy abysses where the Rimac now raced in a succession of cascades, while above us towered great crags covered with tunas and cacti. Every now and then a snow peak would appear touching the heavens. The sun had burst forth, dispelling the morning vapors. We penetrated into a region of glistening granite and porphyry. The Rimac boiled through a chasm and disappeared into a cave. Between two tunnels we breathlessly crossed the Infiernillo Bridge—well named in this chaos of Hades.

The air became decidedly cooler, not to say cold, after the soft warmth of the coast, and the mountain people that we saw, wrapped in shawls and woollens, showed this change. At the next station we spied the first llamas, those strange Peruvian beasts of burden, with liquid, scornful eyes, and ears tipped with red worsteds, silently munching by the track. In an instant they were gone as we sped along upward. What walls to climb, what cliffs! Switchback and loop, tunnel and bridge, higher and ever higher we go! In the next two miles we climbed five hundred feet; after that three thousand more in but fifteen miles.

We had now ascended to a bleak and stony wilderness. The mighty Rimac had dwindled to a tiny stream, a thread of water but a few feet wide, boiling over the rocks. Vegetation there was none. Soft fleecy clouds gathered again about us, and here, nearly fourteen thousand feet above the sea, Pedro served us our lunch. It was no common experience, I assure you, to partake of so delicate a repast almost three miles above the sea: alligator pears at the beginning, fresh-picked that morning at Chosica, *chirimoyas* and wonderful Italia grapes from Ica at the end, and in between fresh green corn, though it was the month of March!

And what a panorama from the window before which the table was spread! Oh, the grandeur and the beauty of color of this high Cordillera; its dark grays spotted by golden greens; the gamuts of reds and ochres and chromes of the great coppery mountains that shut us in! The last two hundred feet of altitude was apparently the steepest grade, the greatest strain of all, for our engine snorted continuously and stopped to catch its breath and get up steam again to fight this extraordinary altitude. Again we looked into bottomless pits; again we passed through tunnel after tunnel and at last emerged upon the verge of Lake Ticlio—a pale-green mirror of murky water, barren as a landscape upon the moon. Beyond it rose bald snow peaks, gaunt and desolate. Breathless, we had reached the summit of the pass up above the clouds, again in the sunshine.

At Ticlio our car was detached and we were switched off on the Morococha Branch, to begin to climb once more. Not for long, however, only to Anticona, a desolate spot without a house in sight, but the highest point ever yet attained by

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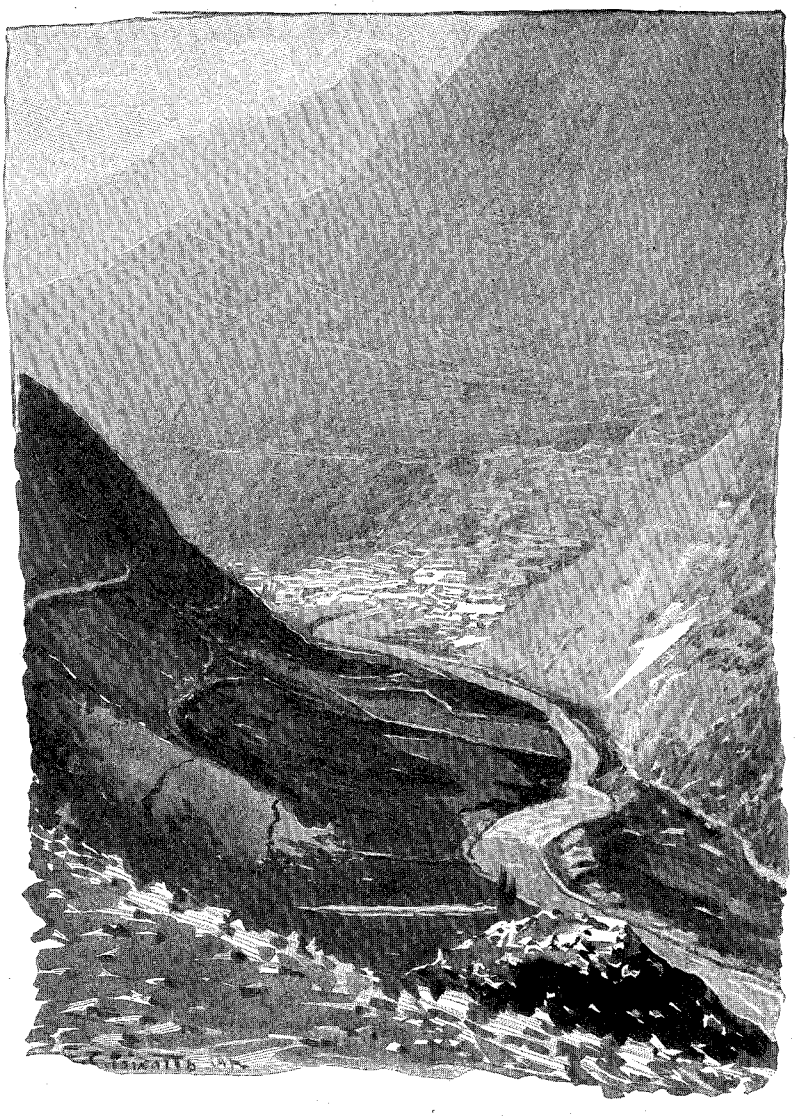

Below us lay the narrow river valley.—Page 436.

any railroad, fifteen thousand eight hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea level.

The frozen peaks of the Black Cordillera, seamed with greenish glaciers and deep crevasses, encompassed the lakes of Anticona, one green, one purple, below which other lakes in the clouds at times appeared, then hid again in flying vapors. We skirted each of these in turn, one after the other, and as we crossed the last of them upon a narrow causeway, beheld visions of others still lower, matchless in color, about which the ground was scratched and rasped by greedy human hands digging in the copper-mines of Morococha.

Morococha lies in a valley between the last two lakes, its yellow ochre houses scarcely visible, so well do they harmonize with their dark surroundings. We were welcomed at the station by two American engineers—strange to find at this extraordinary altitude. While we were talking to them a loud clap of thunder suddenly broke the stillness, the clouds

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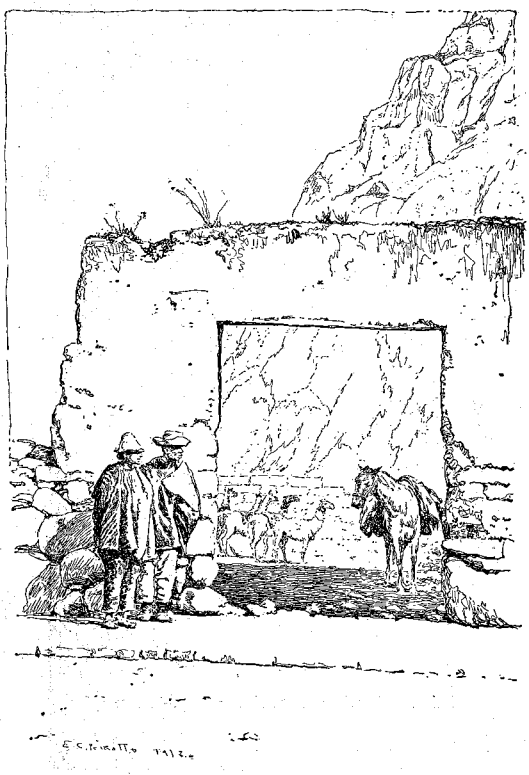
gathered thickly, and one of those swift Andean thunder-storms, so common at these heights, was unchained about us. What deluges; what a roaring of the elements! For our return journey to Ticlio a transformation had taken place. The snow was falling heavily; the green and purple lakes had now become leaden and angry-looking, and the peaks and their glaciers were enveloped alike in a thick white mantle, only a crag or two emerging here and there, like the black tippets upon an ermine cloak.

In the chaos of snorting engine and warring elements, we were attached at Ticlio to a lone locomotive and proceeded as a special through the long Galera tunnel that pierces an abutment of the Monte Meiggs (named for the builder of the road), the highest point on the main line. It was about four o'clock as we sped down the eastern slopes to the great central plateau of Peru, through a perfect avenue of giant mountains, the snow falling unceasingly until it changed to rain, and green valleys began to succeed the snow-fields. At six o'clock we pulled into Oroya for the night.



Entrance to a corral, Oroya.

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THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

XV

IN the Dagonet drawing-room the lamps had long been lit, and Mrs. Fairford, after a last impatient turn, had put aside the curtains of worn damask to strain her eyes once more into the darkening square. She came back to the hearth, where Charles Bowen, cigarette in hand, stood leaning between the prim caryatides of the white marble chimney-piece.

"No sign of her. She's simply forgotten."

Bowen looked at his watch, and then turned to compare it with the high-waisted Empire clock.

"Six o'clock. Why not telephone again? There must be some mistake. Perhaps she knew Ralph would be late."

Laura's laugh had a shade of irony. "I haven't noticed that she follows Ralph's movements so closely. When I telephoned just now the servant said she'd been out since two. The nurse waited till half-past four, not liking to come without orders; and now it's too late for Paul to go out."

She wandered away toward the farther end of the room, where, through half-open doors, a shining surface of mahogany reflected a flower-wreathed cake in which two candles dwindled.

"Put them out, please," she said to the servant in the background; then she shut the doors and turned back to Bowen.

"It's all so unlucky—my grandfather giving up his drive, and mother backing out of her hospital meeting, and having all the committee down on her. And Henley: I'd even coaxed Henley away from his bridge! He escaped again just before you came. Undine promised she'd have the boy here at four. It's not as if it had never happened before. She's always breaking her engagements."

Bowen smiled. "She has so many that it's inevitable some should get broken."

"Ah, if she'd only choose! Now that Ralph has had to go into business, and is kept in his office so late, it's sheer cruelty to drag him out every night. He told us the other day they hadn't dined at home for a month. Undine doesn't seem to notice how hard he works."

Bowen gazed meditatively at the crumbling fire. "No—why should she?" he said.

"Why *should* she? Really, Charles—!" Mrs. Fairford flashed out at him.

He took the flash without blinking. "Why should she, when she knows nothing about it?"

"She may know nothing about his business; but she must know it's her extravagance that's forced him into it." Mrs. Fairford looked at Bowen reproachfully. "You talk as if you were on her side!"

"Are there sides already? If so, I want to look down on them impartially from the heights of pure speculation. I want to get a general view of the whole problem of American marriages."

Mrs. Fairford dropped into her arm-chair with a sigh. "If that's what you want you must make haste! Most of them don't last long enough to be classified."

"I grant you it takes an active mind. But the weak point is so frequently the same that after a time one knows where to look for it."

"What do you call the weak point?"

Bowen paused. "The fact that the average American looks down on his wife."

Mrs. Fairford was up with a spring. "Really, Charles—if that's where paradox lands you!"

Bowen mildly stood his ground. "Well—doesn't he prove it? How much does he let her share in the real business of life? How much does he rely on her judgment and help in the conduct of serious affairs? Take Ralph, for instance—you say his wife's extravagance forces him to work too hard; but that's not what's wrong. It's normal for a man to work hard for a woman—what's abnormal is his not caring to tell her anything about it."

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"To tell Undine? She'd be bored to death if he did!"

"Just so; she'd even feel aggrieved. But why? Because it's against the custom of the country. And whose fault is that? The man's, again—I don't mean Ralph, I mean the genus he belongs to: homo sapiens, Americanus. Why haven't we taught our women to take an interest in our work? Simply because we don't take enough interest in *them*."

Mrs. Fairford, sinking back into her chair, sat gazing at the vertiginous depths above which his thought seemed to dangle her.

"*You* don't? I mean the American man doesn't—the most slaving, self-effacing, self-sacrificing——?"

"Yes; and the most indifferent: there's the point. The 'slaving's' no argument against the indifference. To slave for women is part of the old American tradition; lots of people give their lives for dogmas they've ceased to believe in. Then again, in this country the passion for making money has preceded the knowing how to spend it, and the American man lavishes his fortune on his wife because he doesn't know what else to do with it."

"Then you call it a mere want of imagination for a man to lavish his money on his wife?"

"Not necessarily—but it's a want of imagination to fancy it's all he owes her. Look about you and you'll see what I mean. Why does the European woman interest herself so much more in what the men are doing? Because she's so important to them that they make it worth her while! She's not a parenthesis, as she is here—they simply don't picture life without her. I'm not implying that Ralph isn't interested in his wife—he's a passionate, a pathetic exception. But even he has to conform to an environment where all the romantic values are reversed. Where does the real life of most American men lie? In some woman's drawing-room or in their offices? The answer's obvious, isn't it? The emotional centre of gravity's not the same in the two hemispheres. In the effete societies it's love, in our new one it's business. In America the real *crime passionnel* is a 'big steal'—there's more excitement in wrecking railways than homes."

Bowen paused to light another cigarette, and then took up his theme. "Isn't that the key to our easy divorces? If we cared for women in the old barbarous possessive instinctive way do you suppose we'd give them up as readily as we do? The real paradox is the fact that the men who make, materially, the biggest sacrifices for their women, should do least for them ideally and romantically. And what's the result—how do the women avenge themselves for counting so little? All my sympathy's with them, poor deluded dears, when I see their fallacious little attempts to trick out the leavings tossed them by the preoccupied male—the money and the motors and the clothes—and pretend to themselves and each other that that's what really constitutes life! Oh, I know what you're going to say—it's less and less of a pretense with them, I grant you; they're more and more succumbing to the force of the suggestion; but here and there I fancy there's one who still sees through the humbug, and knows that money and motors and clothes are simply the big bribe she's paid for keeping out of some man's way!"

Mrs. Fairford presented an amazed silence to the rush of this tirade; but when she rallied it was to avenge herself by the murmured query: "And is Undine one of the exceptions?"

Her companion took the shot with a smile. "No—she's a monstrously perfect result of the system: the completest proof of its triumph. It's Ralph who's the victim and the exception."

"Ah, poor Ralph!" Mrs. Fairford raised her head with a quick glance. "Here he is now! But I suppose," she added in an undertone, "we can't give him your explanation for his wife's having forgotten to come?"

Bowen echoed her sigh, and then seemed to toss it from him with his cigarette-end; but he stood in silence while the door opened and Ralph Marvell entered.

"Well, Laura! Hallo, Charles—have you been celebrating too?" Ralph turned to his sister. "I know—I know; it's inexcusable of me, and I daren't look my son in the face! But I stayed down town to make provision for his future birthdays." He returned Mrs. Fairford's kiss.

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"Don't tell me the party's over, and the guest of honour gone home to bed?"

As he stood before them, laughing and a little flushed, with the strain of long fatigue sounding through his gaiety and looking out of his anxious eyes, Mrs. Fairford threw a rapid glance at Bowen and then turned away to ring the bell.

"Sit down, Ralph—you look tired. I'll give you some tea in a minute."

He dropped into an armchair. "I did have rather a rush to get here—but hadn't I better join the revellers? Where are they?"

He walked to the end of the room and threw open the dining-room doors. "Hallo—where have they all gone to? What a jolly cake!" He went up to it. "Why, it's never even been cut!"

Mrs. Fairford, after giving an order to the servant who had answered her ring, turned toward the dining-room door.

"Come and have your tea first, Ralph."

"No, no—tea afterward, thanks. Are they all upstairs with my grandfather? I must make my peace with Undine——"

His sister put her arm through his, and drew him back to the fire.

"Undine didn't come," she said.

"Didn't come?" He stared. "Who brought the boy, then?"

"He didn't come either. That's why the cake isn't cut."

Ralph still looked at her, frowning a little. "What's the mystery? Is he ill, or what's happened?"

"Nothing's happened—Paul's all right. Apparently Undine forgot. She never went home for him, and the nurse waited till it was too late to come."

The flush had faded from Ralph's face, and she saw his eyes darken; but after a moment he gave a slight laugh and drew out his cigarette case. "Poor little Paul—poor chap!" He moved toward the fire. "Yes, please—some tea."

He dropped back into his chair with a look of lassitude, as if some strong stimulant had suddenly ceased to take effect on him; but before the tea-table was brought he had glanced at his watch and was on his feet again.

"But this won't do. I must rush home and see the poor boy before dinner. And my mother—and my grandfather? I want to say a word to them first—I must make Paul's excuses!"

"Grandfather's taking his nap. And mother had to rush out for a postponed committee meeting—she left as soon as the nurse telephoned that little Paul wasn't coming."

"Ah, I see." He sat down again. "Yes, make the tea strong, please. I've had a beastly fagging sort of day."

He leaned back with half-closed eyes, holding his untouched cup in his hand. Bowen took leave, and Laura sat silent, watching Ralph between lowered lids while she feigned to be busy with the kettle. Ralph presently emptied his cup and put it aside; then, sinking back into his former attitude, he clasped his hands behind his head and stared apathetically into the fire. But suddenly he came to life and started up. A motor-horn sounded outside the square, and there was a noise of wheels at the door.

"There's Undine! I wonder what could have kept her." He jumped up and walked over to the door; but it was Clare Van Degen who came in.

At sight of him she gave a little murmur of pleasure. "What luck to find you! No, not luck—I came because I knew you'd be here. He never comes near me, Laura: I have to hunt him down like this to get a glimpse of him!"

She moved forward, slender and shadowy in her long furs, and after kissing Mrs. Fairford turned back with a smile to Ralph. "Yes, I knew I'd catch you here. I knew it was the boy's birthday, and I've brought him a present: a vulgar expensive Van Degen offering. I've not enough imagination left to find the right thing, the thing it takes feeling and not money to buy. When I get a present nowadays I never say to the shopman: 'I want this or that'—I simply say: 'Give me something that costs so much.'" She drew a parcel from her muff. "Where's the victim of my vulgarity? Let me crush him under the weight of my gold."

Mrs. Fairford sighed out "Clare—Clare!" and Ralph looked at his cousin with a smile.

"I'm sorry; but you'll have to depute me to present it. The birthday's over; you're too late."

"Too late?" She looked surprised. "Why, I've just left Mamie Driscoll, and she told me Undine was still at Popple's

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studio a few minutes ago: Popple's giving a tea to show the picture."

"Popple's giving a tea?" Ralph had a gesture of mock consternation. "Ah, in that case! In Popple's society who wouldn't forget the flight of time?"

He had recovered his usual easy tone, and Laura saw that Mrs. Van Degen's statement had brought him distinct relief. He turned to his cousin. "Will you trust me with your present for the boy?"

Clare put the parcel in his hand. "I'm sorry not to give it to him myself. I said what I did because I knew it was what you and Laura were thinking—but it's really a battered old Dagonet bowl that came down to me from our revered great-grandmother."

"What—the heirloom you used to eat your porridge out of?" Ralph detained her hand to put a kiss on it. "That's dear of you, Clare!"

She threw him one of her strange glances. "Why not say: 'That's like you, Clare'? But you don't remember what I'm like." She turned away to glance at the clock. "It's late, and I must be off. I'm going to a big dinner-dance at the Chauncey Ellings'—but you must be going there too, Ralph? You'd better let me drive you home."

In the motor Ralph leaned back in silence, while the rug was drawn over their knees, and Clare nervously fingered the row of gold-topped objects in the morocco rack at her elbow. It was restful to be swept through the crowded streets in this smooth swift fashion, and Clare's presence at his side gave him a vague sense of ease.

For a long time now, feminine nearness had come to mean to him, not this relief from tension, but the ever-renewed dread of small daily deceptions, evasions, subterfuges. The change had come gradually, marked by one disillusionment after another; yet there had been one moment that formed for him the point beyond which there was no returning. It was the moment, a month or two before his boy's birth, when, glancing over a batch of belated Paris bills, he had come on one from the jeweller he had once found in private conference with Undine. The bill was not large, but two of its items stood out sharply. "Resetting pearl and diamond pendant. Resetting sapphire and diamond ring." The pearl and diamond pendant was his mother's wedding present; the ring was the one he had given Undine on their engagement. That they were both family relics, kept unchanged through several generations, scarcely mattered to him at the time: he felt only the stab of his wife's deception. She had assured him in Paris that she had not had her jewels re-set. He had noticed, soon after their return to New York, that she had left off her engagement-ring; but the others were soon discarded also, and in answer to his question she had told him that, in her ailing state, rings "worried" her. Now he saw she had deceived him, and, forgetting everything else, he went to her, bill in hand. Her tears and distress filled him with immediate contrition. Was this a time to torment her about trifles? His anger seemed to cause her actual physical fear, and at the sight he abased himself in entreaties for forgiveness. When the scene ended she had pardoned him, and the re-set ring was on her finger.

Soon afterward, the birth of the boy seemed to wipe out these humiliating memories; yet Marvell found in time that they were not effaced, but only momentarily crowded out of sight. In reality, the incident had a meaning out of proportion to its apparent seriousness: it put in his hand a clue to several sides of his wife's character. He no longer minded her having lied about the jeweller; what pained him was that she had been unconscious of the wound she inflicted in destroying the identity of the jewels. He saw that, even after their explanation, she still supposed he was angry only because she had deceived him; and the discovery that she could not project herself into states of feeling on which so much of his inner life depended marked a new stage in their relation.

He was not thinking of all this as he sat beside Clare Van Degen; but it was part of the chronic disquietude which made him more alive to his cousin's sympathy, her shy unspoken understanding. After all, he and she were of the same blood and had the same traditions. She was light, frivolous, without strength of will or

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depth of purpose; but she had the frankness of her foibles, and she would never have lied to him, or traded on his tenderness.

Clare's agitation gradually subsided, and she lapsed into a low-voiced mood which seemed like an answer to his secret thoughts. But she did not again sound the personal note, and they chatted quietly of commonplace things: of the dinner-dance at which they were presently to meet, of the costume she had chosen for the Driscoll fancy-ball, the recurring rumours of old Driscoll's financial embarrassment, and the mysterious personality of Elmer Moffatt, on whose movements Wall Street was beginning to fix a fascinated eye. When Ralph, the year after his marriage, had renounced his profession to go into partnership with a firm of real-estate agents, he had come in contact for the first time with the drama of "business," and when he could turn his attention from his own tasks he found a certain interest in watching the fierce interplay of its forces. In the down-town world he had heard things of Moffatt that seemed to single him out from the common herd of money-makers: anecdotes of his coolness, his lazy good-temper, the humorous detachment he preserved in the heat of conflicting interests; and his figure was enlarged by the mystery that hung about it—the fact that no one seemed to know whence he came, or how he had acquired the information which, for the moment, was making him so formidable.

"I should like to see him," Ralph said; "he must be a good specimen of the one of the few picturesque types we've got."

"Yes—it might be amusing to fish him out; but the most picturesque in Wall Street are generally the tamest in a drawing-room." Clare hesitated. "But doesn't Undine know him? I seem to remember seeing them somewhere together."

"Undine and Moffatt? Then *you* know him—you've met him?"

"Not actually met him—but he's been pointed out to me. It must have been some years ago—before he was talked about. Yes—it was one night at the theatre, just after you announced your engagement." He fancied her voice trembled slightly, as though she thought he might notice her way of dating her memories. "You came into our box," she went on, "and I asked you the name of the red-faced man who was sitting next to Undine. You didn't know, but some one told us it was Moffatt."

Marvell was more struck by her tone than by what she was saying. "If Undine knows him it's odd she's never mentioned it," he answered indifferently.

The motor stopped at his door and Clare, as she held out her hand, turned a first full look on him.

"Why do you never come to see me? I miss you more than ever," she said, suddenly lowering her voice.

He pressed her hand without answering, but after the motor had rolled away he stood for a while on the pavement, looking after her.

When he entered the house he found the hall still dark and the small over-furnished drawing-room empty. The parlour-maid informed him that Mrs. Marvell had not yet come in, and he went upstairs to the nursery. But on the threshold the nurse met him with the whispered request not to make a noise, as it had been hard to quiet the boy after the afternoon's disappointment, and she had just succeeded in putting him to sleep.

Ralph stole down again to his own room and threw himself in the old college arm-chair in which, four years previously, he had sat the night out, dreaming of Undine. There was no room in the house for a study, and he had crowded into his narrow bed-room his prints and book-shelves, and the other relics of his early days. As he sat among them now the memory of that other night swept over him—the night when he had heard the "call"! Fool as he had been not to recognize its meaning then, he knew himself triply mocked in being, even now, at its mercy. It is the bitterest moment in the history of a sentimental relation when the empty cup still burns the lip that clings to it; and to that pass he had come. The flame of love that had played about his passion for his wife had died down to its embers; all the transfiguring hopes and illusions were gone, but they had left an unquenchable ache for her nearness, her smile, her touch. His life had come to be nothing but a long effort to win these

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mercies by one concession after another: the sacrifice of his literary projects, the exchange of his profession for an uncongenial business, and the incessant struggle to earn the means to satisfy her increasing exactions. That was where the "call" had led him. . .

The clock struck eight, but it was useless to begin to dress till Undine came in, since her toilet always lasted more than an hour. He stretched himself out in his chair, reached for a pipe and took up the evening paper. His passing annoyance had died out; he was usually too tired after his day's work for such feelings to keep their edge long. But he was curious —disinterestedly curious—to know what explanation Undine would give him for being so late, and what excuse she would have invented for forgetting the little boy's birthday.

He read on till the clock struck half-past eight; then he stood up and sauntered to the window. The wide avenue below it was deserted; not a carriage or motor turned the corner around which he expected Undine to appear, and he looked idly in the opposite direction. There too the perspective was nearly empty, so empty that he singled out, a dozen blocks away, the blazing lamps of a large touring-car that was bearing furiously down the avenue from Morningside. As it drew nearer its speed gradually slackened, and he saw it hug the pavement and stop at his door. There was a lamp on the street corner, and by its light he recognized his wife as she sprang out of the car, and detected a familiar silhouette in her companion's fur-coated figure. The door-bell rang and the motor flew on while Undine ran up the steps.

Ralph went out on the landing. He saw her coming up softly and quickly, as if to reach her room unperceived; but when she caught sight of him she stopped, her head thrown back and the light in the staircase falling on her blown hair and glowing face.

As her cloak slipped back Ralph's first impression was that she was already dressed for the evening; then he remembered that she had been sitting for her portrait, and that the dress she wore was the one in which the artist was painting her.

"Well?" she said, smiling up at him.

"They waited for you all the afternoon in Washington Square—the boy never had his birthday," he answered.

Her colour deepened, but she instantly rejoined: "Why, what happened? Why didn't the nurse take him?"

"You said you were coming to fetch him, so she waited."

"But I telephoned——"

He said to himself: "Is *that* the lie?" and answered: "Where from?"

"Why, the studio, of course—" She flung her cloak open, as if to attest her veracity. "The sitting lasted longer than usual—there was something about the dress that he couldn't get right—and he begged me to stay——"

"But I thought he was giving a tea."

"A tea? He had tea afterward; he always does. And he asked some people in to see my portrait. That detained me too. I didn't know they were coming, and when they turned up I couldn't rush away at once. It would have looked as if I didn't like the picture." She paused and they gave each other a searching simultaneous glance. "Who told you it was a tea?" she asked.

"Clare Van Degen. I saw her at my mother's."

"So you weren't unconsoled after all ——!"

He frowned. "The nurse didn't get any message from you. My people were awfully disappointed; and the poor boy has cried his eyes out."

"Dear me! What a fuss! But, I couldn't tell, could I, that my message wouldn't be delivered? Everything always happens to put me in the wrong with your family."

With a little air of injured pride she started to go to her room; but he put out a hand to detain her.

"You've just come from the studio?"

"Yes. Is it very late? I must go and dress. We're dining with the Ellings, you know."

"Yes, I know. . . How did you come home? In a cab?" he continued, reddening.

She faced him limpidly. "No; I couldn't find one that would bring me —the usual story!—so Peter gave me a lift, like an angel. I'm blown to bits. He had his open car."

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Her colour still burned high, and Ralph noticed that her lower lip twitched a little. He had led her to the point they had reached solely in order to be able to say: "If you're straight from the studio, how was it that I saw you coming down from Morningside?"

Unless he asked her that there would be no object in his cross-examination, and he would have sacrificed his pride without purpose. But suddenly he felt that he could not go on. As they stood there face to face, almost touching, she became something immeasurably alien and far off, and the question died on his lips.

"Well—is that all?" she asked, recovering her self-possession.

"Yes; you'd better go and dress," he answered, turning back to his room.

XVI

THE turnings of life seldom show a signpost; or rather, though the sign is always there, it is usually placed some distance back, like the notices that give warning of a bad hill or a level railway-crossing.

Ralph Marvell, pondering upon this, reflected that for him the sign had been set, more than three years earlier, in an Italian ilex-grove. That day his life had brimmed over—so he had put it at the time. He saw now that it had brimmed over indeed: brimmed to the extent of leaving the cup empty, or rather of uncovering the dregs beneath the nectar. Why it was he could not yet say; but he knew he should never hereafter look at his wife's hand without remembering something he had read in it that day. Its surface-language had been sweet enough, sweet to his heart as to his lips; but under the rosy lines he had seen the warning letters.

Since then he had been walking with a ghost: the miserable ghost of his illusion. Only he had somehow vivified, coloured, substantiated it, by the force of his own great need—as a man might breathe a semblance of life into a dear drowned body that he cannot give up for dead. All this came to him with aching distinctness the morning after his talk with his wife on the stairs. He had accused himself, in midnight retrospect, of having failed to press home his conclusion because he dared not face the truth. But he knew this was not the case. It was not the truth he feared, it was another lie. If he had foreseen a chance of her saying: "Yes, I was with Peter Van Degen, and for the reason you think," he would have put it to the touch, stood up to the blow like a man; but he knew she would never say that. She would go on eluding and doubling, watching him as he watched her; and at that game she was certain to beat him in the end.

Once, on their way home from the Elling dinner, this certainty had become so insufferable that it nearly escaped him in the cry: "You needn't watch me—I shall never watch you!" But he had held his peace, foreseeing that she would not understand. How little, indeed, she ever understood, had been made clear to him when, the same night on their return home, he had followed her upstairs through the sleeping house. She had gone on ahead of him while he stayed below to lock the door and put out the lights, and he had supposed her to be already in her room when he reached the upper landing; but she stood there waiting for him, in the precise spot where he had waited for her a few hours earlier. She had shone her vividest at dinner, with the revolving brilliancy that collective approval always struck from her; and the glow of it still hung on her as she stood there in the dimness, her shining cloak dropped from her white shoulders.

"Ralphie—" she began as he passed her, with a touch that fell softly on his arm.

He stopped, and she pulled him about so that their faces were close, and he saw her lips shaped for a kiss. Every curve of her face sought him, from the sweep of the narrowed eyelids to the dimpling lines that played away from her smile. His eye received the picture with precision; but for the first time it did not pass into his veins. He was not conscious of resentment or revolt, but only of a kind of blank absence of feeling. It was as if he had been struck with a subtle blindness that permitted images to give their colour values to the eye but communicated nothing to the mind.

"Good-night," he said, as he passed on to his room.

When a man felt—or ceased to feel—in that way about a woman, he was surely

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in a position to deal with his case objectively. This came to Ralph as the joyless solace of the morning. At last the bandage was off and he should see clear. And what did he see? Only the uselessness of driving his wife to subterfuges which his own state of mind made no longer necessary. Was Van Degen her lover? Probably not—the suspicion died as it rose. She would not take more risks than she could help, and it was admiration, not passion, that she wanted. She wanted to enjoy herself, and her conception of enjoyment was publicity, promiscuity—the band, the banners, the crowd, the close contact of covetous impulses, and the sense of walking among them in cool security. Any personal entanglement might mean "bother," and bother was the thing she most abhorred. Probably, as the queer formula went, his "honour" was safe: he could count on the letter of her fidelity. At the moment the conviction meant no more to him than if he had been assured of the honesty of the first stranger he met in the street. A stranger—that was what she had always been to him. So malleable outwardly, she had remained insensible to the touch of the heart.

These thoughts accompanied Ralph on his way to his office the next morning. Then, at the first contact with the material routine of life, the feeling of strangeness lessened. He was back at his daily task—nothing tangible was altered. He was there for the same purpose as yesterday: to make money for his wife and child. The woman he had turned from on the stairs a few hours earlier was still his wife and the mother of little Paul Marvell. She was an inherent part of his life: the inner disruption had not resulted in any outward upheaval. And with the sense of inevitableness there came a sudden wave of pity. Poor Undine! She was what the gods had made her—a creature of skin-deep reactions, a mote in the beam of pleasure. He had no desire to "preach down" such heart as she had—he only felt a stronger wish to reach it, teach it, move it to something of the pity that filled his own. They were fellow-victims in the *noyade* of marriage, but if they ceased to struggle against each other perhaps the drowning would be easier for both. . . Meanwhile the first of the month was at hand, with its usual formidable batch of bills; and there was no time to think of any struggle less pressing than that connected with paying them. . .

Undine had been surprised, and a little disconcerted, at her husband's quiet acceptance of the birthday incident. Since the resetting of her bridal ornaments—the small precious Dagonet heirlooms—the relations between Washington Square and West End Avenue had been more and more strained; and the silent disapproval of the Marvell ladies was more irritating to her than open recrimination. Undine knew how keenly Ralph must feel her last slight to his family, and she had been frightened when she guessed that he had seen her returning with Van Degen. He must have been watching from the window, since, credulous as he always was, he evidently had a reason for not believing her when she told him she had come from the studio. There was therefore something both puzzling and ominous in his silence; and she made up her mind that it must be explained or else cajoled away.

These thoughts disturbed her on her way to the Elling dinner; but once there they fled like ghosts before light and laughter. She had never been more open to the suggestions of immediate enjoyment. At last she had reached the envied triumphant situation of the pretty woman with whom society must reckon, and if she had only had the means to live up to her position she would have been quite content with life, with herself and her husband. She still thought Ralph "sweet" when she was not bored by his good advice or exasperated by his inability to pay her bills. The question of money was what really stood between them; and now that this was momentarily disposed of by Van Degen's offer she looked at Ralph more kindly—she even felt a return of her first vague affection for him. Everybody could see that Clare Van Degen was "gone" on him, and Undine always liked to know that what belonged to her was coveted by others.

Her reassurance had been completed by the news she had heard at the Elling dinner—the published fact of Harmon B. Driscoll's unexpected victory. The Ararat investigation had been mysteriously

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stopped—quashed, in the language of the law—and Elmer Moffatt was "turned down," as Van Degen (who sat next to her) expressed it.

"I don't believe we'll ever hear of that gentleman again," he said contemptuously; and their eyes crossed in a flash of intelligence as she exclaimed: "Then they'll give the fancy-ball after all?"

"I should have given you one anyhow—shouldn't you have liked that as well?"

"Oh, you can give me one too!" she returned with a laugh; and he bent closer to say: "By Jove, I will—and anything else you want."

But on the way home her fears revived. There was certainly something unnatural about Ralph's indifference. He had not returned to the subject of Paul's disappointment, had not even asked her to write a word of excuse to his mother. Van Degen's way of looking at her at dinner—he was incapable of fine gradations of glance—had made it plain that the favour she had accepted would in future involve her being more conspicuously in his company (though she was still resolved that it should be on just such terms as she chose); and it would be inconceivably awkward if, at this juncture, Ralph should suddenly turn suspicious and secretive.

Undine, hitherto, had found more benefits than drawbacks in her marriage; but now the tie began to gall. It was hard to be criticized for every grasp at opportunity by a man so avowedly unable to do the reaching for her! Ralph had gone into business in order to make more money; but it was clear that the "more" would never be much, and that it was not in him to achieve the quick rise to affluence which was man's natural tribute to woman's merits. Undine felt herself trapped, deceived; and it was intolerable that, at such a crisis, the agent of her disillusionment should constitute himself the critic of her conduct.

Her annoyance, however, died out with her apprehension. Ralph, the morning after the Elling dinner, went his way as usual, and after nerving herself for the explosion which did not come she set down his indifference to the dulling effect of "business." No wonder poor women whose husbands were always "downtown" had to look elsewhere for sympathy and distraction! Van Degen's cheque helped to calm her fears, and the weeks whirled on toward the Driscoll ball.

The ball was as brilliant as she had hoped, and her own part in it as thrilling as a page from one of the "society novels" with which she had been used to cheat the monotony of Apex days. She had little time for reading now: every hour was packed with what she would have called life, and the intensity of her sensations culminated on that triumphant evening. What could be more delightful than to feel that, while all the women envied her dress, the men did not so much as look at it? Their admiration was all for herself, and her beauty deepened under it as flowers take a warmer colour in the rays of sunset. Only Van Degen's glance weighed on her a little too heavily. Was it possible that he might become a "bother" less negligible than those he had relieved her of? Undine was not greatly alarmed—she still had full faith in her powers of self-defense; but she disliked to feel the least crease in the smooth surface of existence. She had always been what her parents described as "sensitive."

As the winter passed, material anxieties began once more to assail her. In the first thrill of liberation produced by Van Degen's gift she had been imprudent—had launched into fresh expenses. Not that she accused herself of extravagance: she had done nothing that was not really necessary. The drawing-room, for instance, cried out to be "done over," and Popple, who had a genius for decoration, had shown her, with a few strokes of his pencil, how easily it might be transformed into a French "period" room, all wavy lines and Cupids: just the setting for a pretty woman and his own portrait of her. But Undine, still hopeful of leaving West End Avenue, had heroically resisted the suggestion and contented herself with the renewal of the curtains and carpet, and the purchase of some fragile gilt chairs which, as she told Ralph, would be "so much to the good" when they moved—the explanation, as she made it, seemed an additional proof of her thrift and foresight.

Partly as a result of these exertions she had a "nervous breakdown" toward the

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middle of the winter, and her physician having ordered massage and a daily drive, it became necessary to secure Mrs. Heeny's daily attendance and to engage a motor by the month. Other unforeseen expenses—the bills, that, at such crises, seem to "run up" without visible impulsion—were suddenly augmented by a severe illness of little Paul's: a long costly illness, with three nurses and frequent consultations. During these days Ralph's anguish drove him to what seemed to Undine foolish excesses of expenditure. When the boy began to get better, the doctors advised a few weeks of country air, and Ralph at once hired a small house at Tuxedo. Undine of course accompanied her son to the country; but she spent only the Sundays with him, running up to town during the week to be with poor Ralph, as she explained. This arrangement necessitated the keeping up of two households, and even for so short a time the strain on Ralph's purse was severe. So it came about that the bill for the fancy-dress was still unpaid, and Undine left to wonder distractedly where Van Degen's money had gone. That Van Degen seemed also to wonder was becoming unpleasantly apparent: as an investment his cheque had evidently not brought in the return he expected, and he put the fact to her rather roundly one day when he motored down to lunch at Tuxedo.

They were sitting, after luncheon, in the low-ceilinged cottage drawing-room to which Undine had adapted her usual background of cushions, bric-a-brac and hot-house flowers—since one must make one's setting "home-like," however little one's personal habits happened to correspond with that particular effect. Undine, conscious of the intimate charm of her *mise-en-scène*, and of the recovered freshness and bloom which put her in harmony with it, had never been more sure of her power to keep her friend in the desired state of adoring submission. But Peter, as he grew more adoring, became less submissive; and there came a moment when she needed all her wits to save the situation from disaster. It was easy enough to rebuff him, the easier as his physical proximity always roused in her a vague instinct of resistance; but it was hard so to temper the rebuff with promise that the game of suspense should still delude him. He put it to her at last, standing squarely before her, his batrachian sallowness unpleasantly flushed, and primitive man looking out of the eyes from which a frock-coated gentleman usually pined at her.

"Look here—the installment plan's all right; but ain't you a bit behind even on that?" (She had rather brusquely eluded a nearer approach.) "Anyhow, I think I'd rather let the interest accumulate for a while. This is good-bye till I get back from Europe."

The announcement took her by surprise. "Europe? Why, when are you sailing?"

"On the first of April: good day for a fool to acknowledge his folly. I'm beaten, and I'm running away."

She sat looking down, her hand absently occupied with the twist of pearls about her neck. She saw in a flash the peril of this abrupt departure. Once off on the *Sorceress*, Van Degen was lost to her—the power of old associations would prevail. Yet if she were as "nice" to him as he asked—"nice" enough to keep him at her side—the end might not be much more to her advantage. Hitherto she had let herself drift on the current of their adventure, but she now saw what port she had half-unconsciously been trying to make. If she had striven so hard to hold him, had "played" him with such patience and skill, it was for something more than her passing amusement and convenience: for a purpose the more tenaciously cherished that she had not yet dared name it to herself. In the light which this discovery threw along her path she instantly saw the need of feigning complete indifference.

"Ah, you happy man! It's good-bye indeed, then," she threw back at him, lifting a smile to his frown.

"Oh, you'll turn up in Paris later, I suppose—to get your things for Newport," he suggested.

"Paris? Newport? They're not on my map! When Ralph can get away we shall probably go to the Adirondacks for the boy. I hope I shan't need Paris clothes there? It doesn't matter, at any rate," she ended, laughing, "because nobody I care about will see me."

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Van Degen echoed her laugh. "Oh, come—*tête à tête* with Ralph?"

She looked down with a slight increase of colour. "I oughtn't to have said that, ought I? But the fact is I'm unhappy—and a little hurt——"

"Unhappy? Hurt?" He was at her side again at once. "Tell me what's wrong," he entreated.

She lifted her eyes with a grave look. "I thought you'd be sorrier to leave me."

"Oh, it won't be for long—it needn't be, you know." He softened perceptibly as he gave back her gaze. "It's damnable, the way you're tied down, imprisoned. Fancy rotting all summer in the Adirondacks! Why should a woman like you stand it? You oughtn't to be bound for life by a girl's mistake."

She was looking down again, and the lashes trembled slightly on her cheek. "Aren't we all bound by our mistakes—we women? Don't let us talk of such things! Ralph would never let me go abroad without him." She paused, and then, with a quick upward sweep of her lids: "After all, it's better it should be good-bye—since I'm paying for another mistake in being so unhappy at your going."

"Another mistake? Why do you call it a mistake?"

"Because I've misunderstood you—or you me." She continued to smile at him a little wistfully. "And some things are best mended by a break."

He met her smile with a loud sigh—she could feel him in the meshes again. "*Is* it to be a break between us?"

"Haven't you just said so? Anyhow, it might as well be, since we shan't be in the same place again for months and months."

The frock-coated gentleman once more languished from his eyes: she thought she trembled on the edge of victory. "Hang it," he broke out, "you ought to have a change—you look awfully pulled down, you know. Can't you coax your mother to run over to Paris with you? Ralph couldn't be brute enough to object to that."

She shook her head doubtfully. "I don't believe she could afford it, even if I could persuade her to leave father. You know father hasn't done very well lately: I shouldn't like to ask him for the money."

"You're so confoundedly proud!" He was edging nearer. "It would all be so easy if you'd only be a little fond of me. . ."

She froze to her sofa-end at once. "We women can't repair our mistakes. Don't make me unhappier by reminding me of mine."

"Oh, nonsense! There's nothing cash won't do. Why won't you trust me to straighten things out for you?"

Her colour rose again, and she looked him quickly and consciously in the eye. It was time to play her last card. "You seem to forget that I am—married," she said.

Van Degen was silent—for a moment she thought he was swaying to her in the flush of surrender. But he remained doggedly seated, meeting her look with an odd clearing of his heated gaze, as if a shrewd business-man had suddenly replaced the pining gentleman at the window.

"Hang it—so am I!" he returned with a laugh; and Undine understood that in the last issue he was still the stronger of the two.

XVII

NOTHING was bitterer to her than to confess to herself the failure of her personal power; but her last talk with Van Degen had taught her a lesson almost worth the price of that abasement. She saw the mistake she had made in taking money from him, and understood that if she drifted into repeating the mistake her future would be irretrievably wrecked. What she wanted was not a hand-to-mouth existence of precarious intrigue, of nervous plotting and contriving: she told herself that to a woman with her gifts the privileges of life should come openly. Already in her short experience she had seen enough of the women who sacrifice future security for immediate gratification, and she meant to lay solid foundations before she began to build the light superstructure of enjoyment.

Nevertheless it was galling to see Van Degen leave, and to know that for the time he had broken away from her. On a

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nature as insensible as his to the spells of memory, the visible and tangible would always be the influences to prevail. If she could have been with him again in Paris, where, in the shining spring days, every sight and sound ministered to such influences, she was sure she could have regained her hold. And the sense of frustration was intensified by the fact that every one she knew was to be there: her potential rivals were already crowding the east-bound steamers. New York was a desert, and Ralph's seeming unconsciousness of the fact increased her resentment. She had had but one chance at Europe since her marriage, and that had been wasted through her husband's unaccountable perversity. It was maddening to know in what packed hours of Paris and London they had paid for their empty weeks in Italy.

Meanwhile the months of the New York spring stretched out before her in all their social vacancy to the measureless blank of a summer in the Adirondacks. In her girlhood she had plumbed the dim depths of such summers; but then at least she had been sustained by the hope of bringing some capture to the surface. Now she knew better: there were no "finds" for her in that direction. The people she wanted would be at Newport or in Europe, and she was too resolutely bent on a definite object, too sternly animated by her father's business instinct, to turn aside in quest of casual distractions.

The chief difficulty in the way of her attaining any distant end had always been her reluctance to plod through the intervening stretches of dulness and privation. She had begun to see this, but she could not always master the weakness: never had she stood in greater need of Mrs. Heeny's "Go slow, Undine!" Her imagination was incapable of long flights. She could not cheat her impatience with the mirage of far-off satisfactions and for the moment present and future seemed equally void. But her desire to go to Europe and to rejoin the little New York world that was rapidly re-forming itself in London and Paris was fortified by reasons which seemed forcible enough to justify an appeal to her father.

She went to his office to plead her case, fearing Mrs. Spragg's intervention if she were present. Mr. Spragg had of late been overworked, and the strain was beginning to tell on his health. Undine knew he had never quite regained, in New York, the financial security of his Apex days. Since he had changed his base of operations his affairs had followed an uncertain course, and rumours had reached her that his breach with his old political ally, the Representative Rolliver who had seen him through the muddiest reaches of the Pure Water move, was not unconnected with his failure to get a solid footing in Wall Street. But all this was vague and unintelligible to her. Even had "business" been less of a mystery, she was too much absorbed in her own affairs to project herself into her father's case; and she thought she was sacrificing enough to delicacy of feeling in sparing him the "bother" of Mrs. Spragg's opposition.

He always listened to her with the same mild patience; but the long habit of "managing" him had made her, in his own language, "discount" this tolerance, and when she had ceased to speak her heart throbbed with suspense as he leaned back, twirling an invisible tooth-pick under his discoloured moustache. Presently he raised a hand to stroke the limp beard into which the moustache merged its sallow edges; then he absently groped for the Masonic emblem that had lost itself in one of the hollows of his depleted waistcoat.

He seemed to fish his answer from the same rusty depths, for as his fingers closed about the trinket he said: "Yes, the heated term *is* trying in New York. That's why the Fresh Air Fund pulled my last dollar out of me last week."

Undine stirred impatiently: there was nothing more irritating, in these encounters with her father, than his inveterate habit of opening the discussion with a joke.

"I wish you'd understand that I'm serious, father. I've never been strong since the baby was born, and I need a change. But it's not only that: there are other reasons—more important reasons—for my wanting to go."

He held to his mild tone of banter. "I never knew you short on reasons, Undie. Trouble is you don't always know other people's when you see 'em."

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Undine's lips tightened. "I know your reasons when I see them, father: I've heard them often enough. The difference is that in this case you can't know mine because I haven't told you—not the real ones."

"Jehoshaphat! I thought they were all real as long as you had a use for them."

Experience had taught her that under such protracted trifling he usually concealed an exceptional vigour of resistance, and the suspicion urged her to strong measures.

"My reasons are all real enough," she said gravely; "but there's one more serious than the others."

Mr. Spragg's brows began to lower. "More bills?"

"No." She stretched out a gloved hand and began to finger the dusty objects on his desk. "I mean I'm unhappy at home."

"Unhappy—!" His quick movement overturned the gorged waste-paper basket and shot a shower of paper across the grimy rug to her feet. He stooped to restore the basket to its place; then he turned his slow fagged eyes on his daughter. "Why, he worships the ground you walk on, Undie."

She coloured a little. "That's not always a reason, for a woman—" It was the answer she would have given to Popple or Van Degen, but she understood in an instant the mistake of thinking it would make an impression on her father. In the atmosphere of sentimental casuistry to which she had become accustomed, she had forgotten that Mr. Spragg's private rule of conduct was as simple as his business morality was complicated.

He glared at her under thrust-out brows. "It isn't a reason, isn't it? I can seem to remember the time when you used to think it was a whole carload of whitewash."

Her blush turned to a bright red, and her own brows were levelled at his above her stormy steel-grey eyes. The sense of her blunder made her angrier with him, and more ruthless.

"I can't expect you to understand—you never *have*, you or mother, when it came to my feelings. I suppose some people are born sensitive—I can't imagine anybody'd *choose* to be so. Because I've been too proud to complain you've taken it for granted that I was perfectly happy. But my marriage was a mistake from the beginning; and Ralph feels just as I do about it. His people hate me, they've always hated me; and he always looks at everything as they do. They've never forgiven me for his having had to go into business—with their aristocratic ideas they look down on a man who works for his living as you do. Of course it's all right for *you* to do it, because you're not a Marvell or a Dagonet; but they think Ralph ought to just lie back and let you support the baby and me."

This time she had found the right note: she knew it by the tightening of her father's slack facial muscles and the sudden straightening of his back.

"By George, he pretty near does!" he exclaimed, bringing down his fist on the desk. "They haven't been taking it out of you about that, have they?"

"They don't fight fair enough to say so. They just egg him on to turn against me. They only consented to his marrying me because they thought you were so crazy about the match you'd give us everything, and he'd have nothing to do but sit at home and write books."

Mr. Spragg emitted a derisive groan. "From what I hear of the amount of business he's doing I guess he could keep the Poet's Corner going right along. I suppose the old man was right—he hasn't got it in him to make money."

"Of course not; he wasn't brought up to it, and in his heart of hearts he's ashamed of having to do it. He told me it was killing a little more of him every day."

Mr. Spragg groaned again. "Do they back him up in that kind of talk?"

"They back him up in everything. Their ideas are all different from ours. They look down on us—can't you see that? Can't you guess how they treat me from the way they've acted to you and mother?"

Her father met this last appeal with a puzzled stare. "The way they've acted to me and mother? Why, we never so much as set eyes on them."

"That's it, that's it," Undine insisted. "I don't believe they've even called on mother this year, have they? Last year

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they just left their cards without asking. And why do you suppose they never invite you to dine? In their set lots of people older than you and mother dine out every night—society's full of them. They're ashamed to have you meet their friends: that's the reason. They're ashamed to have it known that Ralph married an Apex girl, and that you and mother haven't always had your own servants and carriages; and Ralph's ashamed of it too, now he's got over being crazy about me. If he was free I believe he'd turn round to-morrow and marry that Ray girl his mother's saving up for him."

Mr. Spragg listened with a heavy brow and pushed-out lip. His daughter's outburst seemed at last to have roused in him a momentary faint resentment. After she had ceased he remained silent, twisting an inky pen-handle between his fingers; then he said: "I guess mother and I can worry along without having Ralph's relatives drop in; but I'd like to make it clear to them that if you came from Apex your income came from there too. I presume they'd be sorry if Ralph was left to support you on *his*."

She brightened at the perception that she had scored in the first part of the argument, though every watchful nerve reminded her that the most difficult stage was still ahead.

"Oh, they're willing enough he should take your money—that's only natural, they think."

A chuckle sounded deep down under Mr. Spragg's loose collar. "There seems to be practical unanimity on that point," he observed. "But I don't see," he continued, jerking round his bushy brows on her, "how going to Europe is going to help you out of all this."

Undine leaned closer so that her lowered voice should reach him. "Can't you understand that, knowing how they all feel about me—and how Ralph feels—I'd give almost anything to get away?"

Her father looked at her compassionately. "I guess most of us feel that once in a way when we're young, Undine. Later on you'll see going away ain't much use when you've got to turn round and come back."

But she nodded at him with drawn-up mysterious lips, like a child in possession of some portentous secret.

"That's just it—that's the reason I'm so crazy to go; just because it *might* mean I wouldn't ever have to come back," she whispered, laying a persuasive caress on his hand.

He drew away with a jerk of amazement. "Not come back? What on earth are you talking about?"

"It might mean that I could get free—begin over again . . . have another chance."

He had pushed his seat back violently as she bent to him, and he interrupted her by striking his outspread palm on the arm of the chair.

"For the Lord's sake, Undine—do you know what you're saying?"

"Oh, yes, I know." She met his look with a confident smile. "If I can get away soon—go straight over to Paris . . . there's some one there who'd do anything . . . who *could* do anything . . . if I was free . . ."

Mr. Spragg's hands continued to grasp his chair-arms. "Good God, Undine Marvell—are you sitting there in your sane senses and talking to me of what you could do if you were *free?*"

Their glances met with a shock which held them fast in a minute of speechless communion. Undine did not shrink from her father's eyes and when she lowered hers it seemed to be only because there was nothing more left for them to say.

"I know just what I could do if I were free. I could marry the right man," she answered boldly.

He met her with a sound of helpless derision. "The right man? The right man? Haven't you had enough of trying for him yet?"

As he spoke the door-handle turned and he broke off abruptly.

The stenographer appeared on the threshold, and above her shoulder Undine perceived the ingratiating grin of Elmer Moffatt.

"'A little farther lend thy guiding hand'—but I guess I can go the rest of the way alone," he said, insinuating himself across the threshold with an airy gesture of dismissal; then he turned to Mr. Spragg and Undine.

"I agree entirely with Mrs. Marvell—and I'm happy to have the opportunity of

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telling her so," he proclaimed, holding his hand out gallantly.

Undine rose with a laugh. "It sounded like old times, I suppose—you thought father and I were quarrelling? But we never quarrel any more: he always agrees with me." She smiled at Mr. Spragg, and then turned her shining eyes on Moffatt.

"I wish that treaty had been signed a few years sooner!" the latter rejoined with his air of jocose familiarity.

Undine had not met him since her marriage, and of late the adverse turn of his fortunes had carried him quite beyond her thoughts. But his actual presence was always vaguely stimulating, and even through her self-absorption she was struck by his air of almost defiant well-being. He did not look like a man who has been beaten; or rather he looked like a man who does not know when he is beaten; and his eye had the same gleam of mocking confidence that had carried him unabashed through his lowest hours at Apex.

"I presume you're here to see me on business?" Mr. Spragg enquired, rising from his chair with a glance that seemed to ask his daughter's silence.

"Why, yes, Senator," rejoined Moffatt, who was given, in jocular moments, to bestowing sounding titles on his interlocutors. "At least I'm here to ask you a little question that may lead to some business."

Mr. Spragg crossed the office and held open the door. "Step this way, please," he said, guiding Moffatt out before him, though the latter hung back to exclaim: "No family secrets, Mrs. Marvell—any one can turn the fierce white light on *me!*"

The closing of the door on the two men carried Undine back to her own preoccupations. It had not struck her as incongruous that Moffatt should have business relations with her father, and she was even a little surprised that the latter should still treat him with such coldness. But she had no time to give to such reflections. Her own situation was too throbbingly present to her. She moved restlessly about the office, listening to the rise and fall of the two voices on the other side of the partition without once wondering what they were discussing.

What should she say to her father when he came back—what argument was most likely to prevail with him? Was it possible that he really had no money to give her? If that were the case, she was imprisoned fast—Van Degen was lost to her, and the old life must go on interminably. . . In her nervous pacings she paused before the small blotched looking-glass that hung in a corner of the office, under a steel engraving of Daniel Webster. Even that defective surface could not disfigure her, and she drew fresh hope from the sight of her beauty. Her few weeks of ill-health had given her features subtler surfaces and a finer pencilling, and she was handsomer than before her marriage. No, Van Degen was not lost to her yet! From narrowed lids to parted lips her whole face was rippled over by a smile that was like refracted sunlight. He was not lost to her while she could smile like that! Besides, even if her father had no money, there were always mysterious ways of "raising" it—in the old Apex days he had often boasted of such feats. At the thought her face changed again. The lids widened trustfully over dancing eyes and this time the smile that flowed up to them was as crystalline as a child's. That was the way her father liked her to look at him. . .

The door opened, and she heard Mr. Spragg saying behind her: "No, sir, I won't—that's final."

He came forward with a brooding face and lowered himself heavily into his chair. It was plain that the talk between the two men had had an abrupt ending. Undine looked at her father and a vague flicker of curiosity woke in her. Certainly it was an odd coincidence that Moffatt should have called while she was there. . .

"What did he want, father?" she asked, dropping her voice, and glancing back toward the door.

Mr. Spragg mumbled his invisible toothpick. "Oh, just another of his wild-cat schemes—some real-estate deal he's in."

"Why did he come to *you* about it?"

He looked away from her, fumbling among the letters on the desk. "Guess he'd tried everybody else first. He'd go and ring the devil's front-door bell if he thought he could get anything out of him."

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"I suppose he did himself a lot of harm by testifying in the Ararat investigation?"

"Yes, *sir*—he's down and out this time."

He uttered the words with a certain satisfaction. His daughter did not answer, and they sat silent, facing each other across the littered desk. Under their brief talk about Elmer Moffatt currents of rapid intelligence seemed to vibrate between them. Suddenly Undine leaned over the desk, her arms stretched out, her eyes widening trustfully, and the crystalline smile flowing up to them.

"Father," she broke out, "I did what you wanted that one time, anyhow—won't you listen to me and help me out now?"

(To be continued.)

"TO LIE IN THE LEW"

By Margaret Vandegrift

"To lie in the lew," that is, to leeward of a hedge, is the South Country ideal of peace, of lassitude; and a peculiar stillness inhabits in the lew, such as no other resting-place can give you. . . . The great winds fall back baffled from that concrete quietude; only the minute voices of bees and grasshoppers and field-mice are to hear, and the unruffled melody of birds.
—*From "The Hedge."*

TIME was when I marched bravely on the dusty highway
With those who carried banners and had great things to do;
And time was I travelled steadily along the quiet by-way.
Now—I lie in the lew.

I fell out of line long before they took the city
To which we all were marching, for too well I knew
That the lame and the lazy evoke contempt, not pity—
But—to lie in the lew!

Not lame enough, good Lord, for that—I still can travel;
Let me find a quiet path that in time will lead me through;
Grass-path, or clay-path, or even path of gravel—
But—to lie in the lew!

So I found the quiet path, and, not wholly discontented,
I kept along in hope, for the end I thought I knew.
But who shall dare to think he his fate has circumvented?
It led to the lew!

Cool the grass, and soft, and the great hedge throws a shadow;
And the road is out of sight, almost out of hearing, too;
And the sounds are the voices of a peaceful summer meadow,
As I lie in the lew.

And should a thankful heart be singing lauds and praises
That the chance to fight is gone, that there's nothing left to do?
Tell me, oh million hearts that this dreadful life amazes,
With all its unfulfilments, its doubts and fears and crazes—
For my heart is very cold, and it is not singing praises
As I lie in the lew.

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After long years of sobering realities, it has been slowly forced upon you that your work was not quite as good as Velasquez's.— Page 456.

CLARISSE'S

By Eliot Gregory

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

ONE often hears people saying how they would have chosen to pass their youth if a thoughtful Providence had consulted them before birth. Many good souls envy the boys born to English titles and estates, others tell you how they would have enjoyed a savage state. Mme. de Staël was fond of saying that to taste the quintessence of life one must be twenty, be in love, and be in Italy.

The largest number, I find, pick out the dullest of all destinies, and would fain have commenced life as the budding heir to American millions, not realizing, doubtless, how little of the picturesque or the unexpected youth holds for a fellow whose college and club are decided for him at his birth by too careful parents, as well as the year he shall enter Groton or St. Mark's. At eighteen, such gilded youth have met all the girls that it would be correct for them to marry, and unless after graduation they are lucky enough to develop a taste for polo or porcelains, a monoto-

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nous future of accumulation lies before them as uneventful as the course of some Dutch river moving serenely toward the sea between protecting banks.

Benighted souls! They would all choose quite differently, I'm sure, had they known the joy of being a young art student in Paris, free from material cares as to bread and butter (jam somewhat problematical), believing in one's self and one's master, working at an adored profession, and troubled (as yet) by no doubts of coming fame and fortune.

To stand first in a *concours des places!* To see one's work hung for the first time on the line in the Salon! There may be moments as triumphant in other lives; perhaps Peary at the pole experienced sensations as exquisite, but insects inhabited his ointment—there were none in ours!

Even after long years of sobering realities, when it has been slowly forced upon you that your work was perhaps not quite as good as Velasquez's, the glamour of those hours persists. Middle-age and the humdrum afternoon cares of fifty cannot stale the flavor of that young wine!

Manet, the father of the impressionist school.

There are streets in Paris I cannot revisit, even now, without a tightening of the throat; certain casements the view of which quickens the pulse and makes the heart beat fast, in memory of the hot ecstasy of "those brave days when we were twenty-one" and all the world seemed young, too, and at our feet.

At the time of which I write there still existed on the left bank of the Seine many vestiges of the historic Latin Quarter. One might as well dig for the bones of a diplocymodon in the Luxembourg Gardens as look for any trace of it now. The cutting of the Boulevard St.-Germain and its hideous sister the Rue de Rennes, after the Franco-Prussian war, caused an upheaval on the *rive gauche* and a migration of the painters and poets across Paris to cheaper quarters on Montmartre that dealt its death-blow to tottering Bohemia.

Louis Napoleon, it is said, planned those big streets in revenge for slights put, by the old nobility, upon his parvenue court and "unborn" wife. This may or may not be true, but it is certain the new boulevards not only dug the heart out of the aristocratic Faubourg St.-Germain, but also evicted the impecunious throng of students and grisettes who had for centuries disported themselves in the shadow of the Sorbonne.

Smug apartment houses, joy of *ces sales bourgeois*, began to replace the commodious old "hôtels" whose vast attics and stone stairways had echoed to the laughter and tears of generations of Rudolphs and Mimis who in their brief day had made *Pied de nez* at the realities of life, while taking poems and pictures seriously, dancing the while with stomachs as empty as their purses. A gleam of this old life flickers up brightly in "Trilby," but it had died out before our day, for rents had risen with the improvements and brought consternation to the impecunious.

It was about this date that we Americans first began to study art in Paris. Twenty years before, if I am not mistaken, Healy was the only Yankee who regularly exhibited paintings in the Salon, the French public looking at his work with the indulgent curiosity it would

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There are streets in Paris I cannot revisit, even now, without a tightening of the throat; certain casements the view of which quickens the pulse.—Page 456.

to-day accord to the efforts of a talented young Zulu.

Oddly enough, it is around a restaurant that many of my pleasantest memories of the *Quartier* are entwined. A group of boys, most of us working at Gérôme's or Cabanel's studios, at the Beaux-Arts, had chosen Clarisse's little chop-house, in the Rue Jacob, as our meeting-place for *déjeuner*. Here we always felt sure, on opening its door, which, like all the portals leading into Bohemia, was a modest one and sadly in need of a coat of paint, that a murmur of welcome would greet our arrival and a movement be made to find room at the crowded tables.

Long before we found our way there, the place had enjoyed an astonishing vogue among the painters, poets, and

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sculptors of that day. It is in Got's interesting "Journal," recently published, that I ran across the first mention of it. "I've been lunching a great deal this winter," he writes, "with Henri Murger, de Champfleury, Courbet, and Wagner at a little one-eyed brasserie in the Rue Jacob, where one gets excellent Alsatian dishes. I have come to like the great composer in spite of his German pedantry!"

This modest estaminet occupied the ground-floor of a tall seventeenth-century building (itself a bit of the past amid the rising tide of new constructions). Five tables on each side, as you entered, and a glass partition across the back to veil the recess where the mysteries of the cuisine were performed, completed the meagre fittings of the place, but its panelled walls, browned by the smoke of generations of pipes, were hung thick, from a sanded floor to tall ceiling, with sketches and paintings bearing names that even then made the amateur's mouth water.

Clarisse, the elderly siren who presided within these walls, was a choleric lady of fifty who, scandal whispered, had in her blond youth been a favorite model, and even something more, to several great painters who, when middle-age dimmed her charms, had set her up in this business, and made her brasserie their meeting-place and club. The restaurant, the *bureau de tabac*, and the newspaper shop are the shrines their admirers provide for old flames in France. The food she gave us was of the plainest, but extraordinarily good; her menus varied but little; table-cloths there were none; the service was spasmodic or nil. Yet I doubt if there are any of our old crowd who may chance to read these lines but will recall the *Brasserie Alsacienne* with a sigh of regret for the hours passed in its smoky atmosphere.

Surely no cosier resort could be imagined in which to spend one's winter evenings between a pipe and a bock, listening to the best of art talk from men like Harpignies, Henner, and Feyen-Perrin, words aptly illustrated by their paintings on the walls above our heads.

It must not be forgotten that to the student in Paris his café and eating-place replace the college club and society rooms of the American boy at home. During many quiet evenings passed in her society I came to understand the devotion of Clarisse's old friends, for her interest was intelligent and unfailing, and her influence, still great, at head-quarters, was always at the service of even the youngest and poorest of her clients.

Sometimes late of an evening she would bring out her treasured portfolios, filled to bursting with the sketches, poems, caricatures, and skits of thirty years, and tell us anecdotes of their authors, as she had seen and known them, mixed quite naïvely with chapters of her own story as well. A very special compliment, one which marked a distinct step up on our trade, and was always greatly appreciated, was to be asked to contribute something to her collection.

What a throng of boyish memories rise out of the past as I think of the place, youthful hopes and ambitions long ago laid aside with a sigh! I realize now how much more of my art education is due to the atmosphere of that unpretending corner of Paris, and the men one met there, than to the studios and lecture-rooms of the "École."

There were days, however, when all was not well in the Rue Jacob. Clarisse's nerves were never long to be depended on. When certain dark mornings broke it was safer not to make too many observations as to the food.

Almost the first time I was taken there we found the air highly charged with electricity. The *patronne* was going about from table to table telling us that we were to "have eggs, éperlans, and chops with nouilles [the famous nouilles she alone could prepare], and that it was useless to ask for anything else, for we wouldn't get it!" That she "didn't know why she went on keeping a restaurant, as it cost her much more than she made!" Carolus-Duran had dropped in that morning, I remember, with Gounod, whose portrait he was painting (it now brightens the Luxembourg gallery), and Alphonse Daudet had brought his little boy to see the old lady.

Alas! The great author had doubtless forgotten the fragility of Clarisse's temper, for, as the fish made their appearance, we heard him call to her that his were burnt. We gasped for breath, knowing

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that trouble was sure to come from such temerity. The storm was not long in breaking.

"Cinders, indeed! If people didn't like her food they had better go *en face* and not bother her." En face was a hated rival, whose existence she mostly ignored. Seizing the offending dish, she disappeared into the obscure realm behind the partition, from which there soon issued the sound of an Homeric dispute with the hidden genii of the place, which rapidly grew louder until it climaxed in a resounding smack like a pistol-shot, and Clarisse reeled out of the kitchen with her hand to her face. In her wake appeared an athletic young beauty, with blazing cheeks and eyes, who banged down a pan in which some frightened eggs were trying to get themselves poached, threw her apron on the floor, rolled down her sleeves, and, taking a hat and shawl from some hidden peg, departed, stopping at the door to shake her fist a last time at the weeping Clarisse.

An impecunious art student.

We cooked the rest of our lunch that day ourselves. I can see Daudet now, brushing his long hair from his face as he anxiously watches the cooking of the nouilles; and Gounod, a blue apron tied around his waist, bringing in some *crêpes*

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—of his own composition, the *patronne* being far too overcome to do anything but whimper in her corner, drink numberless little glasses of kirschwasser, and tell the drama over again to each newcomer.

Another scene connected with this place is that of the evening when Sarah Bernhardt, then on the threshold of her career, came to dine with us *en garçon*. The slim figure of the tragedienne was encased in a close-fitting garb. Its tight sleeves came down to her painted finger-tips, and its collar rose to her ears. The tawny hair, barely visible from under a tight-fitting black velvet capote, was adorned just where a parting would have been if she had possessed such a thing, with a great diamond, given a few weeks before by Victor Hugo as a symbol of the tear he had shed on witnessing her Doña Sol, in the great reprise of "Hernani," at the Français.

After dinner we repaired for our coffee and liqueurs to Clairin's studio, to see the portrait he was painting of Sarah. The work having been praised and criticised, the rest of the evening was passed listening to the young actress, who held us all under the whip of her strange per-

I can see Gounod, a blue apron tied around his waist, bringing in some *crêpes* of his own composition.—Page 459.

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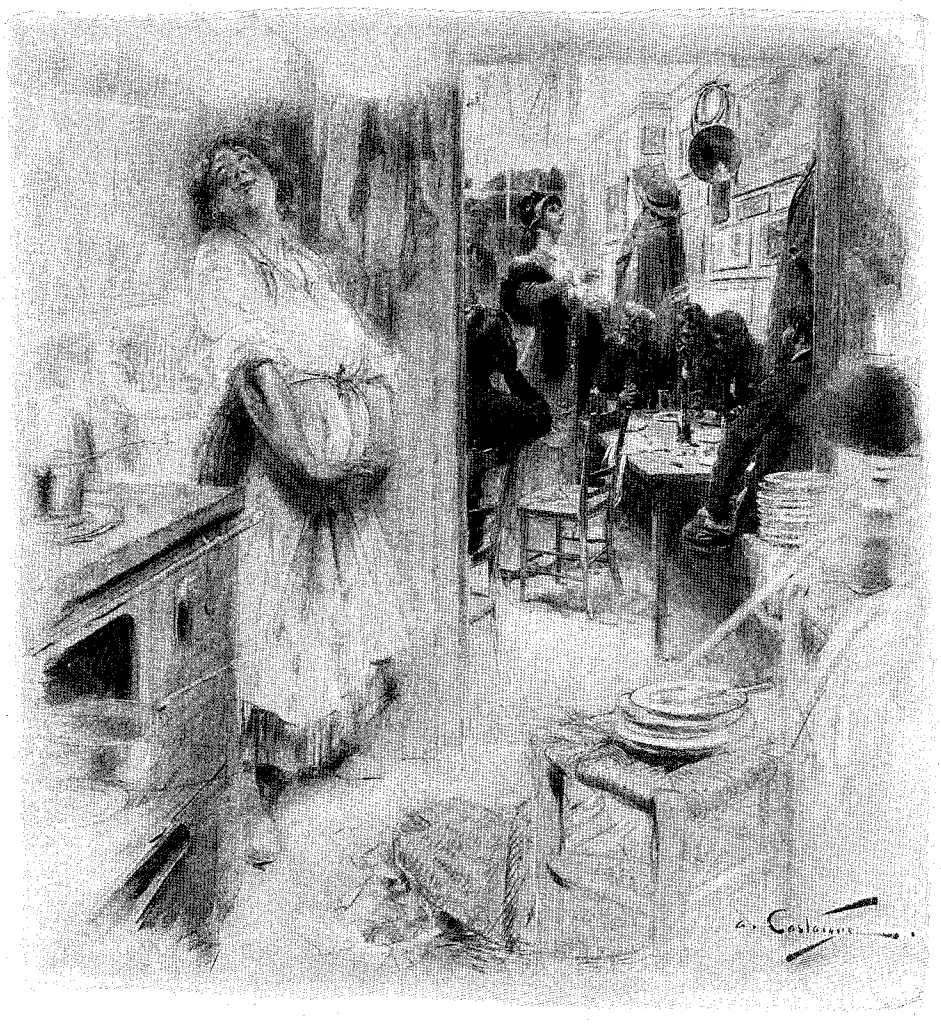

At the request of one of our group, repeated the fable of the "Two Pigeons."

sonality. She danced, she did imitations of her rivals at the Français, she curdled our blood with the *Imprecations de Camille;* and, at the request of one of our group, repeated the fable of the "Two Pigeons," which had won her such success at the Conservatoire examinations. The voice of the actress, her impeccable diction, the curves of her figure as she slid from one pose to another, must remain fixed in the memory of those present that rainy evening in the Rue des Saints Pêres.

Good old "Holy Fathers!" one wonders if they had often been tempted by quite such a siren before.

The big event in a student's year is the annual banquet which the pupils of each studio give in honor of their master. The first winter I worked under Carolus-Duran, two of the older French *élèves* came to my rooms one afternoon and said that it was about the date for the *diner du patron*, and the fellows had all agreed that I was just the chap to arrange that kind of a smart affair, being a man of the world with more experience in entertaining than the rest of them. Adding many other flattering remarks about my judgment and taste, these youths very liberally gave me *carte blanche* for the whole affair and departed.

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Being young and *bête*, I was greatly flattered at this compliment, and proceeded with infinite care and thought to order the best of dinners at Foyot's, whose restaurant at that time was the promised land toward which most of us looked with envy from neighboring creameries. The whole studio, some sixty fellows in all, readily agreed to come, and the dinner passed off gayly, with speeches, music, and singing.

My! how those fellows did eat, and how royally they ordered extra cigars and liqueurs! With what fervor we sang an ode to our master, composed for the occasion, comparing him to Titian and the Veronese, rather to the disparagement of the Italians.

At the end of the evening the bill was presented to me, which I unsuspectingly paid. During the following month, when attempting to collect their share of it from my colleagues, the reason why I had been chosen for so much honor dawned gradually upon me. Some of the boys were "out of funds for the moment," others had "not understood it was to be so expensive"; but the majority frankly laughed in my face. With the exception of the Americans and an odd Englishman or two, few of those men ever had the slightest intention of paying for their fun. The following year, being older and wiser, I sat by, an amused spectator, and saw the same little game being played on the youngest and most prosperous new pupil.

It was often my good fortune in those days to pass my afternoons wandering about forgotten corners of the "Quarter" in the company of Victorien Sardou, who knew his old Paris better, perhaps, than any man of that day, and possessed to a supreme degree the power of evoking the past of those quaint streets and squares —a gift that made him an incomparable companion.

I had that day given Mimi a clock which struck the hour in rather a peculiar way, and I at once recognized it.

One afternoon as we were walking through the time-stained Rue Visconti, the playwright, stopping in the middle of a sentence about Marion Delorme, Racine, and the odd sight that narrow thoroughfare must have presented when they lived there and the gilded *chaise-à-porteurs* of Louis XIV courtiers blocked its narrow roadway—and pointing up to a tiny sixth-floor window, remarked with rather a rueful smile, "It was up there in that room that I just missed becoming the greatest inventor of the century." In answer to my look of inquiry, he continued:

"I was twenty the winter I lived there, and pretty down on my luck. My first play, 'La Taverne des Etudiants,' had been a flat failure at the Odéon, and life looked black indeed to me and a certain little milliner's apprentice who shared my poverty. My Mimi Pinson perched in another attic quite down at the other end of this street. So to signal each other and avoid endless climbing of stairs, I had strung a copper wire across the intervening roofs and tied an ordinary dinner-bell to each end, one in her room and one in mine.

"My contrivance wasn't much of a success, however, so we soon gave up using it; but one night as I lay sleepless in bed, to my intense astonishment I heard a clock striking, apparently in the room. The sound seemed to come from the head of my bed, where the disused bell still dangled from its wire.

"I had that day given Mimi a clock which struck the hour in rather a peculiar way, and I at once recognized it. That a sound could travel such a distance through

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It was often my good fortune to pass my afternoons wandering about forgotten corners in the company of Victorien Sardou, who possessed to a supreme degree the power of evoking the past.—Page 462.

an ordinary wire naturally amazed me. After a day or two of experiments, we discovered that we could even hear something of each other's voices, and we soon worked up a code of signals to be used as occasion required.

"In the spring, however, Mimi deserted me for a fascinating young barber, and, fortune beginning to smile, I moved into better rooms and forgot the whole matter, until some thirty years later, when I was shown a telephone and realized how, young idiot that I was, I had let one of the great inventions of the century slip through my stupid fingers, a current of electricity and a simple mouth-piece being all that Mr. Edison had added to my discovery."

Robert Browning, who was a frequent visitor to Paris, often joined us at *déjeuner* with his son, who was at that time modelling the statue of Salammbo and her serpent which later stood in the court of the young sculptor's palace in Venice.

When he had timid visitors, Browning *fils* was fond of lifting the "model" serpent from the cotton-lined basket in which it lived near the studio stove, and playing with it.

It happened one morning that a lady present expressed great loathing for snakes and wondered how any one could touch them.

Seeing his chance for a little mild posing (to which I had noticed he was not averse), the old poet took the serpent from his son and began giving us a lecture on the real beauty of everything in nature if we but knew how to look for it; that our dislike for reptiles was but bad education; that for his part he loved even the feel of one. Just as he had got this far in his sermon the beast, tempted doubtless by the warmth of the old gentleman's arm, darted up his sleeve between shirt and skin. The effect was instantaneous! Forgetting his words of a moment before, the great man danced about among the

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statues, shaking his arm and imploring some one to "take it out!" which we soon did, but it took much longer to restore the aged poet to his equilibrium.

Another picture of those days is of the great court of the "École," packed with a shouting, impatient throng gathered to hear the results of the yearly *concours* for the Prix de Rome. For weeks we had discussed no other subject. All the one who has not lived in Paris to realize the vivid interest such matters assume among the art-loving French.

This morning the judges have met and voted; in a moment more we are to know the result. Look! A group of men appear at a distant doorway and one of them reads something from a paper.

Then the hush that had fallen on the crowd is broken by some mild cheering

The great court of the "École," packed with a shouting, impatient throng gathered to hear the results of the yearly *concours*.

younger men were violent partisans of Bastien-Lepage, who, we were convinced, had discovered a new formula in art; but Commerre was running him close for the prize. And such a prize! Four years at the Villa Medici at Rome as the guest of the nation—not to speak of the prestige that goes with that reward.

For a month the candidates chosen from a dozen different studios had been working at their pictures, hermetically shut up, *en loges*, in a wing of the Beaux-Arts building, allowed to communicate with no one, even their food being passed to them in sealed packages. For a week all Paris had been to see the results exhibited in the gallery of the Quai Malaquais, and every daily paper had printed articles on the subject. It is hard for any

and loud howls of disappointment and disgust.

Our favorite has been ignored! Commerre, who in our eyes stands for all that is academic and reactionary, has carried the day. Down through our midst appears a procession, headed by the successful candidate carried in triumph on the shoulders of his friends. They are off for a tour of the "Quarter," to end at some café on the "Boul' Mich," where a *punch d'honneur* will be drunk to his success. As they pass, my attention is called by a sound at my side. Turning, I see Lepage break his umbrella across his knee and fling himself face down on the steps in the centre of the court, with all the petulant abandon of his Latin temperament, so remote from our own.

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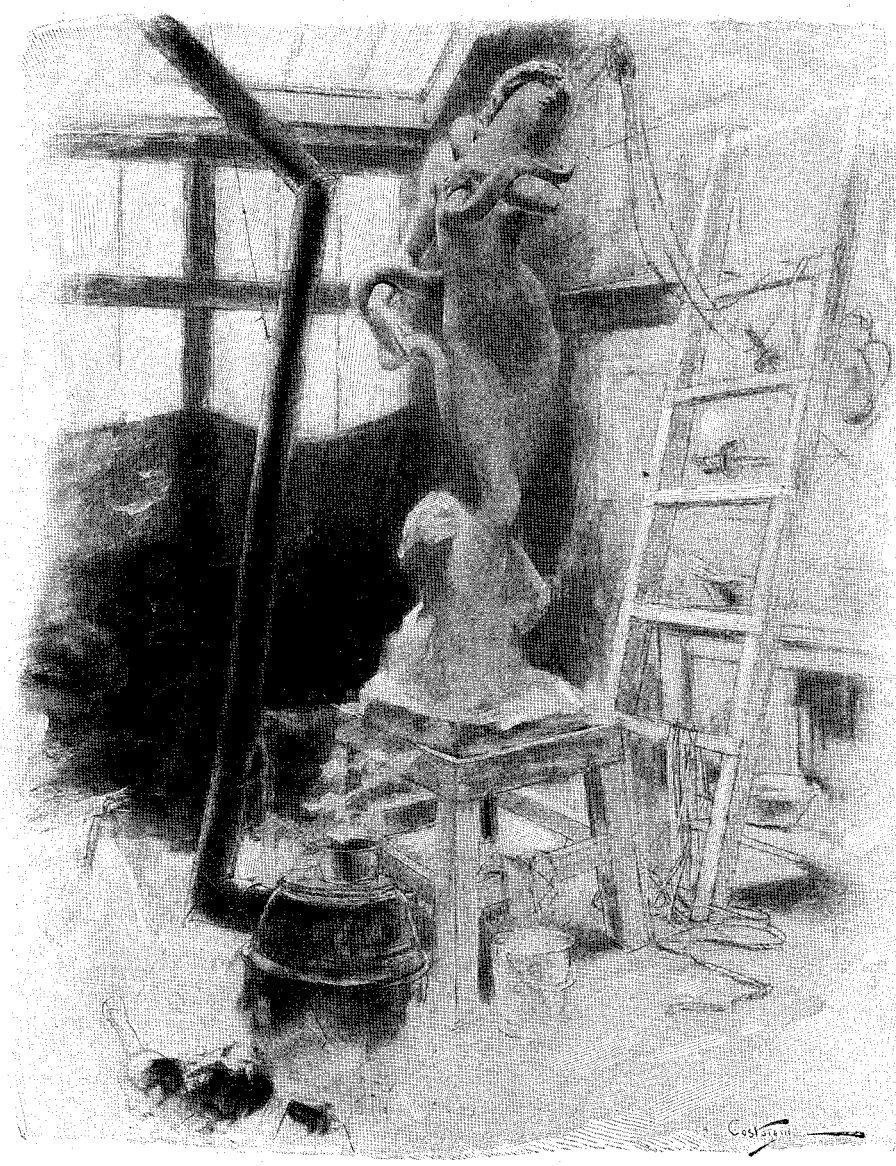

Robert Browning often joined us at *déjeuner* with his son, who was at that time modelling the statue of Salammbo and her serpent.—Page 463.

The slim little maid sitting by his side, trying so hard to console the disappointed youth, is (a neighbor tells me) a Russian pupil of Bastien's; the Mlle. Bashkirtseff in whose "Journal," published after her death, all the world is to read the story of their friendship and the long illness they passed through together, ending in their death, in 1884, almost at the same time—for Lepage never completely recovered from the disappointment of that hour, in spite of the brilliant year or two which followed before his end, full as they were of success.

The emotion of the morning having put all question of work out of our heads, we decide to stroll up to Sargent's studio, in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, and

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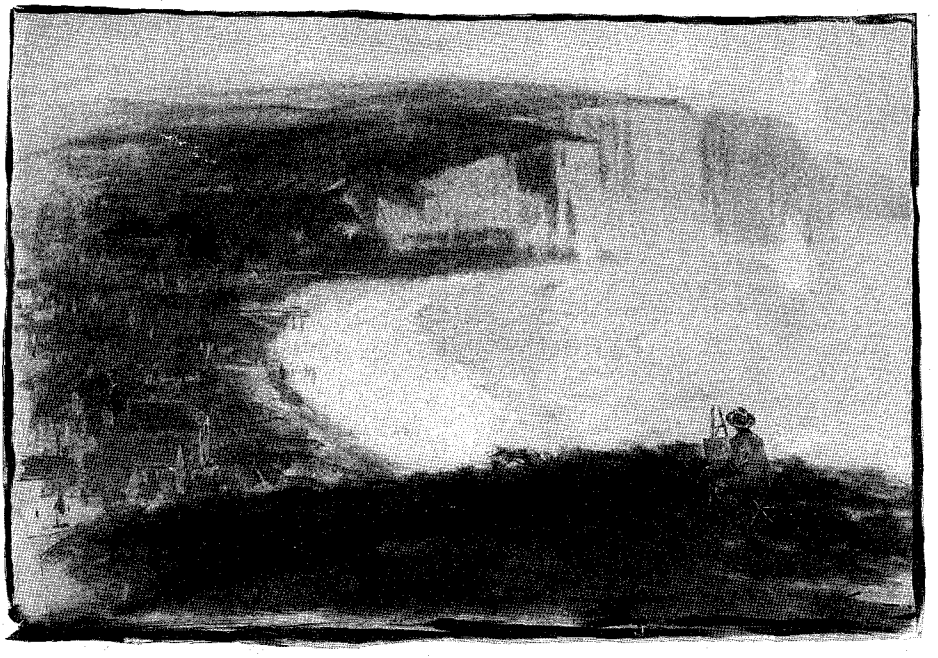

Étretat and a season of hard work among the Normandy cliffs and orchards.

see the copies of Velasquez he had just brought back from Madrid (which are to influence so profoundly his future work); from there we go on to Rodin's, who is at work on his "St. John," and then settle down for a serious discussion of our summer plans.

Six of our crowd have hired a canal-boat and had a canvas studio installed on its deck, with bunks and a kitchen arranged below. Their plan is to pass the summer on the Seine between Paris and Havre, anchoring at the points that tempt them most, then getting themselves towed farther on when they have tired of the place. They expect to live three months in this way, painting, bathing, loafing through the long warm days, relying for their food on the peasants along the river's banks, who, it is said, can be depended on for chickens, eggs, fruit, and fresh vegetables.

Another group of men are off to Venice, where Whistler is, we hear, making some wonderful etchings, and my own path leads to Étretat and a season of hard work among the Normandy cliffs and orchards.

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THE SHADOWY CITY LOOMS

NEW YORK FROM THE NORTH RIVER

By Lloyd Mifflin

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY CHARLES HOFFBAUER

In deepening shades the haunting vision swims;
A denser grayness settles o'er the stream;
The domes are veiled; the wondrous City dims—
Dims as a dream:

The night transforms it to a palace vast
Lit with a thousand lamps from cryptic wires;
The vaporous walls are phantoms of the Past,
Strange with vague spires:

Huge, peopled monoliths that touch the skies,
Whose indeterminate bases baffle sight,
Each with its Argus, incandescent eyes
Pierces the night:

Undreamt-of heights of glimmering marble loom
Like some enchanted fabric wrought of air;
Gigantic shafts of insubstantial gloom
Lift, shadowy, there:

Could fabled Camelot of the poet's dream
Surpass these towers soaring from the mist?—
These steel-ribbed granite miracles that gleam
Dim amethyst? . . .

Slow on the tide, from murky coves remote,
The freighted barges move, laboriously,
While some palatial, golden-lighted boat
Steams for the sea:

Now that the moon is breaking through the cloud
The radiant halo o'er the City pales;
Shimmer the dusky wharves with mast and shroud
And furlèd sails:

Soft strains of music, hovering, drift away;
In cloudy turrets toll the spectral bells;
While the sea-voices, from the wastes of gray,
Send faint farewells:

The homing sloops are sheltered in the slip;
The silence deepens; and up-stream, afar,
A fading lantern on an anchored ship
Seems a lost star.

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"OHNE ARMEE KEIN DEUTSCHLAND"

BY PRICE COLLIER
Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View," "The West in the East," etc.

OF every one hundred inhabitants of Germany, including men, women, and children, one is a soldier. There are roughly 65,000,000 inhabitants and 650,000 soldiers.

The American army is about equal in numbers to the corps of officers of Germany's army and navy. To the American, as to almost every other foreigner, the German army means only one thing: war. We all hear one thing:

"And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war."

I believe this is a half-truth, and dangerous accordingly. This army has been in existence for over forty years, and has done far more to keep the peace than any other one factor in Europe, except perhaps the British navy.

The German army protects the German people not only from external foes, but from internal diseases. It is the greatest school of hygiene in the world, on account of its sound teaching, the devotion, skill, and industry of its officers, the number of its pupils, and its widely distributed lessons and influence.

Culture taken by itself is livery business, and when combined with much beer and wine drinking, irregular eating and a disinclination for regular exercise, culture becomes a positive menace to health. Of this danger to the German, their own great man Bismarck spoke in the Abgeordnetenhaus in 1881:

"Bei uns Deutschen wird mit wenigem so viel Zeit totgeschlagen wie mit Bier-trinken. Wer beim Frühschoppen sitzt oder beim Abendschoppen und gar noch dazu raucht und Zeitungen liest, hält sich voll ausreichend beschäftigt und geht mit gutem Gewissen nach Haus in dem Bewusstsein, das Seinige geleistet zu haben."

("The Germans waste more time drinking beer than in any other way. The man who sits with his morning or his afternoon glass of beer beside him, and who, in addition, smokes and reads the newspapers, considers that he is much occupied, and goes home with a good conscience, feeling that he has fully done his duty.")

"Jeden Feind besiegt der Deutscher
Nur den Durst besiegt er nicht."

Which I permit myself to translate into these two lines:

"The German conquers every foe,
Except his thirst, that lays him low."

Even if the German army were not necessary as a policeman it could not be spared as a physician by the German people. It is to be forever kept in mind that the German is brought up on rules; the American and the Englishman on emergencies.

There are three classes of men who pick up the bill-of-fare of life and look it over. Civilization's paralyzed ones, with no appetite, who can choose what they will without regard to the prices; the cautious, those with appetite but who are hampered in their choice by the prices; the bold, those with appetite and audacity, who rely upon their courage to satisfy the

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landlord. The Germans are only just beginning to look over the world's bill-of-fare in this last lordly fashion, to which some of us have long been accustomed. I see no reason why they should not do so, though I see clearly enough the suspicion and jealousy it creates.

They have been swathed in "Forbidden" so long that their taste for daring was late in coming. Our colonies, small wars, punitive expeditions, and control over neighboring territories are not planned for far ahead; but the exigencies of the situations are met by the remedies and solutions of men fitted by their training in school, in sport, in social and political life for just such work, and who are the more efficient the more they do of it.

The German goes more slowly, perhaps more successfully, in commercial and industrial undertakings, but always with a chart in front of him, a pair of spectacles on his nose, and with no desire to take chances.

In the rough-and-tumble world, the American and the Englishman went ahead the faster; in a more orderly world —and commerce, industry, and war are all far more scientific or orderly than of yore—the German has come into his own and goes ahead very fast. He has not made friends and supporters as have the other two: first, because he is a new-comer; and also, I believe, because human nature, even when it is not adventurous itself, loves adventure, and has a liking for the man who is a law unto himself. Indeed, the Germans themselves have a sneaking fondness for such a one.

"Experiment is not sufficient," writes Theophrastus von Hohenheim, called Paracelsus; "experience must verify what can be accepted or not accepted; knowledge is experience." For the moment, but it is probably not for long, we have the advantage in the knowledge bred of experience.

The German comes from the forest, loves the forest. "Kein Volk ist so innig mit seinem Wald bewachsen wie das Deutsche, keines liebt den Wald so sehr." ("No nation has grown up so at one with its forests as have the Germans; no other nation loves its forests as do they.") He walks, and meditates, and sings in the forest, and nowadays goes to the forest with his skis, his snow-shoes, and his sled. Our great games are, many of them, personal conflicts, and attended by some personal risk, and demanding both discipline in preparing for them and severe discipline in the playing. Our love of the aleatory, of betting our belongings, our powers, our persons even, against life, is not commonly alive in Germany. The Germans are only just emerging into safety and confidence in themselves, and beginning cautiously to agree with us that:

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> That dares not put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all."

From these sombre forests came a race who still find it lonely to be alone, and they herd together still for safety as of old, and have no love of physical speculation. They are daring in thought and theory, but cautious in physical and personal matters. An office-stool followed by a pension contents all too many men here.

> "Reden, Handeln, Tun und Wandeln
> Zeigt der Menschen Wesen nicht.
> Was im Herzen sie im Stillen
> Fest verschliessen, stumm verhüllen,
> Ist ihr richtigs Angesicht."

An overwhelming majority of Germans believe that this is man's real portrait; an overwhelming majority of Americans would not even understand it.

The German army is the antidote to this lack of physical discipline, this lack of strenuous physical life. The army takes the place of our West, of our games, of our sports; just as it takes the place of England's colonies and public schools, and games and sports. When looked at in this way, when its double duty is recognized, the enormous cost of it is not so material. The expense of the German army is not greater than our armies, plus what we spend for games and sport and colonial adventure.

Germany has 4,570 miles of frontier to guard, to begin with, and her total area is 208,780 square miles, or an area one fourth less than that of our State of Texas, with a population per square mile of 310.4. Of this population 1,000,000, roughly, are subjects of foreign powers.

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Five hundred thousand are from Austria-Hungary, 100,000 each from Finland and Russia, nearly 100,000 from Italy, some 17,000 Americans, and so on. In 1900 the population speaking German numbered 51,000,000.

This compact little country is the very heart of Europe, surrounded by Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and, across the North Sea, England. In the case of trouble in Europe, Germany is the centre. Nothing can happen that does not concern her, that must not indeed concern her vitally. She has fought at one time or another in the last hundred years with Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and England; or her soldiers have fought against their soldiers, whether or not the various countries named were geographically and politically then what they are now.

Russia's population in 1910 was 160,748,000, and including the Finnish provinces, 163,778,800. Since 1897 the population of Russia has increased at the annual rate of 2,732,000. The boundaries between Russia and Germany are mere sand dunes, and by rail the Russian outposts are only a few hours from Berlin. France is only across the Rhine, and it is no secret that some months ago Great Britain had worked out a plan by which she could put 150,000 troops on the frontiers of Germany, at the service of France, in thirteen days. Germany's ocean commerce must pass through the Straits of Dover, down the English Channel, within striking distance of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Dover, Brest, and Cherbourg. No wonder Germany looks upon her navy as something more than a luxury.

One may understand at once from this situation, and from her past history, that Germany has the sound good sense not to be influenced by the latest school of sentimentalists, who pretend to believe that the world is a polyglot Sunday-school, with converted millionaires as teachers therein; or, if not that, a counting-house, where all questions of honor, race, religion, love, pride, all the questions which bubble their answers in our blood, are to be settled by weighing their comparative cost in dollars.

Germany has been taught by bitter experiences, and harsh masters, that the ultimate power to command must rest with that authority which, if necessary, can compel people to obey. They recognize, too, the mawkish mental foolery of any plan of living together which ignores the part which physical force must necessarily play in any political or social life which is complete. They recognize, too, as does every intelligent man in Christendom, that the appeal to reason is far preferable to an appeal to war. But, pray, what is to be done where there is no reason to appeal to! Are reasonable men to strip themselves of all armor, and suffer unreason to prevail?

An army or a fleet is no more an incitement to war among reasonable men, than a policeman is an incentive to burglary or homicide. An army is not a contemptuous protest against Christianity; it is a sad commentary on Christianity's failure and inefficiency. An army and a fleet are merely a reasonable precaution which every nation must take, while awaiting the conversion of mankind from the predatory to the polite.

As yet the Germans have not been overtaken by the tepid wave of feminism, which for the moment is bathing the prosperity-softened culture of America and England. We are all apt enough to become womanish, agitated, or acidulous, according to age and condition, when we are reaping in security the fields cleared, enriched, and planted by a hardy ancestry of pioneers. There were no self-conscious peace-makers; no worshippers of those two epicene idols: a God too much man, and a man too much God; no devotees of third-sexism, in the days of Waterloo and Gettysburg, when we had men's tasks to occupy us.

We are playing with our dolls just now, driving our coaches over the roads, sailing our yachts in the waters, eating the fruits of the fields that have been won for us by the sweat and blood of those gone before. Germany has no leisure for that, no doll's house as yet to play in, and she is perhaps more fortunate than she knows.

One can understand too that Germany has little patience with the confused thinking which maintains that military training only makes soldiers and only incites to

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martial ambitions; when, on the contrary, she sees every day that it makes youths better and stronger citizens, and produces that self-respect, self-control, and cosmopolitan sympathy which more than aught else lessen the chances of conflict. I can vouch for it that there are fewer personal jealousies, bickerings, quarrels in the mess-room or below decks of a war-ship, or in a soldiers' camp or barracks, than in many church and Sunday-school assemblies, in many club smoking-rooms, in many ladies' sewing or reading circles. Nothing does away more surely with quarrelsomeness than the training of men to get on together comfortably, each giving away a little in the narrow lanes of life, so that each may pass without moral shoving. There are no such successful schools for the teaching of this fundamental diplomacy as the sister services, the army and the navy.

My latest visit to Germany has converted me completely to the wisdom of compulsory service. Nor am I merely an academic disciple. I have had a course in it myself, and were it possible in America I should give any boy of mine the benefit of the same training. In Germany, at any rate, no student of the situation there would deny that, barring Bismarck, the army has done more for the nation than any other one factor that can be named. Soldiers and sailors train themselves, and train others, first of all to self-control, not to war. It is a pity that "compulsory service" has come to mean merely training to fight. In Germany, at any rate, it means far more than that. Two generations of Germans have been taught to take care of themselves physically without drawing a sword.

It is rather a puzzling commentary upon the growth of democracy, that in America and in England, where most has been conceded to the masses, there is least inclination on their part to accept the necessary personal burden of keeping themselves fit, not necessarily for war, but for peace, by accepting universal and compulsory training. The only fair law would be one demanding that no one should be admitted to look on at a game of cricket, foot-ball, or base-ball, who could not pass a mild examination in these games, or give proof of an equivalent training. That would be honorable democracy in the realm of sport.

There formerly existed in Bavaria a supplementary tax on estates left by persons who had not served in the active army. It was done away with at the formation of the empire. There is a proposal now to vote such an additional tax for all Germany, and a very fair tax it would be.

I am not discussing here the question of compulsory service in England. It is not difficult to see that part of England's army must of necessity be a professional army, which can be sent here and there and everywhere, and that conscription would not answer the purpose, for compulsory conscription could hardly demand of its recruits that they should serve in India, in Canada, or in Bermuda or Egypt, for the length of time necessary to make their service of value. Conscription, too, on a scale to make an army serviceable against the trained troops of the Continent is out of the question. Therefore, so far as compulsory service for military duty only is concerned, I see no hope for it in England. But in a land of free men such as is, or used to be, England, and in America, compulsory service ought to be undertaken with pride and with pleasure, as a moral, not as a military, duty for the salvation of the country from internal foes, and as a nucleus around which could rally the nation as a whole in case of attack from external foes. Patriotism among us has come to a pretty pass indeed when the nation is divided into two classes: those growling against the taxation of their surplus; and those with their tongues hanging out in anticipation of, and their hands clutching for, unearned doles. What if we all turned to and gave something without being forced to do so! Where would the "Yellow peril" and the "German menace" be then! We should have much less exciting and inciting talk and writing, if our nerves and digestions were in better order. Nothing calms the nerves, increases confidence, and lessens the chance of promiscuous quarrelling better than hard work.

Even if what the German army has accomplished along these lines were not true, there can be no freedom of political speculation or experiment, no time to make

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mistakes and to retrieve the situation, when one is surrounded on all sides by overt or potential enemies. Germany must have a powerful army and fleet, must have a strong and autocratic government, or she is lost. "Ohne Armee kein Deutschland." She can permit no silly, no stupid, no excited majority to imperil her safety as a nation. If Germany were governed as is France, where they have had nine new governments since the beginning of the twentieth century, and forty-four since the republic replaced the empire forty-one years ago—not counting six dismissals of the cabinet when the prime minister remained—or fifty changes of government in less than that number of years, Germany would have lost her place on the map. France remains only because, so far as defence is concerned, France is France plus the British fleet.

Political geography is the sufficient reason for Germany's army and navy. Let us be fair in these judgments and admit at once that if Japan were where Mexico is, and Russia where Canada is, and Germany separated from us by a few hours' steaming, certain peace-mongers would have been hanged long ago, and our cooing doves of peace would have had molten tar mixed with their feathers. As an Italian proverb runs: "It is easy to scoff at a bull from a window," and we indulge in not a little of such babyish effrontery from our safe place in the world. Germany, on the other hand, looks out upon the world from no such safe window-seat; she is down in the ring, and must be prepared at all hazards to take care of herself. That is a reason, too, why Germany offers little resistance to the ruling of an autocratic militarism. The sailors and the stokers would rather obey captain and officers, however they may have been chosen for them, than to be sunk at sea; and nowadays Germany is ever on the high seas, battling hard to protect and to increase her commerce abroad, and her huge industrial population at home. Germany can take no chances for the moment, for only "Wer sich regiert, der ist mit Zufall fertig."

One wishes often that one's lips were not sealed, one's pen not stayed by the imperious demands of honor, to abstain from all mention of discoveries or conversations made under the roof of hospitality, for nothing could well be more enlightening than a description of a chat between the great war-lord of Germany and a leading pacifist. The one completely equipped with knowledge of the history, temper, and temperament of his people; the other obsessed by a fantastic exaggeration of the power and influence of money, even in the world of culture and international politics; and preaching his panacea in the land, of all others, where even now mere money has the least influence, all honor to that land!

Spinoza, the greatest of modern Jews, and the father of modern philosophy, writes: "It is not enough to point out what ought to be; we must also point out what can be, so that every one may receive his due without depriving others of what is due to them." And in another place: "Things should not be the subject of ridicule or complaint, but should be understood." Those who know little of the history of the development of Germany, and particularly of Prussia, cannot possibly understand another reason for the political apathy of the Germans and their pleased support of their army. It is this:

They have been trained in everything except self-government, in everything except politics. Perhaps their governors know them better than we do. Their progress has come from direction from above, not from assertion from below. The art or arts of self-government, throughout their development as a nation, have been forcibly omitted from their curriculum. Every step in our national progress, on the contrary, has been taken by the people, shoulder to shoulder, breaking their way up and out into light and freedom. There is little or no trace of any such movement of the people in Germany, and there is little taste for it, and no experience to make such effort successful. We, who have profited by the teaching of this political experience, do not realize in the least how handicapped are the people who have not had it.

One hundred years ago half the inhabitants of Prussia were practically in the toils of serfdom. It was only by an edict of 1807, to take effect in 1810, that personal serfdom with its consequences, especially the oppressive obligation of me-

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nial service, was abolished in the Prussian monarchy. Caste extended actually to land. All land had a certain status, from which the owners and their retainers took their political position and rights. The edict of 1807 was in reality a land reform bill, and gave for the first time free trade in land in Prussia. It was vom Stein, a Bismarck born too soon, who induced Frederick William the Second, King of Prussia, and grandson of the Great Elector, to abolish serfdom, to open the civil service to all classes, and to concede certain municipal rights to the towns. But vom Stein was dismissed from the service of his weak-kneed sovereign on the ground that he was an enemy of France, and was obliged to take refuge in Russia. Like other martyrs, his efforts watered the political earth for a fruitful harvest.

It is well to know where we are in the world's culture and striving when we speak of other nations. What were we doing, what was the rest of the world doing, in those days when the Hanoverian peasant's son, Scharnhorst, and Clausewitz, were about to lay the foundations of this German army, now the most perfect machine of its kind in the world? These were the days prepared for by Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, Voltaire, Rousseau; by Pitt and Louis XV, and George III; the days of near memories of Wolfe, Montcalm, and Clive; days when Hogarth was caricaturing London; days when the petticoats of the Pompadour swept both India and Canada into the possession of England. These names and the atmosphere they produce, show by comparison how rough a fellow was this Prussia of only a hundred years ago. He had not come into the circle of the polite or of the political world. He was tumbling about, unlicked, untaught, inexperienced, waiting for the greatest school-master of the century, Frederick the Great, to make a man of him.

We were already politicians to a man in those days, and the Englishman Pitt was map-maker, by special warrant, to all Europe.

When the Prussians were serfs politically, our House of Representatives, in 1796, debated whether to insert in their reply to the President's speech the remark that "this nation is the freest and most enlightened in the world." It is true that this was at the time when Europe was producing Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Hegel, Fichte, Mozart, Haydn, Herschel, and about ready to introduce Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley, Heine, Balzac, Beethoven, and Cuvier; when Turner was painting, Watt building the steam-engine, Napoleon in command of the French armies and Nelson of the British fleet; but this bombastic babble of ours harmed nobody then, and only serves to show what a number of intellectual serfs must have been members of that particular House of Representatives.

We have not overcome this habit of slap-dash comparative criticism, for only the other day a distinguished American inventor left Berlin with these words as his final message: "We have nothing to learn from Germany." But in the nineteenth century, where does the American of sober intelligence, if Lincoln be omitted, find a match for Bismarck as a statesman, Heine as a wit and song-writer, Wagner, Brahms, and Beethoven as musicians, Goethe as a man of letters and poet, Lessing and Winckelmann as critics, Fichte as a scholarly patriot, Hegel and Kant as philosophers, von Humboldt, Liebig, Helmholtz, Bunsen, and Haeckel as scientists, Moltke and Roon as soldiers, Ranke and Mommsen as historians, Auerbach, Spielhagen, Sudermann, Freytag, "Fritz" Reuter, Hauptmann, as novelists and dramatists, Krupp and Borsig as manufacturers, and the Rothschilds as bankers? Lincoln, Lee, Sherman, Jackson, and Grant may equal these men in their own departments, but aside from them our only superiority lies in our trust-and-tariff-incubated millionaires. Let us try to see straight, if only that we may learn and profit by the superiority of others.

These explanations that I have given, historical, political, external and internal, offer reasons worth pondering both why we do not understand Germany's huge armament, and why Germany looks upon it as a necessity.

However much the expenditure on fleet and army may be disguised, the burden is colossal. In the year 1878 the net expenditure, ordinary and extraordinary, for purposes of defence, including army

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and navy *and all other military purposes whatsoever including pensions*, amounted to 452,000,000 marks; in 1888, to 660,000,000 marks; in 1898, to 882,000,000 marks; and in 1908, to 1,481,000,000 marks.

The total expenses, net, of the empire in 1908 were 1,735,000,000 marks, showing that only 254,000,000 marks out of the grand total of 1,735,000,000 were spent for other than military purposes. As the army and navy now stand at a peace strength of some 700,000 men, and as these men are all in the prime of their working power, the loss in wages and in productive work may be put very conservatively at 600,000,000 marks, which brings the cost of the support of the military establishment of Germany up to 2,000,000,000 marks and more per annum, or $500,000,000.

Many Americans were dismayed when our total national expenditure reached the $1,000,000,000 point, and the Congress voting this expenditure was nicknamed the "Billion-dollar Congress." What would we say of an expenditure of half a billion dollars for defence alone! With what admiration, too, must we regard 65,000,000 people, living in an area one-quarter smaller than Texas, on a by-no-means rich or fertile soil, who can bear cheerfully the burden, each year, of half our total national expenditure, merely on the military and naval barricade which enables them to toil in peace and security.

Humanity has indeed made but a poor zigzag progress from the gorilla; Christianity, just now engaged in blessing the rival banners of warriors setting out for one another's throats, has failed ignominiously to bring the wolf in man to baptism, when the central state of Christian Europe must arm to the teeth one in every eighteen of her adult male inhabitants, and spend half a billion dollars a year, to protect herself from assault and plunder.

If the hairy, skin-clad cave-dwellers, or the man who left us the Neanderthal skull, could have a look at us now, here in Berlin, in many ways the centre of the most enlightened people in the world, they would undoubtedly go mad trying to understand what we mean by the word "progress." And yet we smile indulgently at the poor farmers in Afghanistan who till their fields with a rifle slung across their shoulders. What is Germany doing but that! And an enormously heavy rifle it is, costing just seven times as much as all other national expenditures together; in short, it costs seven marks of soldier to protect every one mark of plough. I admit frankly the horror and the absurdity of all this; but as an argument for disarmament, "it does not lie," as the lawyers phrase it. It is a criticism, and an unanswerable one, of our failure as human beings to enthrone reason and to tame our passions; but it is a veritable call to arms to protect ourselves, not a reason for not doing so.

At the moment of writing there are 1,000,000 men at each other's throats in the Balkans, there is a revolution in Mexico, and incipient anarchy in Central America; as an emollient to this, Great Britain is about to present a bust of the late King Edward to the Peace Palace at the Hague! I can imagine myself saying "Pretty pussy, nice pussy," to the wild-cats I have shot in Nebraska and Dakota, but I should not be here if I had; and however small my value to the world I live in, I estimate it as worth at least a ton of wild-cats.

I am bound, however, in fairness to call the attention of the unwary dabbler in statistics to a point of grave importance in dealing with German finances. The German Empire, so far as expenditure and income are concerned, is merely an office, a clearing-house so to speak, for the states which together make up the empire. The expenses of the empire, for example, in 1910 were $757,900,000 and of the army and navy, including extraordinary expenditures, $314,919,325; this does not include pensions, clerical expenses, interest, sinking fund, and loss of productive labor, as did the figures on a preceding page. To the ignorant or to the malicious, who quote these figures to bolster up a socialist or pacifist preachment, this looks as though Germany had spent one-half of her grand total on the army and navy. But this is quite wrong. In addition to the expenditures of this imperial clearing-house called the German Empire, there was spent by the states $1,467,325,000: the so-called clearing-house bearing the whole burden of expenses for army and navy, the separate states nothing except

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the per capita tax, called the matriculation tax, of some 80 pfennigs. To make this matter still more clear, as it is a constant source of error not only to the foreigner but to the Germans themselves, the income of the empire for 1910 was $757,900,000, the income of all the states $1,463,150,000, or of the empire and the states combined $2,221,050,000. In the same way, the debt of the empire in 1910 stood at $1,224,150,000, and the debt of the states of the empire at $3,856,325,000, or a grand total outstanding indebtedness of all Germany of $5,080,475,000.

Of late years the imperial expenditure of Great Britain, for example, has amounted to some $935,000,000 a year; but various local bodies spend also some $900,000,000 a year. Some of this is cross spending, but the grand total amounts to some $1,500,000,000 a year.

Before writing or speaking of Germany it is well to know at least what Germany is. To pick up a hand-book and to quote therefrom the figures relating to the German Empire, as though these covered Germany, as is often done, is as accurate and helpful to the inquirer as though one should take the figures of the New York clearing-house as accurate descriptions of the total and detailed business of all the New York banks and trust companies. A clearing-house is merely a piece of machinery for the adjustment of differences between a host of debtors and creditors. The comparative cost of the German army and navy can only be figured properly against the income and expenditure of the total wealth of all Germany. And all Germany is something more than the German Empire, which in certain respects is only a book-keeper, an adjuster of differences.

"Was ist das Deutsche Vaterland?
Ist's Preussenland? Ist's Schwabenland?
Ist's wo am Rhein die Rebe blüht?
Ist's wo am Belt die Möve zieht?
O nein! O nein! O nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

"Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!
O Gott vom Himmel, sieh' darein,
Und gib uns rechten deutschen Muth;
Dass wir es lieben treu und gut!
Das soll es sein! das soll es sein!
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!"

The official title of the sovereign is not Emperor of Germany, or Emperor of the Germans, but German Emperor. Thus the territorial rights of other heads of states are safeguarded. Even the popularity of the first Emperor, who wished to be named Emperor of Germany and who disputed with Bismarck for hours over the question, could not bring this about, and he was proclaimed at Versailles merely German Emperor.

However heavy the burden of armament may be, we must be careful to put such expenditure in its proper perspective, and in its proper relations, not only to the German Empire, which for official, clerical, and statistical matters is quite a different entity, but to "das ganze Deutschland." The German Empire is the clearing-house, the adjutant, the executive officer, the official clerk, the representative in many social, financial, military and diplomatic capacities of Germany; but it is not, and never for a moment should be confused with, what all Germans love, and what it has cost them blood and tears and great sacrifices to bring into the circle of the nations—the German Fatherland!

In 1910 the total funded debt of the empire amounted to 4,896,600,000 marks, and the debt in 1912 had risen to 5,396,887,801 marks. In the six years ending March, 1911, Germany's debt increased by $415,000,000.

In 1910 the *funded* debt of Germany (empire and states) was $4,896,600,000; of France $6,905,000,000; of England $3,894,500,000, and of Russia $4,880,750,000. It is a curious psychical and social phenomenon that, though we are as suspicious as criminals of one another's good faith in keeping the peace, we are veritable angels of innocence in trusting one another financially, for back of these huge debts we keep in ready money, that is, gold, to pay them: Germany at the present writing $275,000,000 in the Reichsbank; France $640,000,000 in the Bank of France; England a paltry $175,000,000 in the Bank of England; and Russia $625,000,000 in the Bank of Russia. We all live upon credit, an elastic moral tie which seems to be illimitably stretchable, and both a nation's and an individual's wealth is measured not by what he has, but by what he is, that is to say by his character or credit. It is startling

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to find how we distrust one another along certain lines and how we trust one another along others. The total amount of gold in these four countries would just about pay the interest at four per cent for two years on their total indebtedness!

From what we have seen of the proportion of expenditure that goes to military purposes, it cannot be denied that Germany is increasing her liabilities at an extraordinary rate, and largely for purposes of protection. In the last two years the interest on her increased debt alone, at four per cent, amounts to $5,000,000; while the interest at four per cent upon military expenditures of all kinds amounts to the tidy sum of $20,000,000 per annum. The German, however, faces these facts and figures, not as a matter of choice, not as a matter of insurance wholly, but as a hard necessity. It is what the delayed conversion of the world is costing him, not to speak of what it costs the rest of us. He is surrounded by enemies; he is not by nature a fighting man; his whole industrial and commercial progress and his amassed wealth have come from training, training, training; and he sees no alternative, and I am bound to say that I see none either, but a nation trained also to defence, cost what it may.

The last German estimates (1912) balance with a revenue and expenditure of $671,222,605. The naval expenditure is put at $114,306,575; the army expenditure is put at $192,627,080. Both the army and navy are being largely increased. In the year 1916 the strength of the navy is expected to be about 79,000 men, and of the army and navy combined 767,000. In the last ten years two nations have almost doubled their naval personnel: Germany has increased hers from 31,157 to 60,805, and Austria-Hungary from 9,069 to 17,277. In Great Britain the increase has been about one-seventh, and this one-seventh is about equal to the present strength of Austria.

The gross naval expenditure, estimated, of the United States for 1912 amounts to $132,848,030, and the number of men 63,468. The gross naval expenditure of Great Britain, estimated, for the same year is put at $224,410,235 and the number of men 134,000. The gross naval expenditure of Germany is put at $114,306,575, which includes $489,235 for air-ships and experiments therewith, the number of men 66,783. France proposes to spend, plus an addition due to operations in Morocco, $90,000,000, number of men 58,404; and Japan $44,309,145, number of men 49,389. Two new corps have been voted for the German army, to be numbered 24 and 25; one is for the Russian frontier, with head-quarters at Allenstein, and the other for the French frontier, with head-quarters at Sarreburg or Mulhouse. A German army corps on a war footing comprises about 52,000 men, with 150 guns and 16,000 horses. The reader should notice, as a reminder of the still latent jealousies of the different states of the German Empire, that the three army corps raised in Bavaria are not numbered consecutively, twenty-one, twenty-two, and twenty-three, but one, two, and three!

To the American the pay of the German troops, officers and men, is ludicrously small. It is evident that men do not undertake to fit themselves to be officers, and to struggle through frequent and severe examinations to remain officers, for the pay they receive. A lieutenant receives for the first three years $300 a year, from the fourth to the sixth year $425, from the seventh to the ninth year $495, from the tenth to the twelfth year $550, and after the twelfth year $600 a year. A captain receives from the first to the fourth year $850, from the fifth to the eighth year $1,150, and the ninth year and after $1,275 a year. Of one hundred officers who join, only an average of eight ever attain to the command of a regiment. In Bavaria and Würtemberg, promotion is quicker by from one to three years than in Prussia. In Prussia promotion to Oberleutnant averages 10 years, to captain or Rittmeister 15 years, to major 25 years, to colonel 33 years, and to general 37 years. It would not be altogether inhuman if these gentlemen occasionally drank a toast to war and pestilence!

A commanding general, or general inspector of cavalry or field artillery, receives $3,495; a division commander, or inspector of cavalry, field and heavy artillery, $3,388; a brigade commander, $2,565; commander of a regiment, or officer of the general staff of the same rank, $2,193. There are various additions to these sums

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for travelling, keep of horses, house-rent, and the like. All soldiers and officers travel at reduced rates on the railways, and are allowed a certain amount of luggage free. It is a commentary upon the three nations, that in Germany the soldier receives a reduced rate when travelling, in England the golfer pays a reduced rate, and in America, until lately, the politicians were given free passes. One could almost produce the three countries from that limited knowledge.

At the cadet school at Gross Lichterfelde there are a thousand pupils. They are taught riding, swimming, dancing, French, English, mathematics, and of course receive technical military instruction. The fee is $200, but for the sons of officers, and according to their means, the fees are reduced to $112, $75, and even as low as $22, and in some deserving cases no fee at all is charged.

There is no professional army in Germany, as in England and in America. Every German who is physically fit must serve practically from the age of seventeen to forty-five. Those in the infantry serve two years, those in the cavalry and horse artillery and mounted rifles, three years. About forty-eight per cent who are examined are rejected as unfit. These men receive forty pfennigs a day, twenty-seven pfennigs being deducted for their food.

There are some 40,000 men who join the army voluntarily for a term of two or three years and who re-enlist and become non-commissioned officers, and if they remain twelve years they are entitled to $200 on leaving the service, and head the lists of candidates for the railway, postal, police, street-cleaning, and other civil-services. Some 10,000 men who have passed a certain examination, serve only one year and are entitled to certain privileges.

Each man in the infantry serves 2 years in the active army, 5 years in the active reserve, 5 years in the first division of the Landwehr, 6 years in the second division of the Landwehr, and 6 years in the Landsturm. Colonel Gädke calculates that Germany has now under arms not less than 714,000 soldiers and sailors, and that 4,800,000 can be put into the field if wanted out of the 6,000,000 who have done service with the colors. Out of this enormous total, practically none, according to the last census, is illiterate. Our American census of 1910 gives the number of men of militia age in New England as 1,458,900, and in the whole country 20,473,684.

Promotion from the ranks, as we understand it, is practically unknown. The German officers pass through the ranks, it is true, as part of their education at the beginning of their military career, but those who do so, join in the beginning as candidates for commissions, and have been provisionally accepted by the commander and officers of the regiment they propose to join, as must every candidate for a commission in the German army. If the candidate is not wanted, it is hinted to him that this is the case, and he must go elsewhere, as this decision is final. Every German regiment's officers' mess is thus in some sort a club.

Officers are supplied from the cadet corps, and from those who join the ranks as candidates for commissions. All cadets must pass through a war-school before obtaining a commission. Of these there are 10 in Prussia, Würtemberg, and Saxony, and 1 at Munich in Bavaria. They there receive their commissions as second lieutenants. There are 9 Prussian schools, the Hauptkadettenanstalt at Gross Lichterfelde, and 8 Kadetten-Häuser; and 1 at Dresden and 1 at Munich. Some of these I have visited, and been made at home with the greatest courtesy and hospitality. These German cadet schools are to a great extent charitable institutions for the sons of officers and civilian officials. The charges range, as I have indicated above, from $200 a year to nothing at all.

There are in addition schools of musketry, a school for instruction in machine-gun practice, instruction in infantry battalion practice, a school of military gymnastics, of military equitation, officers' riding-schools, a military technical academy at Charlottenburg, where officers may study the technical engineering and communication services, an artillery and engineer school at Munich, a field-artillery school of gunnery, a foot-artillery school of gunnery, a cavalry telegraph school, and the staff colleges.

Of technical military matters I know

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nothing. I have some experience in handling horses in harness and under saddle, and on subjects with which I am familiar I venture to pass judgments in the classroom. I have visited many of these classrooms, and listened to the teaching and lectures in French, English, strategy, and political geography, and kindred topics, and if the rest of the instruction is on a par with what I heard there is no criticism to be made. I may not say where, but one of the instructors in French was a real pleasure to listen to.

The courses and examinations which lead up, in the Kriegesakademie or staff college, to the grade of fitness for the general staff, or the technical division of the general staff, or administrative staff work, or employment as instructors, are of the very stiffest. An officer who succeeds in reaching such proficiency that he is sent up to the general staff, must be a very blue ribbon of a scholar in his own field.

The quarters, the food, the training, are Spartan indeed at the cadet schools, but how valuable that is, is shown in the faces, manners, physique, and general bearing of the picked youths one sees at the Kriegesakademie in Berlin. No one after seeing these fellows would deny for a moment the value of a sound, hard discipline. The same may be seen at our own West Point, where the transformation of many a country bumpkin into an officer and a gentleman in four years is almost unbelievable.

The truth is that most of us suffer from lack of discipline, and the intelligent men of every nation will one day insist that, if the state is to meddle in insurance and other matters, it must logically, and for its own salvation, demand compulsory service; not necessarily for war, but for social and economic peace within its own boundaries. It is a political absurdity that you may tax individuals to provide against accident and sickness to themselves, but that you may not tax individuals by compulsory service, to provide against accident and sickness to the state. There can be nothing but ultimate confusion where the state pays a man if he is ill, pays him if he is hurt, pays him when he is old, and yet does not force him to keep well and thus avoid accident and a pauper's old age by obliging him to submit to two or three years' sound physical training. Whether the training is done with a gun or without it matters little. Most men of our breed like to know how to kill things, so that a gun would probably be an inducement.

The more one knows of the severe demands upon the officers of the German army and of their small pay, the more one realizes that if they are not angels there must be some further explanation of their willingness to undertake the profession. First of all, the Emperor is a soldier and wears at all times the soldier's uniform. Further, he gives from his private purse a small allowance monthly to the poorer officers of the guard regiments. A German officer receives consideration on all sides, whether it be in a shop, a railway-carriage, a drawing-room, or at court.

To a certain extent his uniform is a dowry; he expects and often gets a good marriage portion in return for his shoulder-straps and brass buttons; and in every case it gives him a recognized social position, in a country where the social lines are drawn far more strictly than in any other country outside of Austria and India. This constant wearing of the sword is no new thing—Tacitus, who would have been an uncompromising advocate of compulsory service had he lived in our time, writes: "A German transacts no business, public or private, without being completely armed. The right of carrying arms is assumed by no person whatever till the state has declared him duly qualified." It is the recognized occupation of the nobility, and, in very many families, a tradition. In the army of Saxony, on January 1, 1911, out of every hundred officers of the war ministry, of the general commands, and of higher staff, 44.33 were noblemen; of the officers of the infantry, 26.19 were noblemen; of the cavalry, 60.92 were noblemen; and of the officers of the entire army, all arms, 24.98 were noblemen.

It is worth chronicling in this connection, for the benefit of those who wish a real insight into German social life, that few people discriminate between the old nobility—men who take their titles from the possession of land and their descendants—and the new and morbidly disliked nobility, who have bought or gained their

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patents of nobility, as is done often enough in England, by profuse contributions to charity, or to semi-political and cultural undertakings favored by the court; or by direct contributions to party funds, by valuable services rendered, or by mere length of service. This new nobility, anxious about their status, satisfied to have arrived, jealous of rivals, are the dead weight which ties Germany fast to bureaucratic government and to a policy of no change. They represent, even in educated Germany, a complacent mediocrity; indignant at rebuke, indifferent to learning, heedless of experience, impatient of criticism, and jealous of superiority. Even Bismarck, the creator of this bureaucracy, lamented the insolence and bad manners of the state servants.

The essential and ever-present quality of the real aristocrat and of a real aristocracy is, of course, courage. It may dislike change, but it is not afraid of it. The real gentleman, of course, does not care whether he is a gentleman or not. The characteristic of an artificial, tailor-made aristocracy is timidity and a shrinking from change. This new nobility, created because it is carefully charitable, or serviceable, or long in office, is not only in possession of the civil-service, but occupies high posts in the army and navy. While not minimizing its value, it is everywhere maintained in Germany that it acts as a bulwark against progress. They are a nobility of office-holders, and they partake of the qualities and characteristics of the office-holder everywhere. They sometimes forget the country in the office; while the older nobility, which made Germany, despises the office except as an instrument or weapon to be used for the welfare of the country. The political pessimism in Germany to-day is caused by, and comes from, this army of the new nobility.

Americans and English both write of Germany, and speak of it, as being in the grip of a small group of aristocrats; not at all; it is in the shaky and self-conscious control of men whose patents of nobility were given them with their office—a titled bureaucracy, in short. Let us prove this statement by running through the list of the chief officers of the state. Of the officials of the German Empire: the chancellor's grandfather, Bethmann-Hollweg, was a professor, and afterward minister of education; the secretary of state's father was plain Herr Kiderlein-Wächter; the under-secretary of state is Herr Zimmermann; the secretary of the interior is Herr Delbrück; of finance, Herr Wermuth; of justice, Herr Lisco; of the navy, von Tirpitz, who was recently ennobled; the postmaster is Herr Kraetke. Not one of these officials of the empire is of the old nobility!

Of the 11 ministers of the kingdom of Prussia, the minister for agriculture, von Schorlemer; for war, von Heeringen; for education, von Trott zu Solz; and for the interior, von Dallwitz, are of the old nobility; but the other 7 ministers are not. Of the 12 Oberpräsident, men who rule the provinces, 6 are noblemen; of the 37 Regierungspräsident, 14 are of the nobility, 23 are not. This should dispose finally of the frequently heard assertion that Germany and Prussia are ruled by a small group of the landed nobility and that there is no way open to the talents. It is fair to say that a very small and intimate court group do have a certain influence in naming the candidates for these posts, but they are too wily to keep these positions for themselves.

I suppose we all like, in a childish way, to wear placards of our prowess in the form of orders and decorations, but the evening attire of this bureaucratic nobility often looks as though there had been a ceramic eruption, a sort of measles of decorations. Men's breasts are covered with medals, stars, porcelain plaques, and their necks are hung with ribbons with a dangling medallion, all distributed from the patriarchal imperial Christmas tree for every conceivable service from cleaning the streets to preaching properly on the imperial yacht. Men collect them as they would stamps or butterflies, and some of them must be very expert. During the year 1912 more than 7,000 orders were distributed, and of these some 1,500 were of the various classes of the Order of the Red Eagle.

The officers and the officials who are recognized as giving their services as a family tradition, as a patriotic service, or out of sheer love of the profession of arms, are rather liked than disliked, and give a

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tone and set a standard for all the rest. Both these officers and their men are respected. Of no German soldier could it be written:

"I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls."

On the contrary, every effort is made to keep the army pleased with itself and proud of itself. The chancellor of the empire is always given military rank; officers are not allowed to marry unless they have, or acquire by marriage, a suitable income; the dignity of the officer is upheld and his pride catered to; officers are made to feel that they are the darlings of the fatherland by everybody from the Emperor down.

This artificial stimulant goes far to keep them contented, and the fact that the scale of comfortable living in Germany was twenty years ago far below, and is even now not equal to, that of the equivalent classes with us, makes the task easier. They have not been taught to want the things we want, and are still satisfied with less. And back of and behind it all, is the feeling among the leaders that the army furnishes no small amount of the patriotic cement necessary to hold Germany together. Ulysses lashed himself to the mast as he passed the sirens of luxury and leisure, and for the German Ulysses the army supplies the cords. It is not the foreign student of German life alone who notices that the Germans, even now, seem to be tribal rather than national. The best friends of Germany in Germany also recognize this weakness, comment upon it, and favor every possible expedient to overcome it.

I admit frankly my admiration for this Spartan three-quarters of a million of soldiers and sailors, and their officers. It offers a splendid example of patriotism, of disregard for the weakening comforts, luxuries, and fussy pleasures that absorb too much of our vitality; and of disdain for the material successes which in their selfish rivalry breed the very industrial distresses which are now our problems. At least here is a large professional body, whose aims, whose way of living, and whose earnings, prove that there can be a social hierarchy not dependent upon money. It is one of the finest lessons Germany has to teach, and long may she teach it.

That is distinctly the side of the army that I know and approve without reserve. Of its value as a fighting force, it would be ridiculous, in my case, to write. I have read and heard scores of criticisms and comments from many sources, and they range from those who claim that the German army is unbeatable, even if attacked from all sides, to those who maintain that it is already stale and mechanical.

The war of 1866, when Prussia represented Germany, lasted thirty-five days; the war against Denmark lasted six months and twelve days; the war against France lasted six months and nine days. Thirty-six German cavalry regiments did not lose a man during the whole campaign of 1870–71; and the Sixth Army Corps was hardly under fire. There has been no long, practical, and therefore decisive test of the army. Of the transport and commissary services during the French war, when Germany toward the end of it had 630,000 men in the field, certainly we, with the deplorable mismanagement and scandals of our Spanish war, and the British with the investigations after the Egyptian campaign, fresh in memory, have nothing to say, except that it was wholly admirable and beyond the breath of suspicion of greed, thievery, or political chicanery.

Officers, too, in the French war, were called upon to do their duty and to obey, and no individual brilliancy which interfered with the general plan was condoned or pardoned, no matter how highly placed the relatives or how influential the connections of the offender. A distinguished general, after a successful and heroic victory, who had been tempted into a bloody battle against orders, was called before his superiors, told that the first lesson the soldier had to learn was obedience, and sent home! A brother of the chief of staff went into the war a captain and came back a captain!

I am wondering what our underpaid, unnoticed regulars in the army and navy would have to say, were they free to speak, of the conduct of our last martial

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escapade with Spain by our press and by our politicians. There would be no stories of the German kind, I am sure, and no single record of an influential civilian who did not get all the glory that he deserved. My impulsive countrymen are always manufacturing heroes and saviors, but fortunately the crosses upon which they crucify them are erected almost as fast as the crowns are nicely fitted and comfortable, so that there is little danger of permanent tyranny. What Richelieu said of the French applies to some extent to ourselves: "Le propre du caractère français c'est que ne se tenant pas fermement au bien, il ne s'attache non plus longtemps au mal."

There was no cheap heroism, no feminine excitability producing litters of heroes; no slobbering, osculatory advertising; no press undertaking the duties of a general staff, which in our Spanish war almost completely clouded the real heroism and patriotism that were in evidence. There were no newspaper-made heroes hastening back to exchange cheap military glory for votes and delicious notoriety. For all of which, gentlemen, let us thank God, and give praise where it is due.

The army, too, is an interesting commentary upon the changes that are so rapidly taking place in Germany, from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation. Of every 100 recruits that presented themselves there were passed as fit, in 1902, for the First Army Corps, of those from the country 72.76; of those from the towns 63.88; in 1910 these figures had fallen to 67.24 and 53.66. In the Second Army Corps the recruits passed as fit from the towns had fallen from 60.74 in 1902, to 50.42 in 1910. In the Fifth Army Corps, of recruits from the towns the percentage of those passed fell from 60.07 to 46.13. In the Sixth Army Corps, the percentage fell from 50.14 to 43.83. In the Sixteenth Army Corps from 67.50, to 58.80. In the Eighteenth Army Corps the recruits from the towns passed as fit had fallen from 60.46 in 1902, to 46.58 in 1910. The average for the whole empire, of those from the towns passed as fit, had fallen from 53.52 in 1902, to 47.87 in 1910. The First Army Corps has its head-quarters at Königsberg, and recruits from that neighborhood; the Second Army Corps has its head-quarters at Stettin, and recruits from Pomerania; the Fifth Army Corps has its head-quarters at Posen, and recruits from Posen and Lower Silesia; the Sixth Army Corps has its head-quarters at Breslau, and recruits from Silesia; the Sixteenth Army Corps has its head-quarters at Metz, and recruits from Lorraine; the Eighteenth Army Corps has its head-quarters at Frankfurt-am-Main, and recruits from that neighborhood. These figures are enough to make my point, without giving the statistics for all the twenty-three corps, which is that, in spite of the precautions taken, the German recruit, especially from the towns, in whatever part of the country, is losing vigor and stamina.

Even this hard-and-fast arrangement of a bureaucratic government with a military backbone does not solve all the problems. When one sees, however, the German school-boy, and the German recruit during the first weeks of his training, in the barracks and out—and I have watched thousands of them—and then looks over this same material after two or three years of training, it is hard to believe that they are the same; and that even these hard-working officers have been able to bring about such a change.

Of the charges of brutality and severity I only know what the statistics tell me, that in an army of over 600,000 men there were some 500 cases brought to the notice of the superior officers last year. Of the 32,711 common soldiers in the Saxon army in 1911, 30 committed suicide; in 1909, 29; in 1905, 24; in 1901, 36; that is to say roughly, one man per thousand. Of the why and wherefore I cannot say, but Saxony is a peculiarly overpopulated section of Germany, and the population is overdriven; and the German everywhere is a dreamy creature compared with us, of less toughness of fibre either morally or physically, and no doubt here and there, under-exercising and over-thinking make the world seem to be a mad place and impossible to live in. Indeed, it is no place to live in for the best of us, if we take it, or ourselves, too seriously. The German army is an educated army, as is no other army in the world, and there are the diseases peculiar to education to combat. A mediocre ability to think, and a limited intellectual experience, coupled with a

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craving for miscellaneous reading, breed new microbes almost as fast as science discovers remedies for the old ones.

Bismarck's words, "Ohne Armee kein Deutschland," meant to him, and mean to-day, far more than that the army is necessary for defence. It is the best all-round democratic university in the world; it is a necessary antidote for the physical lethargy of the German race; it is essential to discipline; it is a cement for holding Germany together; it gives a much-worried and many-times-beaten people confidence; the poverty of the great bulk of its officers keeps the level of social expenditure on a sensible scale; it offers a brilliant example, in a material age, of men scorning ease for the service of their country; it keeps the peace in Europe; and until there is a second coming of a Christ of pity and patience and peace, it is as good a substitute for that far off-divine event as puzzled man has to offer.

It is silly and superficial to look upon the German army only as a menace, only as a cloud of provocations in glittering uniforms, only as a helmeted frown, with a turned-up mustache. It is not, and I make no such claim for it, an army or an officers' corps of Puritans or of self-sacrificing saints, but it does partake of the dreamy, idealistic German nature, as does every other institution in Germany. Though, as a whole, it is a fighting machine, the various parts of it are not imbued with that spirit alone. The uneasy pessimism of the dreamer, which distrusts the comfortable solutions of the business-like politicians and leaders in their own and in other countries, is as noticeable in the army, as in all other departments of German life.

> "And all through life I see a cross,
> Where sons of God yield up their breath;
> There is no gain except by loss,
> There is no life except by death,
> There is no vision but by faith;
> Nor glory but by bearing shame,
> Nor justice but by taking blame."

There have been many, and there are still, soldiers who hold that creed. There are not a few of them in Germany.

PETRONIUS ARBITER

By James B. Kenyon

PETRONIUS, how the years have sped!
  Gone are the laughing lips and eyes
Thou knew'st of yore, and round thy head
  Thickly the passing centuries
    Have wrapped the silence and the dust,
  Since thou didst snap life's brittle ties,
    Sated with weariness and disgust.

The world its hollow laughter keeps,
  Its bootless strife, its wintry pain,
Its sunless lairs where evil sleeps,
  Its clouded eyes that watch in vain;
    Yet somewhere there 's an infant's smile,
  A maid's soft "yes," a slave's rent chain,
    Proves life hath something still worth while.

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THE FURNACE MAN

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK

WHEN it dawned upon me that the only reason we were able to get the great Damers house at a low rental was because Mrs. Damers wanted us there as caretakers—that they had even made John agree to keep their servants—I felt very cross. I had meant to get on with one maid and a nurse, but when I saw the rugs and the waxed floors I understood why people have men-servants for in-door work, and I capitulated, gave up the idea of having a nurse, and tried to do everything for Tommy myself.

Mrs. Damers had told me with a gush that Horrocks was a jewel. Something in her manner suggested that I wasn't used to the grandeur of a butler. Well, I wasn't, I suppose. Then she mentioned in that "by-the-by" manner that some people keep for items that are unpleasant and important: "By the by, we're leaving our plate and some things—mostly my old evening gowns, some of them with good lace, don't you know? that one doesn't care to give away—in that little room upstairs. We thought so long as you were to be here it would be unnecessary to send them to the safe deposit. . . . Oh, and we've stored a lot of things in the garage too," said she. "I understood you did not keep a car and so wouldn't need the space." She dimpled off sweetly and was honking away in her auto before I could get my breath. And that was the last I saw of her.

But about a week before Christmas a taxicab drove up and out came a stunning girl, carrying a suit-case, and Horrocks was announcing "Miss Damers."

"Are you really as good as Sally Rand wrote me you were?" she calmly inquired as she came in. "I meant to write you about it—but if you don't want me I can go back where I came from."

The Rands were our next-door neighbors—very pleasant people. When Mrs. Rand called, though their place was much finer than the Damers', there was never anything in *her* manner to suggest that she regarded me as a kind of superior servant. Mr. Rand I did not like so well at first. He looked as if he had the cocktail habit and was rather flabby. But it doesn't do to judge people off-hand. I've found that out.

Sophie Damers took off her hat; her lovely furs had fallen on the rug, and Horrocks was already taking her suit-case upstairs, so that when she asked if she might stay I hardly saw any choice left me. I tried to look hospitable without saying anything, but of course she could see my dismay.

She took a half-empty box of Huyler's out of her muff and tossed it to me. "Why, bless your heart," said she, "I'm going to share the expenses and help take care of the baby. I'm just back from studying art in Paris. This used to be my house. In fact, it is still, but I gave my brother a lease of it for a wedding present when he married. When I found that they were renting it—I wrote to Sally Rand, and she said you were a brick, so I came on. Is the baby asleep? I want to paint him, you know"—and she went up to her room.

"Well," I thought, "if she'll help pay these outrageous wages——"

That afternoon the first mysterious thing happened. There was a store-room in the cellar, and Sophie went down there on a hunt for tools to do some carpentering in her room. She came back without the tools and holding a great sheaf of papers in her hands.

"Do you draw?" she asked in an excited way. I answered, "Not a bit." She sat down on the window-seat and spread out the papers on the floor. They were charcoal drawings on wrapping-paper: branches of trees, stumps, one or two figur

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"No; that would take a man," she said. "I found them in the waste-basket. Aren't they glorious! German—must be," and she bent closer and pointed to something written in German script:

"Doch bedroht ihr mir Leben und Leib:
fasste er nicht
Eines Finger's Werth—"

"Hasn't any relation to the drawing! He must have been just thinking it and wrote it down, the way one does. . . . 'If nothing but life's in danger, I sha'n't lift a finger to save it,'" she paraphrased.

"I've got to find out about this." She rang for Horrocks.

"Work of yours?" she asked, pointing to the drawings. He looked as shocked as if she had accused him of stealing the silver.

"It must be Cellar Carl's," he said. "'E came since you went, Miss Sophie. 'E does all the cellars on the 'ill now. Something of an oddity, 'e is, 'm—always chalking up things like that. My missus 'as one 'e did of the cellar cat while 'e wos waitin' for the fire to come hup."

"Bring it, will you?" said she, never taking her eyes from the spread-out sketches on the floor. And while he was gone she kept humming:

"Siegfried—Siegfried—Siegfried
Schlimm wissen wir von dir—"

Horrocks came back with a life-size sketch of a glaring cat sitting on a beam, peering out; its black fur all mixed with the shadow, yet distinct—the sort of thing that makes you laugh just as you laugh at the cats themselves.

Sophie looked at it soberly for a long time, then merely said, "Thank you, Horrocks," and let him take it away. After a little she brought some fixative and blew it on all the sketches and laid them in a pile, and started to her room with them.

"If you happen to hear him shaking the furnace," she stopped to say to me over her shoulder, "let me know, will you?" And I promised, but he was always a stealthy and elusive sort of creature, and though the furnace was kept in order I didn't see him or hear him at work after that for days. Or, if I did hear the furnace being shaken, it was at times when Sophie was away. She finally said she should spend the day in the cellar if there were no other method, and went down every day to look for more drawings, but there weren't any. And so matters stood at Christmas.

From the room where I slept with the baby one looked down a hill over some woods, and beyond that was the sea, with the sunrise sailing in. Tommy, with his bottle in his mouth, used to watch as the sun showed like the red sail of a ship, hull down, and say something which his daddy claimed was "By gum!"

There was a big empty house just over the way, in the direction of the sunrise; twice as big as our big one; yellow and cornery. I said empty, but there was a lonesome caretaker about it somewhere. He kept a lame dog. And now and then he built tiny fires that wavered a feather of smoke above the kitchen chimney; just enough to show that the house was alive, hibernating like a bear, and would roar and shine and laugh and twinkle again when summer came.

On Christmas morning Tommy asked for his bottle at five o'clock, and while I hurried to obey I heard the old caretaker shooting—cats, I supposed. I looked over toward the house. Sure enough, he was up, for there was a glow of light in the dining-room window, and presently I made out very dimly some one coming out of the house, carrying something—a big log of wood, I thought. I had seen the old man carrying dead wood for fires before—wood that he gathered from vacant lots about—but never such a big log as that seemed to be. I wondered why he was taking it out instead of in. Perhaps he had found it too big for his fireplace and was taking it out to chop up. He rolled it into the ditch and pitched some brush on top of it. I saw him go back to the house and put out the light; then I couldn't watch any more because the bottle was ready, but while I was busy with Tommy I heard a dog howling, and as soon as I could I looked out again, and there was that miserable cur tearing at the brush heap.

Tommy was pretty good until seven o'clock. Then he began to fret so that John and I took him down to his first tree. Horrocks swept aside the curtains for us with a bow and a "Merry Christ-

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mas, sir an' m'm," and he waited with us to see what Tommy would say to the tree. Tommy said, "By gum!" Then he pointed to the balls and invented another whole word for the occasion. "Gag-gy!" said he, and we all shouted, Horrocks with the rest, but he turned apologetic at once.

"I once 'ad one of my own, sir," he said, and there was a tremble in his voice. It must have been a real and lasting emotion, for as he poured out the coffee a few moments later his hand shook.

Sophie usually had breakfast in bed about nine or ten o'clock, but she had meant to be down to see Tommy with his tree. However, she had not yet appeared, so we put Tommy into his playing-pen beside the table and let him have the new rubber animals to chew.

While we were at breakfast the bell rang, and rang again before Horrocks could get to the door, but he finished pouring John's coffee with dignified deliberation before he went. He came back with his eyes spread wide and his mouth rounded to a perfect circle, and spoke hurriedly in John's ear. John rushed out, and I heard excited voices in the hall just as Sophie came in, looking sleepy and asking: "What on earth's the row? I think you were mean not to wake me in time for Tommy and his tree."

I held up my hand for her to listen. Horrocks had gone back to listen too. She set down her cup without tasting it, as somebody said, "Cellar Carl." But at the same instant I heard him at the furnace. He was late. I had been thinking that the fire was getting low, or else the weather was colder. Horrocks must have called attention to the noise, for I heard a man say, "Why, then *that* job's as good as done," and a policeman followed Horrocks through the hall.

The faint noise of the furnace kept on while they were going down the cellar stairs, then stopped suddenly, and I heard something fall, like a shovelful of coal. And almost at once they were coming up the stairs again, and the officer and Horrocks passed through the hall with Cellar Carl between them.

Sophie got up, very white. She was wearing a trailing gray negligée and her hair was fastened carelessly, she had been in such a hurry to see Tommy and his tree, but she always had an imposing and finished look whatever she wore.

"But," Carl was saying, "I do *nod* understand. I have done noddings. I did not desert——"

"Who's talkin' of deserting?" said the Irishman. "What's the Dutch for murder, hey? *That's* what you're wanted for. Now, come along quiet, and don't disturb the ladies. Ought a taken you out the other way, I suppose. . . . Terrible sorry, miss"—this to Sophie, who stood in their way, looking very grand and stern. And Carl—he stood there before her, looking squarely in her face, very grand and stern too. It was as if—how can I describe it?—each was accusing the other of something. And on her part there seemed to be an enormous surprise, and on his—defiance, perhaps—yet not entirely that.

"What does this mean?" said she at last. She spoke to Carl, but it was the policeman who answered.

"Well, lady, if you find an old caretaker dead in the ditch, and brush piled on him, and the snow looking like he was dragged there, you don't think he done it himself, do you? And you look at the tracks, and you look in the house—and you find a room that's being occupied, but not by the caretaker, and you find clothes there you happen to know are this here Cellar Carl's; and so you go down and you see tracks going from that house to this house, and feel curious to know what Cellar Carl knows about it. That's all, ma'am. He'll have a chance to explain, ma'am."

"You had your studio there, then?" she said to Carl.

"Oh, ma'am, there sure do be paintin's over there," said the policeman with a grin, "an' I'm thinkin' they'll maybe save him for Matteawan instead of the chair." He tapped his forehead and shook his head.

"Officer," said Sophie, "there is some mistake here. This gentleman and I have met before. He is quite incapable of the crime you accuse him of."

"Gnädiges Fräulein—there iss some mistake. I haf not efer before seen this lady." He spoke entreatingly.

She looked at him rather haughtily in spite of her defence of him, and spoke in German, too rapidly for me to follow. He answered something in a low voice, at

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which her face grew hot and red, and she went away. He clicked his heels together and bowed profoundly to her back, and then marched out beside the policeman like a soldier.

It was the first good look I had had at him. He was not especially handsome, but the expression—a kind of clear-eyed honesty and youngness. I thought of Siegfried: "If it is only life you threaten—" The absurdity of his arrest showed in every line of his face, and in the swing of his shoulders as he marched away, yet—as John came back and told me about the clothes, the tracks leading to our cellar door, and a revolver they had found in the coal-bin—I hardly knew.

I wondered if he had been a poor student in Paris when Sophie was there—had been in love with her, and was following her about. Did that account for his lurking in the cellars near her house? But that would not do, for he had been doing the cellars for two months before she came.

She came downstairs while John and I were staring from the window at the empty house, her golf cape over her shoulders.

"I'm going over there," said she, and was out of the house before any one could speak. John and I looked at each other; then he ran after her. It was an hour before they came back. Through the glass of the door I saw that she was as white as death, and John helped her up the steps as carefully as if she were sick or old. When she saw me she knelt down and put her head in my lap and cried and cried. . . .

"She *would* look at—oh, you know," said John. "I begged her not to, but—she thought she would know something about him, and she did——"

"It was old Joe," said she. "Old Joe that I've painted from so often over at the Art League."

John finished the report in a quiet, business-like way, while Sophie sobbed and threw in a comment now and then.

"We saw the pictures. I don't wonder the cop thought they were queer. Most of them are patches of color meant to look at a block away. He rubbed his nose against them, I suppose. And some nightmares. . . . One side of the room has several sheets of paper pinned up, and he's made a great cartoon in colored chalk on it. Cheerful subject—'*Der Fluch*.' Got it printed up in German lettering at the top. Faces in it to make you dream nights." John shook his head thoughtfully and lit his cigar. "Well, I've got to get to the office, murder or no murder, even though it's Christmas Day—that Rushmore matter, you know—I'll be back as soon as I can." But he had gone only a few steps when he turned back. "I say, if that business does materialize to-day, I'll simply *have* to go to New Haven to-night. It's a question of several thousands, you know. You and Miss Sophie would feel that you had to sit up all night with revolvers, I suppose, since you don't seem to think they've locked up the right man. No more do I, for that matter."

"Nonsense," said I, though I felt my face get white. "There'll be Horrocks. Nobody would attack an occupied house."

"Well," he replied, "I hope I can be back," and then he ran for his train, which was already whistling at the next station.

Sophie brought out a lot of back files of old magazines and showed me illustrations with old Joe in them.

"He had the face of a Jefferson," said she. "In the rests he used to tell the quaintest stories. And he could pose his face in an expression that ordinarily would be as evanescent as a flash of light, and keep it so for an hour, and always get back to it."

She hid her face in her arms and shuddered, thinking, it was plain, of the last expression she had seen on that wonderful face. Pretty soon she went on: "You must see those drawings over there in the billiard-room. Oh, that cartoon! '*Der Fluch*.' He must have been going through hell when he did it. It's a lot of innocent, well-fed people dining—grossly, but daintily, too, you know—and what seems at first a tapestry behind them is really a lot of starving faces, gaping toward them and cursing——"

Horrocks came in with the letters.

"You're lucky, Horrocks," said she, "that *you* didn't happen to stand within Tim Murphy's reach when he found that body."

"Y—you were saying, miss?" His big, smiling pink face had gone pasty. She looked up abstractedly. "Saying—that

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the police always take the person nearest them when anything happens?"

"You don't think, then, it was Cellar Carl?" he asked with evident surprise.

"More likely the cellar cat."

He stood for a moment staring at his tray, then shook his head, sighing. "Yes'm—no doubt you're right, m'm."

Her brilliant eyes followed him with odd concentration as the curtain swung to behind him. When we heard the soft thud of the butler's door, she breathed deeply and said: "My word! I wonder if he knows something about it! These people always have relations, you know. Why shouldn't he have a son or nephew in the burglar's trade? It's happened before.

"Why, think of it!" she went on with enthusiasm. "How simple that would make it all! Some young rascal blackmailing poor old respectable Horrocks—The pistol, you know—did you know they found it in our coal? It must have been thrown there early before Horrocks's relative could get away. Carl was late. You remember that? The pistol must have been there hours before he came in."

We heard the door of the butler's pantry swing open again and Horrocks's face, bland but pale and troubled, appeared between the dining-room curtains.

"Beg pardon, m'm, but could I 'ave the hevenin' hoff, m'm? A family matter 'as come hup." He sighed heavily.

"Have you trouble in which we could help you, Horrocks?" asked Sophie kindly.

He looked at her gratefully. "You're most kind, m'm; I'm afraid not, m'm. It's our son, m'm; and I've word he isn't well. 'E's to be took to 'orspital, in fact, m'm."

"Really! I'm terribly sorry. He can go, I suppose, can't he?" She turned to me.

"John isn't coming back, you know," I said anxiously. "I told him I shouldn't be afraid with Horrocks here."

"Can't you make the hospital arrangements to-day and be back to-night?" she asked him.

Horrocks looked thoughtful. "'E's to be moved this hevenin'," said he. "But I might arrange to come back by the night boat."

"That will do nicely," said Sophie. "But when did your message come, Horrocks? There's been no telephone——"

"My son's friend brought the news," he said simply. "Would you wish to see him, m'm?"

"Why—yes, please. I should."

He seemed a little puzzled at her desire, but returned briskly to the kitchen, coming back almost at once.

"Very sorry, m'm; 'e's just gone. I'm afraid he'll get the car before I can catch him. Shall I try?"

"No," said Sophie musingly. "No, thank you, Horrocks. Very sorry for your trouble."

But when he had withdrawn she sped to the window from which the car tracks were visible. I heard a car go by without stopping. She came back, nodding her head solemnly. "I *thought* that messenger sounded rather imaginary," said she.

"What? Wasn't there anybody?"

"Not unless he was made of air."

After luncheon there came on a fine, driving snow; very cold. When John telephoned that he must, after all, go to New Haven, the wire was so confused with the storm that if I had not known his voice and what he was probably trying to say I could have made nothing of it. Sophie came down in her wraps.

"I'm going to see Carl now," she said, avoiding my eye. I saw that she had been crying.

I did not see her again until dinner-time. She came down in a trailing shimmery black gown, with a chain of sapphires set in gun-metal, so that the blue of the stones shone directly out of the black ground of the dress without the glitter of gold to distract one from it.

"My dear," I said, "are things like that—wise—in this troubled neighborhood?"

"I hadn't thought," she answered. "I put them on to cheer me up. There's something about sapphires so—clean. D'you know what I mean? I suppose they really have as much guilt and blood upon them as other precious stones, but they don't seem to keep the stain. They take the taste out of hateful things—as incense keeps down the garlic in a church. But if they make you uneasy I'll have them sent to the safe deposit to-morrow. Would you rather that wretched plate should go too? I see no reason why you should be bur-

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dened with it. It's a rather grand affair, but would be hardly worth while merely as material for the melting-pot."

"Oh," I said, "I do wish it weren't here, I admit."

"It goes to-morrow, then," said Sophie. "And these with it. I've quite a lot of other things up in my room, too, that I'll put in. One or two unset stones that I'd no business to buy at all—a jade bracelet I'll show you after dinner, though jade really ought to have daylight."

"You may go as soon as you bring the coffee, Horrocks. Or take it into the sitting-room and put it on the tabouret by the fire," she said.

I had been in the habit of taking my demi-tasse to my room and warming it when I warmed Tommy's bottle. Jane made it very well, and it was a godsend on those long winter mornings when Tommy's day began at four or five o'clock. I always went to bed early and never took coffee at dinner, for upon my early sleep depended my ability to take care of Tommy properly. To-night, however, I was in two minds, for I felt that I wanted to stay awake all night to be ready for burglars, as I knew I should if I took the coffee then. Sophie tasted hers with a grimace.

"Jane's falling off," she said, "or the grocer is. We must get some green and have it browned here. Well . . . I saw him."

It was the first time she had mentioned her afternoon visit to the jail. I had not liked to ask. She had made no further comment upon her amazing statement that she had known him abroad; I knew that there was strangeness—romance, if you like—in the air, and a melancholy for which that grim circumstance next door was not wholly responsible.

"We talked—art, mostly," she said, staring at the fire, "and of poor old Joe. Joe was German, too, he says, and had once wanted to be an artist himself; but he had a brute of a father, and so couldn't. . . . Carl has a brute of a father, too—the kind of man who understands no glory or honor outside the army. Oh—a great man, if you will—Carl adores him—as one does a mountain peak or a storm at sea. . . . But when it came to being a soldier—he decided that his life was his own after all and he wanted to use it himself. I—I didn't understand him, once. I believe I thought he was not—brave. Well, somehow he studied until he could do very well indeed. But of course his father would not help him.

"He saw some American magazines and knew how much better his work was than the rank and file here, and so came over—steerage. I believe he thought he would fill his pockets the first time he entered a publishing house. When old Joe found him, he had been spending a cold autumn night on a park bench with his portfolio beside him. Joe explained the state of the American art market to him, fed him, and took him home, and fixed up the billiard-room over there for a studio, got him this furnace work, and posed for him. Can you imagine how he feels about the murder? He—he cried. He's wild to get out—not for his own sake, but to find the man who killed old Joe. If he could find him, he'd try to kill him with his bare hands, I think. . . .

"But, imagine! He swears that he isn't sorry for all he has been through—the nights on the park bench, and all that. How else, he says, could he have understood the things that made him able to draw '*Der Fluch*'?" She shuddered, with a half glance behind her.

"'I am greedy of all life—all,' he said. 'I am glad that I have suffered as other men have suffered. If I must suffer, even to this end, I am not sorry!' he said. 'So long as there is injustice in the world, why should I be exempt from it?' I suppose he must be a little crazy to talk like that," said Sophie thoughtfully, "yet I seem to understand. . . . Shall I ever again sit at my ease, eat good things, and dressed"—she gestured downward at her perfect gown and looped the sapphires over the tip of her finger with distaste—"without feeling that the wall behind me is tapestried with cursing, starved faces?"

She drank her coffee hastily and leaned back in her chair, her face pale and mournful in the shadows.

"It's a difficult world," she said plaintively. "How can you justify yourself for bringing that innocent baby into it? Has any woman the right, knowing what evil there is—everywhere? . .

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"But no. One fights and plays the game. It's life that matters, not the manner of one's death. Old Joe's life was fine. So is Carl's, and so Tommy's will be. . . .

"Jove! I'm sleepy after all." She stood up, yawning. "I got up so early to see Tommy's tree. I'll say good-night—but call me if you need anything," and she went upstairs. "Call me," she said, laughing sleepily over her shoulder, "if the burglars come."

I was dismayed at Sophie's defection. In her company I could have been brave enough, but I am not courageous by nature, and with Sophie asleep the house filled with sinister silences. I felt the weakness of the window-frames and locks as though it were a weakness in my own bones, and danger blew in through the key-holes like a fog. A shivering wakefulness seized me that needed no coffee, so I put my cup aside as usual for morning. I tried to read for a while. But my choice of a book was not happy, for I took down "Treasure Island," and you remember, of course, the pirates' attack upon the lonely house, and all the terror of that night. At once I felt Old Pew and Long John Silver prowling about in the storm, and Black Dog peeped in at the window. The only real sound anywhere was the sniff of the cook as she creaked up the back stairs to bed. She had a habit of sniffing as though she had been crying. She *did* cry a good deal, but she sniffed so much you never knew, and she was such a sour old thing!

The storm grew worse. The bay would be terrible. I doubted whether the boats would run at all, and if they didn't Horrocks wouldn't get back. Still, I thought, burglars don't like to be out in storms any better than other people—or, *do* they? I wished I knew.

I ended by working myself into such a pitch of terror that every creak and bang of a shutter became the arrival of a Thing to destroy us. I went all through the house, trying over the fastenings, but Horrocks had faithfully seen to them all. The thoughtful fellow had even nailed up a window where the fastening was broken. My heart warmed to him as I discovered this, and I told myself he would surely be as good as his word; that if a boat came he would come.

I took my coffee upstairs with me and firmly went to bed. It was only nine o'clock, yet the house felt like midnight. Tommy was restless. He kept biting his fingers with his poor little sore gums, and whimpering like a cold puppy, so I slept only in snatches. It must have been one o'clock when I finally took him into bed with me. Then, perhaps because cuddling him made me feel that I had the only thing of real value in a perfectly safe place, I went to sleep, and Tommy, with some idea that he had got to a place where his tooth couldn't bite him, went off soundly too.

I was awakened by a banging somewhere and sleepily went over all the shutters in imagination. They were very secure, I knew, but that gale could have unroofed a house. I decided that it would have to bang and blow off if it wanted to. I couldn't shut it against that wind, even if I found it, and I should wake Tommy if I stirred. It was up to Sophie, I decided, for of course one couldn't expect the cook to stir, even if she woke. They don't, you know. And I tried to sleep again, but the sound kept up, and I kept listening and growing wider awake.

For it didn't sound like a shutter. It was like—like a horse kicking in his stall—dull, you know, yet sharp. I crept out of bed so softly that Tommy didn't know it, and went to the window. It *was* a horse!

He was out by the garage, hitched to a truck, and he had stepped up on the wooden incline, as horses will step up on things when they're left alone, and was pounding his hoof on the wood. The garage door was open, and a light, low down as if from a lantern on the floor, made him a silhouette. But while I was still wondering what possible reason there could be for his being there, I heard footsteps in the room above me.

And that was the locked room where the Damers plate was! I didn't care very much about the plate, but I thought of Sophie and her sapphires. The rest would be nothing in comparison to them.

I must get to her room and warn her.

Sophie's door was open and the light was turned on full. She was lying on the bed dressed, just as she had been at dinner. Evidently she had been too sleepy to do more than throw herself on the bed.

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No—*not* exactly as she had been at dinner—the lovely chain was gone! There were no rings on her fingers!

They were not on her dressing-table. For the moment unspeakable horrors went through my brain. I thought she was dead as she lay there—then I saw that she breathed, heavily, and her attitude was as graceful and relaxed as a child's, her face perfectly peaceful. I shook her, but she was limp and heavy. I wondered if she could be in the habit of taking some sort of sleeping-medicine. I had not known of it. But it did not seem natural sleep.

Before I could think further, Tommy gave a baby snarl. He was going to begin asking for his bottle, and he was going to keep on asking. I remembered that the lump of sugar was still in my coffee-saucer and fled back to our room and dumped him into his crib with the sugar, and he took it with a chuckle and set to work.

John had a revolver somewhere, but I couldn't stop to look for that. I took the big hat pin from my hat. Thank Heaven, a hat-pin in these days is as good as a dagger—or better.

Then I locked Tommy's door and took the key, and went down to the telephone. There was a chance, I hoped, that with the door shut and the noise of the storm the burglar would not hear the 'phone. They had the old-fashioned system; you had to ring up. So if he did hear it ring, how was he to be sure it was not from some other house along the party wire? I did not dare to turn on the light. It might have been seen by a confederate outside, so I groped for the receiver in the dark. Then I thought of ringing up Central by using all the different calls on our wire—there would be a chance at least of attracting the attention of some of the men in the cottages, and so I started in, but I thought I should never get an answer. Central is generally asleep at two o'clock in the morning. And, in fact, it wasn't Central that answered, but Mr. Rand. I knew by the voice—sharp and sleepy. But he woke up when I told him.

"Be there in five minutes!" said he when I had gasped out my story. Oh—what a glorious thing a man is! Even one you don't like, when burglars are around.

"You scuttle back to bed as fast as you can," he said. "Lock yourself in. Unlock the side door if you can safely—if not, don't worry. We'll get in. Don't worry."

As I went up the dark stairs I saw that the third floor hall was alight, and knew that the door of the little locked room was open. The noises had stopped. That frightened me. Was the burglar out of the room then, and moving around? Could he have gone back to Sophie's room for something he had overlooked when he took the sapphires? I stepped into the shadow of the big hall clock on the landing and held my breath.

I could see Tommy's door from where I stood. He would soon begin to cry for his bottle, for that lump of sugar could hardly last much longer. But it seemed to me I was in a pretty good position now. If the burglar started to open Tommy's door I could rush him from behind, and if I was attacked myself I was in a corner and had a weapon as good as a stiletto. I took it out of my gown and studied how to hold it in the most effective way. It was an expensive one, with a good sharp tip that I always had a guard over when I wore it.

Tommy was quiet so long that I began to worry. In another second I must have gone to him and risked being seen, if he had not given a good howl. Then I knew he was all right.

The side door opened very softly, but Tommy was howling so now that I hoped his noise would cover the noise of the door, and Mr. Rand came up. He jumped, when I spoke to him out of the shadow, and pointed his revolver at my head. I drew him back with me and we could both see, at the top of the stair-well, the head and shoulders of a man silhouetted against the light. He seemed to be looking down as if he heard something besides Tommy's howls. We couldn't see plainly. It was just the shadowy roundness of a human head. We kept very quiet for a time—and so did he—but both of us might have talked in natural voices and nobody been the wiser, while Tommy was expressing his mind.

At last he went back into the little room and the light went out of the hall, so we knew he had closed the door. Mr. Rand said: "Now you go back to the telephone and get police head-quarters. No—get Dr. Reinhardt first for Miss Sophie—

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Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

"Do you draw?" she asked in an excited way.—Page 483.

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then police. The number is three two party R for the doctor—and police is just 'the police station'—remember, now, and don't be afraid to make a noise. Tommy and the storm will protect us."

Then he went softly leaping up the stairs—three steps to each flight—and I could see under his overcoat that he had only pajamas and bedroom slippers. That was the way he had come rushing to our help through zero snow and wind! And I had been calling him too careful of his comfort; had pitied Sally Rand for being married to a pussy-by-the-fire!

Tommy howled all the time I was at the 'phone, screaming in that dreadful way that makes you wonder what convulsions are like; yet I had to sit quietly and try to make myself understood over a wire made almost useless by the storm. Their voices were the merest blur and they all kept saying, "I can't hear you—can't hear you." So I had to repeat and repeat. And just as the doctor was getting an idea of what was wrong and was fairly sizzling because he couldn't make out our address, came a volley of shots and two men rushed downstairs as if they were falling.

Two great blasts of cold air struck me as first one and then the other went out, the side door opening for the first man, crashing to in the face of the second, and then flung open again by him. I afterward found one of Mr. Rand's worsted slippers on the top floor and another caught in the side door. Pussy-by-the-fire was running barefoot through the zero storm.

I went to Tommy first. A baby can be so awful! But when at last he was tucked up with his warm bottle, as good as a purring kitten, I felt that the worst was over and I could think about Sophie, and about Mr. Rand barefoot in the storm.

Sophie lay exactly as I had seen her first; one lovely bare arm trailing to the floor. And the room was like ice. I covered her up, got a hot-water bottle, and loosened her dress, but I could not shift her or make her sit up. And I was sure that she must be drugged, though how it could have happened, unless she was in the habit of taking something herself—but I could not believe that!

She was one of those big, heavy women, so well built that they give an effect of slenderness, but she might have been cut out of solid marble when I tried to lift her shoulders on the pillow a bit. So I held salts to her nose and rubbed her arms. Then, remembering that coffee is given in cases of opium poisoning, I went down to the kitchen and made about two quarts, very strong. Remembering Mr. Rand's bare feet, I thought there would probably be a use for it before the night was over, whether the doctor wanted it for Sophie or not. While waiting I tried hard to give it to her myself, but I doubt if she swallowed any, and I was scolding away at her just as if she could hear, when the doctor spoke behind me and matters were taken out of my hands.

He was one of those quick young men just out of the hospital, looking about as old as a messenger-boy, but he gave orders and I obeyed him.

"I don't imagine it's serious. He wouldn't calmly kill a whole family, you know."

"Then, you think—but how could any one have given it to her?"

"Don't ask *me!*" he said. "That'll come later."

He was still working over Sophie when the police came rattling and banging in. Their noise woke Tommy, and he cried so I had to hold him in my arms while I answered their questions. Such silly questions! As near as I could make out they thought it must have been John returning in a state of intoxication, or else that I had been inventing the whole thing because I wanted the pleasure of seeing my name in the papers. I don't often get angry, but finally I said, trying to raise my voice above Tommy's:

"There is a wagon out there loaded with Mrs. Damers's things, and there are two perfectly good sets of tracks in the snow from that door to where the burglar is. One set is barefoot. The man that made them is Mr. William S. Rand, and if his manner when he left is any criterion of his character, *I* shouldn't want to be the one to keep him waiting in the snow after he's got his man."

Then I went into my room with Tommy and shut the door in their big, fat, red faces—and cried.

Tommy was just dropping off again, when back they all came like a circus pa-

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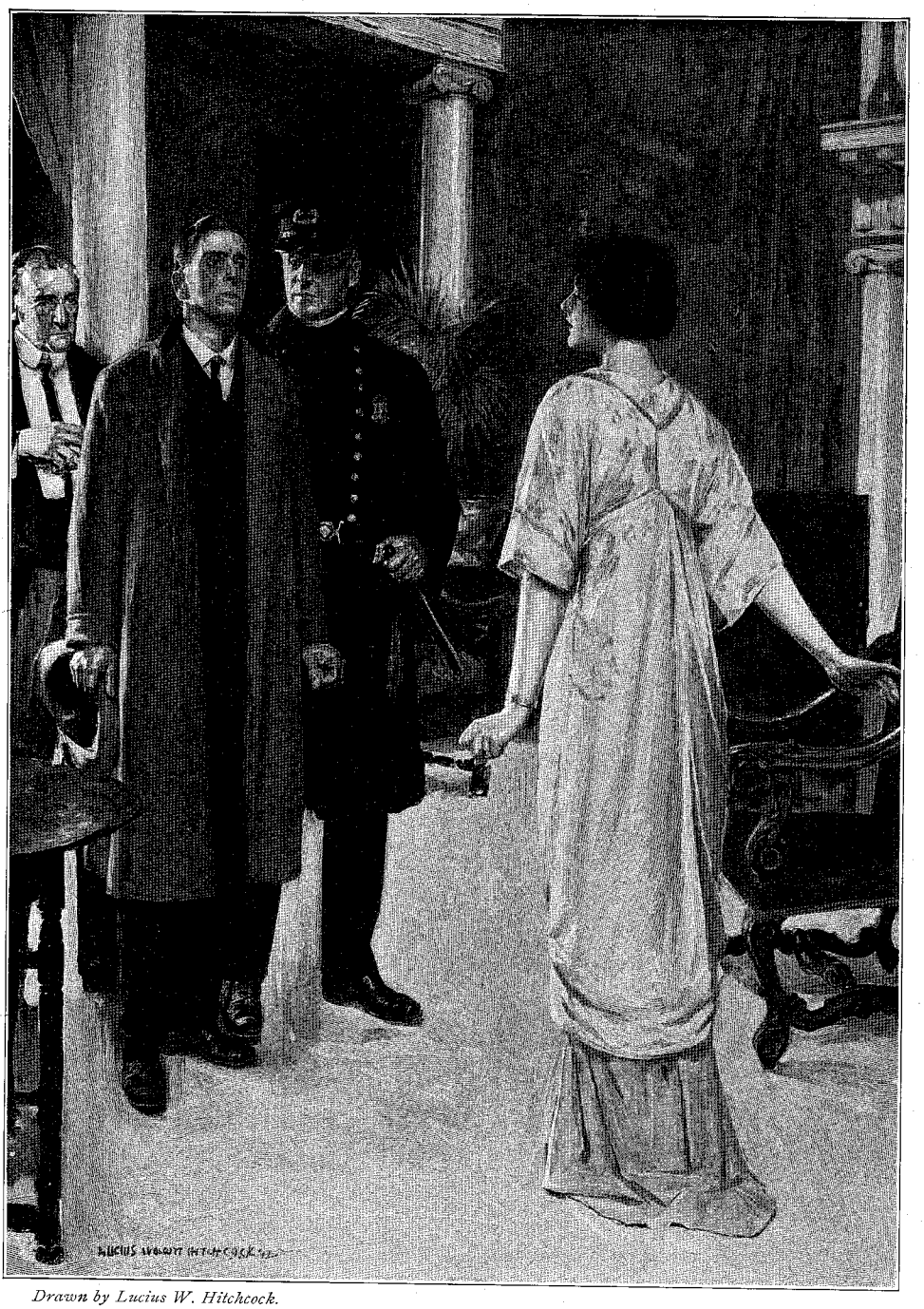

Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

He stood there before her, looking squarely in her face.—Page 485.

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rade, only this time Mr. Rand was with them, and a shivering, battered, handcuffed creature, with a bandage on its head.

I came out as quietly as I could, and warned them not to wake the baby again, for you can't put your mind on anything, even burglars, when a baby with a voice like Tommy's is expressing himself; and, as they had all heard him that night, they saw the point and talked in whispers.

Tommy.

Then the poor shivering thing looked up from under its bandage.

"Horrocks!" I said. "Why—it *can't* be——"

Mr. Rand gave him some of the coffee I had made. All the rest of them were drinking it too.

"Not *your* brew, my man," said Mr. Rand.

"Oh," said I, "Horrocks, did you drug the coffee? Oh—you might have killed her!" But I don't think he heard.

The bandage began to thaw where the blood had frozen, and a red stream trickled into his eyes. Mr. Rand wiped it away and got a kitchen towel to make him another bandage.

I noticed that Mr. Rand was wearing a very large pair of arctics, which he must have taken from one of the policemen. They drank all my coffee, but when they began on the sideboard, Horrocks looked up with something in his eye that in spite of his wretchedness was certainly the disapproval a high-class servant feels for people serving themselves. And then at last he spoke, in a hoarse, weak voice: "If you would like a little vermouth with your whiskey, sir, you will find the liqueurs in the left-hand compartment." And Mr. Rand, gravely opening it and taking forth the vermouth, mixed one for Horrocks.

"Isn't it bully?" said Mr. Rand, coming over to me, with his glass in his hand. "You know, I—well, I never did just this before. Really, you know, I didn't know I could."

The whiskey and vermouth were beginning to tell a little when Sally Rand came in. She was quite cross about my getting Mr. Rand out on such a night; said that pneumonia was as bad as burglars any day, saw that he had hot water in his whiskey, and then went up to help the doctor with Sophie.

Then they brought in the poor old cook, and she went on her knees to Horrocks, and cried and cried.

"It was only that we was so despret," said she, "at loosin' our little all that we'd laid by, and thought as how we was goin' to have a home to ourselves in our old age, and wait on ourselves instead of other people. And so we says—well, just take a bit here and there from them as 'll never miss it! And we thought old Joe was off in the city, for Christmas; we did indeed. Oh—he never meant to kill the old man," she cried, not knowing what she did, for not a word had been said as yet to connect him with the murder.

Poor soul! Something we said or did made her see all of a sudden that she had been putting the rope around Horrocks's neck, and then she went wild. On her knees to all of us, trying to take back what she had said, inventing wild, impossible lies, each one contradicting the other. Oh—it was like the screaming of a hen that knows it's going to be killed! Until at last Horrocks, looking at her sharply, gave that "tchk" that a head-waiter uses to attract a waiter's attention—it's a terribly masterful sound, if you've ever noticed—and she shut up as tight as a sausage, rose, and stood primly, saying nothing more but "Yes, sir," "No, sir," "I can't say, sir," until at last the patrol wagon took them away, pitifully limp and collapsed.

I suppose my tears should have gone to old Joe, but I think it was for the cook that I was crying so bitterly.

The Rands went then, Mrs. Rand cross, yet proud, I could see, in spite of the fact that Mr. Rand had taken more whiskey for

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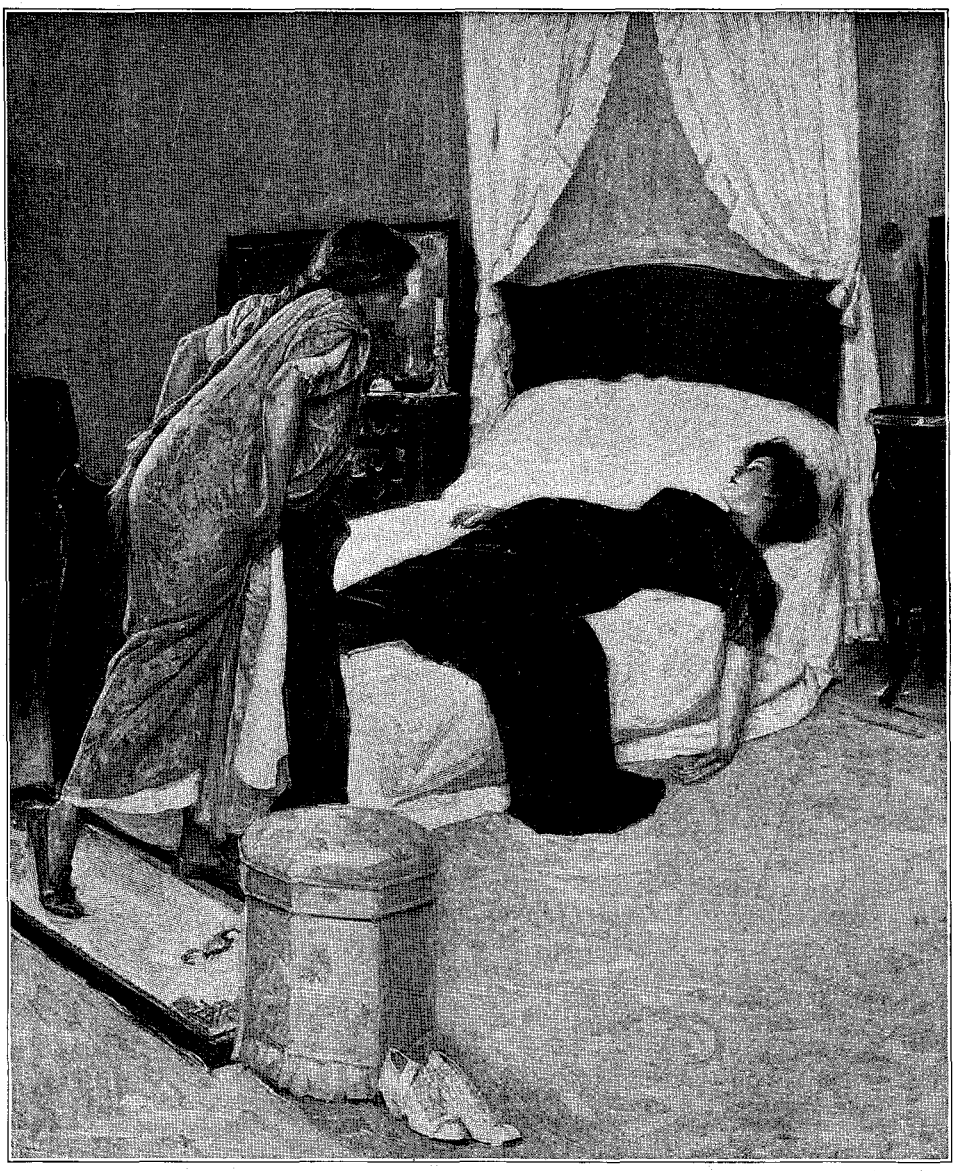

For the moment unspeakable horrors went through my brain.—Page 490.

his chill than was absolutely necessary. He turned an affectionate smile upon me from the door-way, and waved his hand rather limply.

"Now, 'f ever you have 'nother butler—'nother burglar—'nother buttleburgle—" he said, but Mrs. Rand propelled him out with a deftness that hinted at practice.

The young doctor came down looking tired, seemed disappointed to find the decanter empty, and gave me a few directions. She would be all right, he thought; would wake with a roaring headache, but no harm done. He would look in again in the morning.

"Here—you'd better take some bromide yourself," said he, stopping to put some tablets in a little collapsible box. But knowing Tommy's early hours, I shook my head sadly.

"Well, good-by," said he, yawning. "Such a delightful evening! Do you do

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this sort of thing often here?" And then he took his impudence off.

I went up to Sophie then. She was breathing naturally enough. Tommy was safe in his crib, and good for a few hours anyway, after being awake so long, so I lay down beside Sophie, and the next thing I knew it was morning. There were no servants in the house—and the furnace fire was out!

I ran to make sure that Tommy hadn't kicked off the bed-clothes. Oh, I was so thankful to find him solidly asleep! And then I rushed down to the cellar, and I hadn't any time to shudder over possible burglars in dark corners. A fireless house in that weather and only I to take care of a sick girl and a little baby!

I never had built a furnace fire, and the thing had queer twists and crotchets that I didn't understand. It was an enormous beast too, and after I had the wood nicely burning and put on the coal—I don't know what ailed it, but it just snuffled out. I began to cry. I worked right ahead, of course, picking out all that coal, for it was stuck somehow so I couldn't dump it, and I started all over again, slopping tears on the wood.

After such a night to have to wrestle with this demon, while those two poor helpless things were freezing and starving two flights up—! Then I had the brilliant notion that at least we could move into the kitchen. I could build a range fire, anyhow. So I left the awful furnace, brute as it was, and ran up to the kitchen, cursing the wasted time and strength I had spent.

And I heard Tommy—oh, I heard him! —even while I was in the cellar! When I got upstairs there was Sophie with him, weak and staggering, with her hand to her head.

"Why is it so cold? Why is everything so queer? Didn't Horrocks get back?" she asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed. "I seem to be ill," she said in a puzzled way.

"Oh, Horrocks came back!" I said. "But he went away again, and Mrs. Horrocks with him. Now we'll go down to the kitchen until John comes home. Perhaps he knows how to run a furnace."

She had to lean on me going down, and I had Tommy on the other arm; but once there we were soon very cosey, and I made coffee and toast and eggs, and Tommy took his bottle in Sophie's lap. She brightened a little after sipping the coffee, and I told her everything.

"Drugged, was I? Well!" and she drank several cups of coffee.

And then we all jumped and turned white. For we heard some one at the furnace! I stole over to the cellar door and softly shot the bolt.

"Why did you do that?" said Sophie indignantly. "If it's Carl——"

"It's some merciful angel, I don't doubt," I said, "but if you'd been through what I have, you'd feel like locking doors, I guess."

"I hope I'd know enough to wash the black off my face," she sniffed, and, putting Tommy in my arms, she took some hair-pins out of my hair to put up her own, and calmly sailed down the cellar stairs, looking like a poster or mural decoration —for she still wore that trailing black gown, and over it had thrown a Japanese wistaria kimono of wadded silk. Remembering the coaly mess I had left down there, I shuddered.

The furnace sounds stopped suddenly and I heard their voices—a kind of crying and laughing. I went to the head of the stairs to call them to come up, but they did not hear me, and I went half-way down—and then sneaked softly back, for there, under the light of the cellar lamp, Sophie in her trailing silks was weeping her heart out in the arms of Cellar Carl. They were talking in German, but I knew what "Liebchen" meant—and other things sounded the same.

After a long time the furnace sounds began again, more violently than I had ever heard them before, but it was not until the heat had really begun to come crackling and sizzling and swishing all through the house that Sophie and Carl came up.

"Mary," said she, pretending that she didn't look as if she had been crying, "allow me to present Herr Carl Hermann Von Greisenstein, whom I knew well in Paris. We—we are to be married—soon. But for a slight misunderstanding we should have been married abroad."

Cellar Carl looked at her oddly.

"And yet, Gnädiges Fräulein," said he with more formality than their cellar

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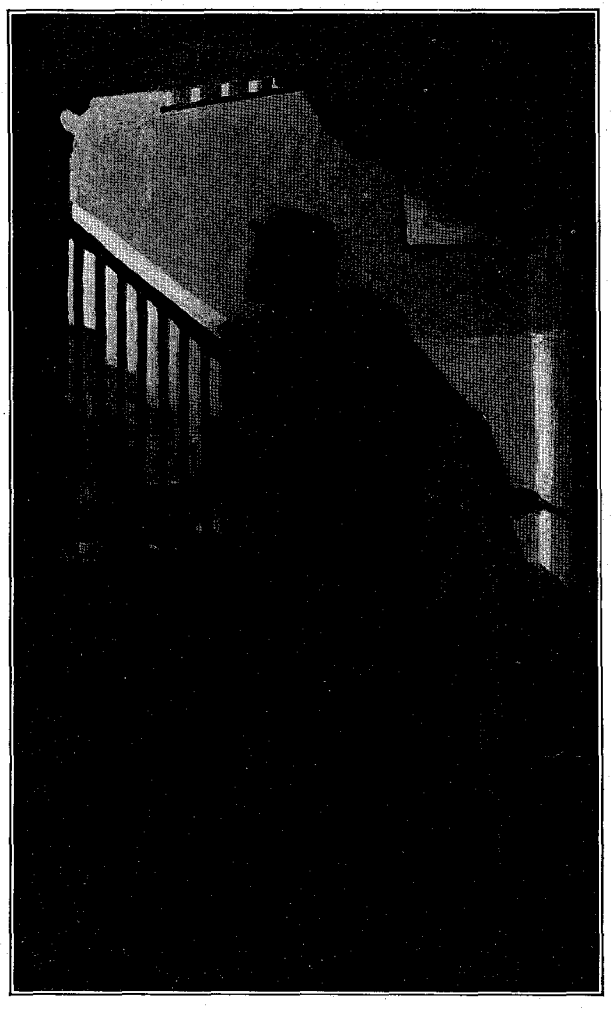
manners seemed to warrant, "I do not see how being in prison on a charge of murder, and failing lamentably as an artist in



We kept very quiet for a time.—Page 490.

America, in any way proves me not to be a—fortune-hunter, was the word?"

But at her pleading look and the tears that began to gather again, he stretched his arms wide with a big hearty German "Ach!"

Well, it was pleasant after the horrors of the past twenty-four hours to top off with a love scene. Sophie saw me yawn at last, and bundled me off to bed. I heard them laughing like children and Tommy crowing as I went to sleep.

I was terribly worn out, what with burglars and the baby, and I don't know what happened until I woke to see John standing like an exclamation point in the door-way, saying: "What in the name of——"

I said: "Oh, just burglars. Tommy's all right."

"Burglars? Shucks! I mean what's downstairs!" He beckoned me silently and I looked over the baluster.

Tommy was on the floor playing with some of the choicest of Mrs. Damers's hateful mantel bric-à-brac, and Sophie was in a chair and the furnace man kneeling at her feet, looking up in her face, with his arms around her waist.

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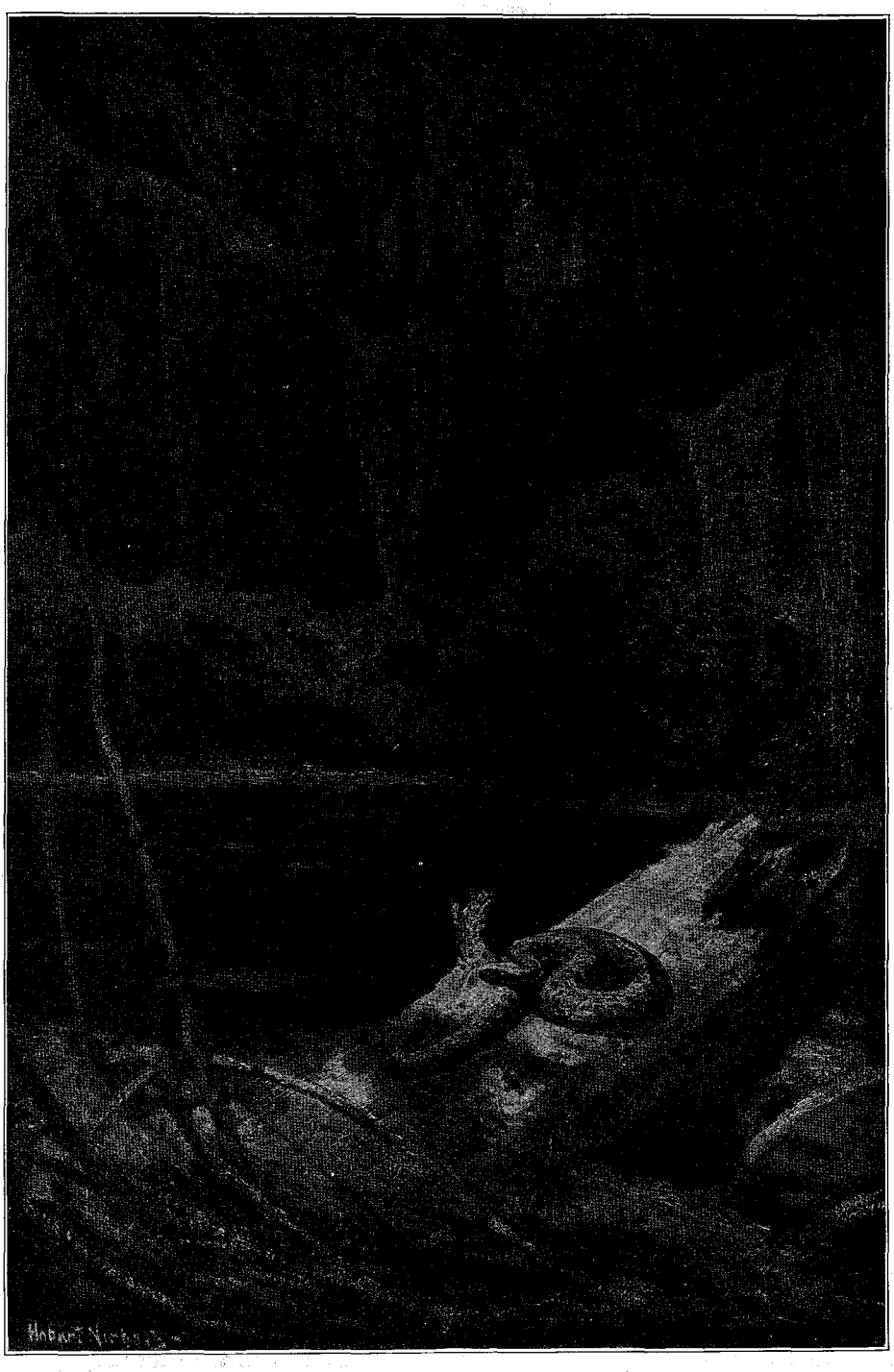

Couched in the dense canebrake,
The *tropic-hearted* snake
Lies in a coil of inert fire.

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IN THE HEART OF THE SWAMP

(NOON)

By William H. Hayne

Illustrations by Hobart Nichols

Couched in the dense canebrake,
The tropic-hearted snake
Lies in a coil of inert fire,
Drowsed by the midday and the insect choir—
Yet draw not near, or you shall hear
The deadly twang
Of his awakened fang.

The striped lizard pauses in the shade
From tangled greenery made,
And cools himself within the damp decay
Of an old log whose wood-pulp drops away—
Yet soon he lifts his head and, like a thread
Quickly unwound,
Glides o'er the sodden ground.

The frog's gruff monotone
Beats with incessant drone,
Jarring the languor of the sultry noon,
Unwinnowed by a breeze's rhythmic boon.
O'er filmy pools, midges in schools
Circle and dart—
Then dance apart.

Thick blossoms of the bay
Shed through the stifled day
Their heavy odor on the dark morass,
And o'er the stunted wisps of water-grass—
And poisoned fumes from cypress glooms
Creep in a silent flood
To throttle brain and blood.

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ENGLISH FRIENDS

FROM LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Edited by Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe

I

TO the present generation of Americans the name of Charles Eliot Norton suggests perhaps first of all a long association with Harvard College. Yet it was not till 1874, when he was forty-seven years old, that he began to instruct the youth of Harvard in the history of the fine arts and their relation to literature and to life. For this task he had a fortunate equipment. Except for a brief business career which took him in 1849 to India as supercargo of a merchantman, he had led the life, at home and abroad, of a student of books and of men. His friendships, always an important element in his life, had been rich and varied. During his first visit to Europe in 1850 and 1851—on his way home from India—one of his closest and longest friendships had its beginning when he met George William Curtis in Paris. At this time also he saw much of the Brownings in Florence, and in London first met Mrs. Gaskell and other English friends who entered vitally into his human relationships through the years that followed. On his return to America he published, anonymously, "Considerations on Some Recent Social Theories" (1853). His health, in the earlier period of manhood, was far from strong, and in 1855, with his mother and his two younger sisters, he returned to Europe for nearly two years, which bore immediate fruit in his volume, "Notes of Travel and Study in Italy" (1857). It was at this time that his intimacy with Ruskin began, and both in England and on the Continent his circle of congenial friendships was widely extended. From 1857 to 1868 he was again in America, engrossingly occupied with literary and patriotic labors, especially in connection with the *North American Review* and with the work of the "New England Loyal Publication Society," a powerful agency in circulating the best expressions of Northern sentiment. When he returned to Europe in 1868, accompanied not only by his mother and sisters, but by his wife and young children, it was as one who came back to familiar places and persons. This experience, in which were blended the happiness and—in his wife's death—the deepest sorrow of domestic life, lasted for five years. The earlier visits had opened the doors to many delightful associations. Friendships already begun, and destined to have their influence on character and career, were firmly cemented. The opportunities to make new acquaintances among the most interesting persons in England were limited only by strength and inclination. Fortunately, Mr. Norton was an abundant letter-writer, and during these earlier years kept a journal when he was in Europe. From these sources it is possible to indicate in a measure that which made England what it was to him, and is, in letters and art, to all students of the nineteenth century.

Sailing from Boston in July of 1868, Mr. and Mrs. Norton had been but a short time on English soil when they received an invitation to visit Dickens at Gad's Hill—"the identical spot," as Dickens wrote to Lady John Russell about his house, "where Falstaff ran away." It was soon after the second American journey of Dickens, whom Norton had met in Boston. The letter which he wrote to his mother from Dickens's country place was devoted largely to his own search for a house, not too far from London, suited to the uses of his family. But it contains

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passages which have a more permanent interest.

[To Mrs. Andrews Norton.]

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Sunday, August 9, 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

I wish you were here with us, to share in the pleasures of our visit to this delightful home,—and I wish I had leisure to write to you at real length of my various interesting experiences during the days since I left you. . . .

I spent Thursday evening as I have told you with Ruskin, and came back on Friday evening to Denmark Hill* where I spent the night. I was delighted to find Ruskin looking well—*quite unchanged* since we saw him, except perhaps for some lines of age, and in a perfectly sane and sweet condition of mind. No expressions could have been more full of affection than those he lavished upon me, and I had really a very happy time with him. He says he is much better this summer than for a long time before—and he is cheerful and hard at work. The house is most wonderfully full of most wonderful and beautiful things. It is a treasure house of Turners. But all this must be left for talk when we meet.

After rather too fatiguing a morning in London, Sue and I met Dickens at the train at a little after two o'clock. He was most cordial and pleasant. We reached Gad's Hill about four and were received here by the family with delightful hospitality. The family now consists of Miss Dickens, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Collins and their two little children, (a girl a little older than Eliot, and a dear quaint little boy not quite so old as Sally), Dickens's two youngest boys, (one of whom is going to Cambridge two months hence, and the other is going to Australia next month to join an elder brother who has been there for three or four years), and Miss Hogarth, —this is the family, and staying here apparently on a very long visit is Mr. Henry Chorley. The whole family together and individually are peculiarly attractive and pleasant, and the life of the house seems to be entirely sweet and affectionate and simple. There is something very sad, indeed, in seeing poor Mr. Collins. He has been ill for a long time, and now seems to have but a few months to live. He is very gentle and patient and takes a pleasant part in all that goes on. Both Miss Dickens and Mrs. Collins are particularly refined and interesting women.

There was a dinner party in the evening,—made up of officers from the garrison at Chatham, and after the company had gone and the family had gone to bed Dickens and I had a long talk. This morning he proposed a walk, but I did not feel strong enough for it,—and you see how I have spent a good portion of the forenoon. Tomorrow we go—Dickens, Miss Dickens, Susan and I, to Canterbury,—so that Sue will not get back to you till Tuesday night. I wish I were to see you then; but I must keep away till I get a house. . . .

Later, in Italy, Mrs. Norton wrote a fuller account of this visit. Those of her pages which throw light upon the personality of Dickens lay claim to preservation with her husband's letter from Gad's Hill.

At the appointed time we were at the station (having come up from Oxford by the express train). At first no Mr. Dickens was in sight, but as we made our way through the crowd which thronged the middle platform, we saw him standing nearly at the extreme end (facing the great clock) looking fresh and brisk in a suit of grey linen and felt hat to match, a flower in his buttonhole, his hands on his hips, his eyes intently fixed upon the crowd. In a moment he saw us, and gave us a welcome to England and Gad's Hill as cordial as one could wish. He had as usual, when it was possible, a carriage to himself, and when we left the Station we three were alone. . . . I looked for the "tricks and the manners" of which I had so often heard, but my time was quite thrown away. As the train rushed on he talked with the greatest animation, described all the wonderful engineering of the roads on that side of London, people, especially the Leweses, whose genius and talents he fully appreciated, but whose "ugliness" seemed to amuse him. "They really are the ugliest couple in London." Then he

*Ruskin's house, in the outskirts of London, where he lived till March, 1872, three months after his mother's death.

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spoke of his readings in England and America, of all the hospitality he had received there, of his great desire to go to Australia where he then had one son (now two); then the whistle blew and we got out at "Higham by Rochester, Kent."

A little carriage for four persons was at the Station, he jumped on to the box and we rattled off to Gad's Hill. The grounds about it are in no way particularly pretty for England. . . . On the other side of the road, opposite the house, he has a pretty bit of land and on it a Swiss Chalet, which Fechter* had sent him, which he used as a summer work-room, and in order to reach it without, as it were, leaving his own grounds, he had tunnelled the Rochester high road which divided his property in two. At the back of the house was a good-sized garden separated from a fine open field by a low English wall. The views from the ground floor of the house were pleasant, and upstairs on Mr. Dickens' side, they were quite lovely—of upland Kentish meadows, somewhat leafy, and Rochester with its Cathedral and ivy covered tower.

The house itself was not in any respect pretty, but it had very pleasant things about it, and had all over, inside and out, upstairs and down, the look of a home, and a fitting home for him. . . .

On the right hand side of the hall was a little library, the door of which was a sham book-case, with sham books for all of which he had painted humorous titles. On a table in the window lay the manuscript of *David Copperfield*, a perfect specimen of most careful work,—there seemed the half of another "David" in correction, but the hand never varied or became indistinct. The book shelves were full of novels, poetry, history, not suggesting a library but simply individual taste. Behind the little library was a "billiard room." Upstairs over the library was Mamie's† bedroom, pretty and French like herself; over the drawing room Georgina's,‡ and over the dining room Mr. Dickens's. The hall upstairs was full of engravings and books and pleasantly furnished. On a table stood a great china bowl of rose-leaves. Over the billiard room was the spare-chamber which we had, a spacious cheerful room, overlooking the garden at the back and the "home field."

Mamie and Georgina were in the drawing room to receive us when we arrived; the former cordial, sweet, lady-like and a little bit shy, the latter quiet, but most hospitable, and both making you like them at once. After Dickens had told them his news, and after we had had "afternoon tea" we all separated, but before this Mrs. Collins (his youngest daughter) had come in with her husband, and Chorley the old musical critic. Charles and Mr. Dickens went out into the "home field" to watch a game of cricket, and I went to my room, the perfection of comfort and exquisite freshness.

At seven o'clock we all reassembled, a large party, with other guests, among them officers from Chatham, one of them with his young wife, a stranger to everybody. Dickens, punctual to the minute, came in fresh, animated, alive to every one's interests, and in a moment had roused us completely—no one was to go to sleep there! The little lady from Chatham and I sat on either side of him at dinner—his vivacity never flagged, nor was it for one person alone. He appeared to hear what every one at the table said and turned from one end of it to the other with the utmost rapidity, told stories, talked, tête à tête, gave a toast, in short was the life of the dinner and without seeming to make any effort or ever talking in loud boisterous tones. Of course every one was likely to be silent when he talked, but then he never when liveliest was noisy.

After dinner the gentlemen soon came into the drawing room, and again Dickens seemed entirely given up to the interests of his guests, attentive to the officer's wife, (a dull little woman with a decoration of lockets which amused him) and indeed to every one, the stupidest not excepted.

We all stood for a time round the piano playing at words with letters. Very soon Dickens moved off to talk to the little lady who was too shy to play, but whom he evidently managed to set at her ease, and then seeing that my forces had given out he came and sat down by me taking Georgina's place and sending her off to his

* Fechter's appearance in "No Thoroughfare," by Dickens and Wilkie Collins, was in 1868.
† The eldest daughter of Dickens.
‡ Miss Hogarth, Dickens's sister-in-law.

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first charge. He talked first of our war—Georgina had been showing me a volume of photographs of Sheridan's Campaign, which had been given to him in America; he carefully avoided expressing opinions which might jar upon mine, but when I spoke of the treatment of our prisoners by the South,* he expressed the utmost horror of its conduct and said that, had it not been for that, its position in spite of our success would now be very different. Then he told me much of Miss Coutts's † "refuge," or whatever it was called, for the unhappy prostitutes of London, of the Parish Refuges where by night they might expect a shelter, but which being small provided one might almost say for *none*. How he had often been of a winter's night to one or other of these wretched places, and had seen the crowds of these poor starving creatures so great that there was no possibility of sheltering them. Once he had found them in such numbers outside one of these places (it was of a winter's night, and in a driving storm,) that he had gone in, confronted the keeper and insisted upon being assured with his own eyes that his house was full—he would otherwise expose him the next morning. The poor man showed the quarters and only too easily proved that the fault could not be laid upon his shoulders. Dickens established the poor women for that night, but went home, he said, feeling that it was "hopeless." Most of the women came from the country, often were the hop-pickers, very young girls, who when the work of a short season was over were absolutely destitute. They came to London in other cases honestly desirous of procuring work, and after *starving*, according to their individual ability, they took the only means left them of getting a crust.

Then he told me of his visits to various prisons, and how on one occasion his power of judging of character by expression had been singularly tested, and utterly routed. He had gone to a great London jail, and, having seen innumerable wretched creatures, he was shown into a cell where sat motionless, with a baby in her arms, born in the prison, a very, very young woman, "a perfect Madonna." He looked at her for a long time before speaking, and the more he watched her the more he was convinced that she must be innocent. He knew no more than that she was charged with murder. He turned to the jailor after a time and said, "There's been a great mistake made here, depend upon it." The jailor, a good sort of man, said, "No, sir, you're only taken in like the rest by her pretty face," and then he told her story, how she had committed a double murder in the most cold-blooded manner. Dickens could not be convinced at the time, but came to the conclusion, after taking great pains to verify all the circumstances, that the jailor's story was correct. The details I cannot remember, but the incessantly varying expression of his face and his exquisite tenderness of manner and look I shall never forget.

At the hour when the carriages were announced one unhappy officer asked in vain for his. Dickens, plainly tired, but still bright and cordial as at first, made it all easy, and his lively jokes kept us all in the best humor till a late hour when the carriage came.

The next morning we were a little late for breakfast, and found him in the breakfast room when we came down. He was evidently anxious to get to his work, but he sat at table long enough to be pleasant to us. . . . Immediately after breakfast he went to his room, his guests to books or walks, and it was not until lunch time that we all met again. He was charming as ever, and afterwards I went for the first time into his bedroom which was also his study. The furniture was simple, the walls were covered with engravings, from Hogarth; his dressing-room, which was only partitioned from the room, he had covered on the inside with wood-cuts from Leech which he had pasted on himself. On his bed lay a brilliant bit of Oriental covering, part of an immense quantity which Fechter had sent with the Chalet. In the large window looking towards Rochester stood his perfectly simple unornamented leather covered writing table, on which, when he was not at work, there was never a scrap of paper to be seen; nothing but pens and ink. I went in many times and it was always the same. The neatness was perfect and his dressing room was that of a man whose personal habits were scrupulously nice without any touch of

* Mrs. Norton's brother, Mr. A. G. Sedgwick, had been a prisoner at Libby.

† Soon to be created Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

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the "dandy" which he was sometimes called.

After lunch he and Georgina and Mamie took us to drive first to the Cathedral, and then to see some fine druidical stones which interested him very much. The "tramps," for we were on the Kent "high road," occupied his attention constantly, and he talked a great deal about them—how futile it was to expect them to *work*, how he had often tried to persuade them to it on his own place and never succeeded, and how one day he overheard one as he looked over the wall into the garden where Dickens was standing mutter between his teeth, "Ugly lazy devil, *he* never did a day's work in his life!"

At dinner he was as animated as the day before, and told me the story with minute details of the horrible accident on the South Eastern Railway from which he escaped in a most marvellous manner. In brief, it was this:—he had started from Calais early in the morning, reached Dover safely, and took the express train expecting to reach London but not Gad's Hill that night. In the same carriage with him was an oldish woman and a young woman about twenty. They were devoted to their parcels and Dickens had never noticed them, from the moment when they started, when the guard who knew him and his liking for a solitary carriage asked, the train being very crowded, if he might put them into his. The train rushed on at a tremendous speed, and he said he knew nothing until he felt a fearful shock and found himself and the two women in a heap struggling for they knew not what. He felt at once what had happened and succeeded at last in extricating himself and his two companions. The train had been thrown over a viaduct, and lay deep down below the track level. Having placed the two women in safety he searched for his bag, which contained *brandy* and Mr. and Mrs. Boffin.* The brandy had been given to him by a wine dealer, an old acquaintance, just as the boat left the Calais pier. The loss of life had been very great, and the dead and dying and wounded seemed at first in inextricable confusion. He was as usual sparing of self-reference, but it was plain that his presence of mind had been invaluable. He worked for hours and said that as usual timidity and selfishness were what struck you most, and the "men were by far the worst"; there were but two or three who did for any one but themselves. The women of his carriage" were wholly engrossed by some missing bonnet [illegible]. At last early in the morning of the day he reached London, "never slept better in his life," and reached Gad's Hill to find himself greatly to his surprise a "*un*important personage." No morning paper had arrived, and his family knew nothing of the accident until he told them.

After dinner we had a great deal of lively talk and it was settled that we should "post" to Canterbury the next day, and then we bade good night. His children's manners to him and his to them were very sweet—he always kissed his boys [illegible] as he did Mamie and Katie. . . . When he snubbed the boys it was with so much humour that they seemed to owe him no grudge, but no one of his family seemed to enjoy his *humour* as much as Katie, and in her quick perception of it she was more like him than the others. Mamie resembled him more in her sentiment and tenderness. . . . There were two dear little grandchildren in the house, the children of Charles Dickens, to whom Mamie was devoted. . . . Dickens had taught them to call him "Venerabas," and declared "they did not know they had a grandfather!" . . .

* Presumably a portion of "Our Mutual Friend."

The house in which the Nortons established themselves soon after this visit to Gad's Hill was Keston Rectory, near Down in Surrey. Here and in London they remained until the following spring, when their continental life began. The winter in London was filled with experiences, reported to friends at home in letters written both before and after leaving England. In one of them a visit to George Eliot and her husband is described:

[To George William Curtis.]

LONDON, *January 29, 1869.*

. . . The official and purely aristocratic and fashionable world is mainly out of London till parliament meets, about the middle of February, but the literary peo-

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ple are here, and we see in one way or another a good many of them.

I wish I knew whom you would like best to hear of. . . . I am divided between telling you of a most interesting visit at the Deanery of Westminster last week, when Dean Stanley took us through the Jerusalem Chamber and the other memorable parts of the building, and then showed us the interior of the Abbey by night, when the only light in it was the lamp held by an attendant, and the pale gleam of the gas lights outside shining through the painted windows;—between telling you of this in detail,—(but I have already told enough of it,) or of a lunch on Sunday at their house with George Eliot and George Lewes.

We met Lewes at Oxford last Summer, and as soon as we came to London he came to see us, and asked us to come and see his wife, saying that she never made calls herself, but was always at home on Sunday afternoons. She is an object of great interest and great curiosity to society here. She is not received in general society, and the women who visit her are either so emancipée as not to mind what the world says about them, or have no social position to maintain. Lewes dines out a good deal, and some of the men with whom he dines go without their wives to his house on Sundays. No one whom I have heard speak, speaks in other than terms of respect of Mrs. Lewes, but the common feeling is that it will not do for society to condone so flagrant a breach as hers of a convention and a sentiment (to use no stronger terms) on which morality greatly relies for support. I suspect society is right in this. . . .

After a while, as Susan did not call, an invitation came for her and me to lunch, and this we very readily accepted. The Leweses live in the St. John's Wood district, not far from Regent's Park. Their house called The Priory is a little, square, two story dwelling standing in a half garden, surrounded with one of those high brick walls of which one grows so impatient in England.

Lewes received us at the door with characteristic animation; he looks and moves like an old-fashioned French barber or dancing-master, very ugly, very vivacious, very entertaining. You expect to see him take up his fiddle and begin to play. His talk is much more French than English in its liveliness and in the grimace and gesture with which it is accompanied,—all the action of his mind is rapid, and it is so full that it seems to be running over. "Oh, if you like to hear stories," he said one day, "I can tell you stories for twelve hours on end." It is just the same if you like to hear science, or philosophy. His acquirements are very wide, wider, perhaps, than deep, but the men who know most on special subjects speak with respect of his attainments. I have heard both Darwin and Sir Charles Lyell speak very highly of the thoroughness of his knowledge in their departments. In fact his talents seem equal to anything. But he is not a man who wins more than a moderate liking from you. He has the vanity of a Frenchman; his moral perceptions are not acute and he consequently often fails in social tact and taste. He has what it is hard to call a vulgar air, but at least there is something in his air which reminds you of vulgarity. He took us into the pleasant cheerful drawing rooms which occupy one side of the house, where Mrs. Lewes received us very pleasantly,—and we soon had lunch, the only other person present being his eldest and married son. Lunch was set in the study, a cheerful room like the others, lined with well-filled bookshelves, save over the fireplace where hung a staring likeness and odious, vulgarizing portrait of Mrs. Lewes. Indeed all the works of art in the house bore witness to the want of delicate artistic feeling, or good culture on the part of the occupants, with the single exception, so far as I observed, of the common lithograph of Titian's Christ of the Tribute Money. The walls of the drawing room in which we sat after lunch were adorned with proof impressions (possibly the original drawings, I am not sure) of the illustrations to "Romola." The portrait of Mrs. Lewes reminded me, not by its own merit, of Couture's drawing of George Sand,—and there is a strong likeness to this drawing in her own face. The head and face are hardly as noble as George Sand's, but the lines are almost as strong and masculine; the cheeks are almost as heavy, and the hair is dressed in a similar style, but the eyes are not so deep, and

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there is less suggestion of possible beauty and possible sensuality in the general contour and in the expression. Indeed one rarely sees a plainer woman; dull complexion, dull eye, heavy features. For the greater part of two or three hours she and I talked together with little intermission. Her talk was by no means brilliant. She said not one memorable thing, but it was the talk of a person of strong mind who had thought much and who felt deeply, and consequently it was more than commonly interesting. Her manner was too intense, she leans over to you till her face is close to yours, and speaks in very low and eager tones; nor is her manner perfectly simple. It is a little that, or it suggests that, of a woman who feels herself to be of mark and is accustomed, as she is, to the adoring flattery of a coterie of not undistinguished admirers. In the course of the afternoon three or four men came in,—the only one whom I knew was Professor Beasley. We came away just before sunset. . . . Everyone who knows Mrs. Lewes well seems attached to her, and those who know speak in the warmest terms of her relations to her husband and his family,—of her good sense and her goodness.

Harper's Weekly gives me, my dearest George, or rather its second and third pages, give me every week a great deal of satisfaction. Affairs at home seem to be going on quite as well, except in New York, as one could expect or even desire. Grant grows daily in my respect and confidence. It is a great blessing to have such a type as he affords of the military hero,—so simple, so sensible, so strong, and so magnanimous. Poor Reverdy * is muddling affairs and opinions over here to a shocking extent, and forces one to preach the true doctrine in opposition to his setting forth of the false. We are not much understood yet. Even the genuine liberals can not conceive of the virtue of our practical democracy. I often wish for you to help me in my talks with men who, I fear, conceive that I am something of an enthusiast, and who find it difficult to distinguish between the just confidence of an enlightened American in the principles of our system, and the boastfulness of the politicians and orators who have done so much to hurt the cause they were professing to maintain. . . .

We have had a long and delightful visit from Baron Mackay.* He is the most engaging of youths,—as sweet a fellow as lives. Goodnight. Here is the last photograph of old Rossini. . . .

God bless you and yours!

Ever your loving,

C. E. N.

During this winter in London Norton saw something of Carlyle, whom four years later he was to see often and familiarly. A letter from Switzerland soon after the move from London preserves many recollections of this early intercourse:

[To Miss E. C. Cleveland.]

LAUSANNE, *June 7th*, 1869.

. . . Carlyle is always entertaining and original to a degree of which no description, (not even the excellent one of Mr. Henry James,) can convey an adequate expression. His great quality is humour, and like other humourists, even in his most serious moods his mind retains a certain playfulness, which finds vent in grim jokes and extravagant exaggerations. He is rarely to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. In fact, just what a reader of his books would judge him to be, one finds him in actual presence, only "a little more so"; more vigorous in expression, more unrestrained by the ordinary conventions of language and manners; in fact a great "chartered libertine" who has won for himself permission to say what he likes and in his own way without let or hindrance, and with genius enough to secure an audience almost as obsequious as that which listened to Dr. Johnson. Carlyle is the Court-jester of the century; instead of talking to the King he prints his "After Niagara" † and his "smoky chimney" apologue.‡

To a stranger in no wise immediately responsible to the society in which he is living for a time, nothing can be more entertaining than to listen to Carlyle's free

* Reverdy Johnson, United States minister to Great Britain, 1868–9.

* Later to become Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay Presidency, president Royal Asiatic Society, etc., etc. In earlier years he had visited the Nortons at Shady Hill in Cambridge.

† Carlyle's essay, "Shooting Niagara: And After?" was first published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, August, 1867.

‡ His description of our Civil War as a "smoky chimney which had taken fire" was widely familiar at the time.

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talk and often hard sayings about men and things. But to people who form part of the society, and who want to make the best of it, and to prevent ill-feeling, Carlyle often seems regardless of others to a degree positively immoral. Helps,* who is a very tender-hearted man, and who aims at making people pleased with themselves and each other, complains, though he is Carlyle's warm friend, of his hard and reckless speech. Mr. Twisleton † speaks with aversion of Carlyle's ill-manners and wanton neglect of the feeling of other people. Carlyle, himself, is in this respect so far innocent, I believe, that he often is quite unconscious of the force of his words, and is led away by his habit of humorous exaggeration. Like all great talkers he says much for immediate effect, and forgets it as soon as said. . . . Emerson and Ruskin are the only distinguished living men of whom Carlyle spoke,—in all the talk I ever had with him,—with entire freedom from sarcasm or depreciation, with something like real tenderness.

Carlyle lives as you know at Chelsea—at 5 Cheyne Row, . . . not far from the river, whose banks at this point are picturesque and pleasant enough. His house is small, and altogether without pretensions to style or elegance, but it is comfortable, and his large study which occupies the whole front of the second story, has a pleasant air and look. The wall on either side of the fireplace is occupied by the bookcases which hold his small library, and the other walls are hung with pictures and engravings, many of them relating to Cromwell and Frederick the Great, the chief among them being the picture of Frederick and his sister the Margravine, as children, which was engraved for one of the volumes of the Life of Friedrich.

Carlyle had asked me to come some afternoon, about three o'clock, to walk with him, and one day early in May I went at the appointed time. Very near his house I met young Mr. Cowper, (the brother of Lord Cowper,) a fellow of much more than ordinary capacity and sense, and very pleasant as a companion, and I proposed to him, knowing him to be a friend of Carlyle's, to go with me to see if the old man would like to walk with us. He agreed to do so, and we found Carlyle sitting in his study, in his dressing-gown, engaged on some work connected with the new edition of his Friedrich. He received us very cordially, and said he was all ready for his walk, if we would wait while he changed his dress. In a few minutes he appeared,—with the hat which is shown in one of the common photographs of him, and altogether presenting an appearance quite different from that of any other man in London. He was in excellent, cheerful humour, and soon turned on the full stream of his talk. I wish I could represent in written words the strong Scotch accent and peculiar intonation which add to the character of his speech. "Did ye ever happen to see," said he, "a warthy old book, called Collins's Peerage? I've been a somewhat deeligent stoodent o' that book meself, and yee'd find by looking at it that in arly times there was some meaning and vartue in the Eengleesh nobeelity. But things ha' gretly changed, and nowadays they talk about making a peer out of a Jew, with nothing to recommend him except his ill-gotten wealth. It's a sad fall. If things hadn't gone altogether to the bad with us, there'd be some hanging done, and Dizzy be one of the farst to suffer the penalty of his misdeeds. But the Jews have it all their own way, and Rothschild gets to be made a peer, when if there were any justice left in this poor distracted London, ye'd go to him and say, 'Give up your wealth which you made by grindin' the faces of the poor, and by cheatin' transactions in ole clothes,' and if he refused, ye'd just say, 'It's a mere matter o' dental precaution, ye can't have your wealth and your teeth too,' and then ye'd draw one o' his grinders, and repeat the process till he let ye have his money-bags. But Astræa has flown and bade good-bye to us, and the Jews are uppermost in the land. Why, not many years ago I went down to a house in the country where Cromwell once lived, and where they still keep some o' the books which he read, and one Sunday mornin', before breakfast, I went to the top of a beautiful hill, and looking abroad I beheld shinin' and glitterin' in the distance what seemed to be a sort o' glorious palace all roofed over with sunlight. It was in the days whan Pax-

* Arthur Helps, knighted a few years later.

† Hon. Edward T. B. Twisleton, whose wife was a niece of Norton's uncle, George Ticknor.

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ton* had been buildin' his gret glass house, a kind o' Fools' Paradise, and mankind was singin' Hallelujah, and there was to be no more war, nor misery, nor poverty, and almost the reign o' Death was to come to an end, for men were to dwell like brethren in glass houses,—and when I asked at breakfast what gleaming mansion I had beheld from my hilltop, I was told it was the abode, not of any heavenly minded man, but of a Jew who had hired the great Paxton, to whom be praise! to erect a glass roof over his courtyard, for the wonder and admiration o' Jewish mankind. Whereupon I turned to the memory of Cromwell.

"I suppose there never was a man who had had so much to do with books as I have, who owned so few. I never have purchased a book which I could do without, or which I did not mean to read through. But in writing about Cromwell and Friedrich I have chanced to get together some things not wholly worthless nor yet easy to find, and I've thought I should like when I die to leave these books to some institution in New England, where they might be preserved, and where they would serve as a testimony of my appreciation o' the goodness o' your people toward me and o' the many acts o' kindness they have done me; and perhaps you can help me to have this rightly done."† I, of course, replied as I best could, and added, "This pleases me the more, because I fancied that you thought we were going in my country in such a direction, and at such a rate that we should soon have no institutions left." "Ah," said he, "ye've vary much meestaken me. I think ye're doin' the wark for which Providence designed ye, peoplin' a gret continent,—the finest part maybe o' the warld,—with a better race o' Englishmen, to be forever a mighty nation, tho' ye're far from walkin' in the paths o' parfect wisdom. And, in truth, I don't think ye'll get into relation with the stars till ye erect some kind o' Kingship over ye, nor till ye mak the vote o' Jesus Christ o' more weight and value than that o' Judas Escariot. And farthermore ye'll be obleeged to redooce yer nagurs back into slavery, or else to kill them off by massacre or starvation, for the lazy bein's won't work without a master, and yer people will soon get tired o' supportin' them. But, on the whole, spite o' all your wild freedom, and fourth o' July effervescences, I don't see but what your chance is as good as that o' any nation goin'. In fact ye seem to have got a kind o' king over ye now. Yer new President* has learned the vartue o' the silences,—which is a gret way toward power. For the men who could speak wisely have been rare in all time, and almost the last o' them was Cromwell, and I know not where you'd find eloquence to compare with his when the full flood is on, and he pours forth exhortation and prophecy as one not doubtful that he is anointed o' the Lord. But we've no right to look for a king in these days. It'll be long yet ere one comes.

"I don't suppose a man was ever more weary of a task than I was o' my Friedrich. It was a good ten years' work, and from the beginning it was vexation o' the spirit, and weariness o' the flesh. It was good hard droodgery,—siftin' mostly a monstrous accumulation o' lies,—and o' all the nations the Garman lies with most scrupulosity and detail,—and tryin' to make a consistent character of Friedrich out o' a confused mass o' endless conflictin' detail, and not a book among them all with an index. Piles on piles o' rubbish to be dug into, and dug through, dirtyin' yer hands with the dust o' worms, and never findin' any helpfulness or assistance in the wark which other men had done before ye. I sometimes thought I'd geeve it all up, but by dint o' regular work and exercise I at last got through with it. On careful calculation I found I had ridden not less than tharty thousan' miles during the campaigns o' Friedrich. I had a good horse, the most intelligent brute I ever knew, save a Scotch colly,—and I named him Fritz, and he and I learned to know every lane and by-road round London."—And then he went on to talk of his horses, of the dogs in his father's house, and to tell stories of them and other dogs, till our walk was ended. We had walked by Kensington Gardens, almost the whole way round Hyde Park.

What Carlyle said about America reminds me of the best saying of his which I

* Sir Joseph Paxton, designer of the Crystal Palace.

† The first step in the giving of these books of Carlyle's to the Harvard College Library.

* General Grant.

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have heard. Lord Russell told it to me with a full sense of its humour, for he himself is something of a humourist, and very pleasant in talk. "Why," said Carlyle, "the difference between the North and the South in relation to the nagur is just this,—the South says to the nagur, 'God bless you! and be a slave,' and the North says, 'God damn you! and be free.'" . . .

After making allowance for the extravagance, the wilfulness, and the recklessness of Carlyle, there remains a vast balance of what is strong, masculine, and tender in his nature. If one saw much of him, and accepted him sympathetically for what he is, one could hardly fail to become strongly attached to him. At bottom he is more mild than grim; and his humour is closely allied with kindliness of heart and disposition. It has saved him from ruin by Calvinism and by flattery. His individuality is precious in these days of conformity and conventionalism, even in its excesses. I fancy he feels solitary, and among many admirers feels the lack of friends. But I have not seen him enough to speak confidently of him. . . .

Norton was soon writing again to Curtis concerning two friends, William Morris and Burne-Jones, for whose work he felt an immediate and enduring sympathy. The friendship formed with Burne-Jones at this time remained intimate so long as the painter lived.

[To George William Curtis.]

VEVEY, *June 20th*, 1869.

. . . Twelve years ago I met one evening at Browning's (it was just after my dear old friend Mr. Kenyon's * death, and the Brownings were living in his house, in London,) two young fellows lately from Oxford named Morris and Jones. Jones was very shy and quiet, and seemed half overpowered by the warmth of eulogy which Browning bestowed on a drawing that Jones had brought to show him,—a drawing in the extreme Pre-Raphaelite manner, exquisitely over-elaborated, a work of infinite detail, quaint, but full of real feeling and rare fancy.

Both Browning and his wife were very much struck with it, and I recall the effort Mrs. Browning made to set the young artist at his ease, and to express her pleasure in his work in such a way as to please him. From time to time since then I have heard from Ruskin of Burne-Jones, and knew that Ruskin thought very highly of his work. I knew too that he had been getting some repute with the public at large.

Last autumn, one Sunday when I was staying with Ruskin, he proposed that we should drive into town in the afternoon, and get "Ned," as he is familiarly called, and bring him back for dinner. We found him alone at home, and ready to accompany us back to Denmark Hill. It so chanced that he and I had a great deal of talk that afternoon and evening. We met not as strangers and we parted as old friends,—and I promised him that I would spend a day or two with him in the course of a few weeks. So not long after I went from Keston* one Sunday and reached his house early in the afternoon. He lives quite on the outskirts of London, in Fulham, in a pleasant house of the last century,† in which Richardson lived for many years, and which has not been materially changed since his time. It stands a little back from the street and has a large garden at its side and behind it of an old-fashioned sort and with some old trees standing in it. Within,—a pleasanter, simpler, sweeter home is not to be found in London, nor one which in its freedom from meaningless conventionality and in its entire naturalness is more in contrast to the prevailing style of London homes. The household consists of Jones and his wife and their two children, Phil,‡ a fine boy of seven, and Margaret,§ a superb beauty of three. Ned Jones himself is a man who is striking at first glance from the openness and sincerity of his look and manner. He is about thirty five,—with a broad open face, with light hair, and a long, light, full, soft beard. There is something so gentle in his manner, so feminine in the sympathetic character of his expression that persons on first acquaintance are hardly likely to do justice to the real force of character which underlies his softer qualities. He has a nervous tempera-

* Mrs. Browning's cousin, John Kenyon, died in 1856.

* Where the Nortons were established in the Rectory.
† Sir Edward Burne-Jones occupied this house till his death in 1898.
‡ Sir Philip Burne-Jones.
§ Now Mrs. J. W. Mackail.

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ment, and a vivid restless fancy—but these are combined with solid sense, and with a thoughtfulness and culture which one rarely expects to find in a modern artist. He is a strong, almost a bitter Republican; and the condition of society in England is to him a scandal and a reproach. He is a genuine democrat, of a democracy that will endure. His nature is truly a lovely one,—"sweetness and light" are the stuff of it, and his genius is of such an order that he is one of the most original and creative painters of our time, one of the very few who paint pictures of intrinsic worth, and of such a quality that posterity may perhaps care to look at them. His wife is, however, the best part of himself,—in her look a Stothard Grace strayed from the pages of Milton's Allegro, or Rogers' Italy into real life,—as slight and small a lady as Stothard ever drew, and yet with a latent depth and strength of character that would suffice to inspire one of Titian's women. There is always a quaint, pretty idyllic look about her as she enters the room, for her dress corresponds with her face and figure in its piquant and not extravagant originality. As you come to know her better and better, you find more and more that wins not only affection but respect. People who have done more for themselves than these two, in securing a due and desirable freedom of mind and soul, and in maintaining a genuine independence of life in the midst of the community which Mill complains of as that in which "social discipline has most succeeded not so much in conquering, as in suppressing, whatever is liable to conflict with it,"—I have never seen. They live much in a little circle of intimates of their own, and very little in any other. The inmost circle of all consists of Morris and his wife, Gabriel Rossetti, and a friend named Webb.* Once a week the Morrises dine with the Burne-Joneses, or vice versa, on Wednesdays, and they are with each other, though living four miles apart, at least two or three times in the intervening days. There is much that is similar in the geniuses of the two men,—and their constant, most affectionate and sympathetic relations inevitably make the influence of each strong over the other.

* Philip Webb, architect, associated with the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co., art decorators.

They have had a somewhat similar course of development,—at Oxford first together for two or three years, then taking up art together, both greatly affected by the theories and practice of Pre-Raphaelitism, both plunging into the hardest work and ultra mediævalism, both gradually working their way out from the morbidness, factitiousness and narrowness of the early period of the School, while retaining its serious purpose, strong feeling, and faith in Art as the minister and interpreter of nature. Morris's first volume of poetry is the extremest expression of Pre-Raphaelitism, in its most characteristic forms in literature, and Burne-Jones's early drawings and pictures correspond with the "Legend of Queen Guenevere"* in elaborate and quaint unreality, not less than in vigour of conception, and sincerity of its expression to the mood of the artist. The two men have gone together along the same paths and have grown nearer to each other all the time. With curiously differing temperaments they are curiously similar in certain spiritual and artistic gifts, and one is as a poet much what the other is as a painter. Not that I mean to represent Burne-Jones's genius as having as wide a scope, or as vigorous a power as Morris's, but within its range it corresponds with his to a remarkable degree, and Jones is such a painter as Morris might be were he not poet, and were his health delicate instead of robust. "The Earthly Paradise" is not more widely different from the Legend of Queen Guenevere than Burne-Jones's later pictures are from his earlier,—and yet in both instances the spiritual relationship is strong between the earlier and later work. One can trace the progress of the men from a narrow and exclusive field of art, into the broad ranges of its complete domain which embraces Gothic and Greek, mediæval and classic ideals, and excludes no source of beauty or delight.

Burne-Jones's studio is a large room on the garden side of the house. There is a pleasant look of work about it, and a general air of appropriate disorder. All round the wall, upon the floor, and on easels, lie and stand sketches or pictures in every stage of existence. Jones's lively imagination is continually designing more

* "The Defence of Guenevere," published in 1858.

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than he can execute. His fancy creates a hundred pictures for one that his hand can paint. It keeps him awake night after night with its animated suggestions, and each morning he covers the canvas with the outline of a new picture, or draws an illustration in pencil for the Earthly Paradise.

There are literally hundreds of these and other such drawings, all full of exquisite feeling and grace, all picturesquely and poetically conceived.

There are three or four enormous volumes filled with studies of every sort,—many of them worthy to go with the famous studies of the great masters.

He exhibits but little publicly; there is nothing of his at the Royal Academy; but at the Exhibition of the Old Water Colour Society this spring, a picture of his has held the place of honour, and has attracted great attention from the public as well as the critics. Opinion has been very divided upon it. It is too original and poetic in conception and treatment to secure commonplace liking. It represents Circe, preparing for the arrival of the Argonauts. In the distance the sails of the fleet are seen stretching toward the enchanted island over a dull grey sea. The foreground is occupied by an open hall of Circe's palace rich with marble and gold, in which she stands, a fair but malign woman leaning forward pouring dark drops of poison into a jar of wine. At her feet crouch two glossy black panthers, the former victims of her arts. A sunflower blowing by the wall catches up and concentrates in its intense yellow and black the prevailing colours and tones of the scene. The colour is as completely a part of the conception as the rhythm of one of Shelley's poems. . . . A picture of another sort was on his easel when we left London,—in which Venus is seen standing with a band of beautiful maidens around her on the brink of a clear, still, blue mountain pool, in the midst of an exquisite landscape, teaching to them the charm of this primitive mirror. Morris ought to describe these pictures, not I,—and especially, The Fates and the Lovers, where the Fates sit in a solemn temple, by which two lovers are passing hand in hand, unconscious that it is the thread of their destiny that Clotho is at the moment spinning and Atropos about to sever. In imaginative fulness and suggestiveness of detail these pictures surpass all other modern work but Rossetti's,—yet the detail is never intrusive, but always subordinated to the general effect. . . .

There is more genius in these two men's work than in the whole 1200 pictures of the Royal Academy, and ten times 1200 more of the same sort. Indeed in contrast with the low prevailing standard of English art, its frivolous efforts, its devotion to secondary ends, its purely commercial spirit, and its entire want of noble purpose, motive and faith,—such work as these two men do seems to belong to another period, and is in truth executed by men of wholly different temper of mind and different principles of life from those of the mass of contemporary artists.

All winter we have seen much of the Burne-Joneses, and have all grown strongly attached to them. They and Morris (Mrs. Morris being generally too delicate to be of the party) have dined often with us, and we have dined with them, always in the most friendly and social way, almost as often. Mrs. Jones has a pleasant voice, pleasantly cultivated,—and her music is of a rare sort, and not of the modern but of the former better English school. She will sing for an hour delightfully from Haydn, from Cherubini, from Bach, or will turn from these composers to the lighter style of the old Shakespearian and Ben Jonson songs, or the still older English airs and French chansons. At the piano she sings as one of Stothard's beauties ought to. They are among the friends who have given its pleasantest character to our long stay in London, and from whom we are most sorry to part. . . .

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THE WAY SHE TOOK IT

By L. Allen Harker

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

I

"DO you feel as if you had been married twenty-five years?" asked Miss Wade.

"Sometimes I feel as if I had been married all my life. You see, nothing much happened before, and I was married fairly young. All the interesting things have happened since."

There was a retrospective look in Mrs. Garden's very blue eyes, and she smiled as though she had a good many interesting things to remember.

"And you have never regretted it?" Miss Wade looked keenly at her friend as she asked the question.

"Certainly I have never regretted it."

"And yet," Miss Wade continued, "it seems to me you have had a good deal to bear."

"My dear Emily, every married woman has a good deal to bear, and every unmarried woman for the matter of that. The people who make a mess of their lives are generally the people who shirk because they expect life to be all smooth sailing."

"I shouldn't expect that," said Miss Wade; "but what I should expect, and what I should insist upon, is that I must come first with my husband. I could never tolerate—well—what you put up with."

Mrs. Garden laughed. "Oh, Emily, how often have I told you that Geoff's flirtations don't affect me in the least, because I happen to know, what you seem to doubt, that I do come first in all that matters. I—but I can't stop to argue now, I must fly into the town about those cakes and things for to-morrow. Really, a silver wedding seems far more of a business than the original one. You'd better go and rest, for you'll get none once I'm back again. There's a frightful lot to see to."

Mrs. Garden laid down her coffee-cup, stood up tall and portly, and tied a motor veil over her hat in front of an oval mirror; smiling the while at the pleasant face that looked back at her from the glass. A strong face, with regular, well-cut features; a face that looked fully the forty-six years she had lived. Her wavy hair was gray, her once bright coloring faded to a clear pallor, but her eyes, despite the deep, humorous lines at the corners, were young and bright. She flicked out the bows of soft chiffon under her chin and, turning to Miss Wade, said:

"There's the motor; mind you go and rest, Emily."

Emily Wade, slender and graceful, leant back in the deep, chintz-covered chair and rested her dark head against the cushions. Although she had been at school with her hostess and was a year older, she looked a good ten years younger than that cheerful woman. She was wont to reflect with considerable complacency that an unfortunate love affair in youth had really been less aging in her case than marriage in that of her friend. Miss Wade dressed well and picturesquely; a "beauty doctor" saw to it that the lines round her eyes were of the faintest. She knew that her appearance was distinguished and arresting, and she believed her own character to be singularly complex and individual. She was really fond of Louisa Garden, though there she certainly shared the feelings of the majority. But for Colonel Garden, Louisa's husband, who was almost equally popular, she had no liking whatever. He annoyed her.

His success as a soldier, his good looks ("he looks years younger than Louisa," she reflected angrily), his enjoyment of life, and, above all, his frank and open flirtation with any pretty woman who would flirt with him, rendered him supremely distasteful to Miss Wade.

She had expected so much from life and seemed to have got so little. For the

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married state, as exemplified by most of her friends, she felt nothing but contempt. Why should one bear things all day long? What was the good of it? No; Miss Wade didn't believe in bearing things, and Louisa's patience with the colonel was little short of maddening. It is true that his conduct toward herself had always been beyond reproach; he was ever a courteous and considerate host, and Emily Wade was his wife's old friend; but notwithstanding his respectful attitude toward her, her presence was in no way a restraint, and during the last week she had watched with ever-growing horror his "disgraceful philandering," as she put it, with Dot Ollerton, a pretty girl staying in the house. Moreover, Miss Wade had just then another grudge against the colonel.

She had literary aspirations. For many years past she had bombarded the editors of various magazines with diverse essays and short stories, but so far none had shown sufficient "fineness" (Miss Wade's word) to appreciate her efforts. They were always returned, and as she sat, apparently dreaming, in Mrs. Garden's pretty drawing-room, her mind was really occupied with a mortifying incident of the day before. The letters were brought in during breakfast. Among hers was a large square envelope.

"Ah, Miss Wade," the colonel exclaimed. "You've been writing again! I know those typists' envelopes. Why don't you publish something, so that we could read it?"

"I don't write in order to be printed," Miss Wade replied loftily; "I write for the pleasure it gives me."

"But surely that's a bit selfish," the colonel persisted. "Why not share your gift with us instead of keeping it locked up like that? Why don't you publish a book now?"

"I don't for a moment imagine," she answered freezingly, "that my thoughts would appeal to the many."

"Still, there might be a chosen few," the irrepressible colonel suggested, and his eyes twinkled.

Miss Wade hated him. She believed he knew that editors returned her manuscripts.

As a matter of fact, he had never given the subject thought until that moment.

Breakfast over, she carried her letters to her room, and opened the large square envelope. The colonel was right. Sure enough there was a manuscript, but there was also an ordinary court-shaped envelope addressed to:

Miss Ollerton,
c/o Colonel Garden,
The Winstons,
Nr. Fletbury,
Wilts.

Among the typescript was one loose page on which were inscribed these ominous words:

"You are watched. Your conduct is causing a scandal. You had better leave before all is discovered, your host and yourself disgraced, and sorrow brought upon an innocent if foolishly trusting woman. You are playing with fire; take care that it does not consume you."

That afternoon Miss Wade went into Fletbury in the motor with Mrs. Garden. She bought stamps at the post-office and posted her letters herself.

She was thinking of this as she sat in the cool drawing-room at Winstons that afternoon.

Could the warning have miscarried? For so far nothing had happened. At breakfast Dot Ollerton had received a good many letters, but Miss Wade could not see whether the typewritten envelope was among them. Like Miss Wade, the day before, Dot Ollerton had waited till breakfast was over to read her letters.

Suddenly the drawing-room became unbearable. Miss Wade felt restless. She walked to the open French window and looked out. There was grateful shade under the big tulip-tree on the lawn, and two or three empty hammock-chairs. She went out through the window, crossed the lawn, and sat down. She did not read; she did not sleep.

She watched that side of the house.

II

Presently Dot Ollerton came hurriedly along the path, followed by Colonel Garden, and both went through the French window into the drawing-room. Dot was manifestly in trouble and restrained her tears with difficulty. It was a very still afternoon in late June. Any sound carried far and clearly.

"But what is it? What has upset you so? What are you looking so blue about?" the colonel demanded anxiously.

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It was quite true, he did look younger than his wife, though he had passed fifty. He was tall and straight, with the soldier's springy walk.

"It's nothing, Colonel Garden, really. It doesn't matter. I've no business to worry any one, and I shouldn't have—only you came upon me so suddenly."

"But I can't bear to see you miserable—to-day of all days, when you've been working so hard to help us. We want every one to be happy at our silver wedding; you, most of all."

"I'll try and be all right to-morrow." Dot dabbed her eyes with an absurd small handkerchief. "Don't bother about me; you've plenty to think about without that."

"Look here, Dot, if you won't tell me, tell Louisa! Louisa will find a way out."

"No one can find a way out. Oh, Colonel Garden, I am so miserable. I've had a letter—" here she tried quite ineffectually to conceal her face in the inadequate handkerchief, and fairly sobbed.

"What letter? Who dares to make you cry by letter?"

"That's it; I don't know who wrote it; but it says such horrid things——"

"An anonymous letter! Pooh!" cried the colonel; "not worth the time you gave to read it. Throw it in the fire. Confound it! there isn't a fire. Give it to me. I'll make short work of it."

He held out his hand for the letter, but Dot backed away from him, exclaiming desperately:

"Oh, no, Colonel Garden, I couldn't give it to you. Why, it says—" again she sobbed. "Oh dear, I am so wretched."

"Here, I say"—the colonel sounded very uncomfortable and edged nearer to Dot—"if you won't show it to me, show it to Louisa."

"That would be worse; I simply couldn't."

"Oh, nonsense! Louisa's the very person to go to if you're in any mess. Why, I've proved it dozens of times. Where the devil *is* Louisa?"

"No, Colonel Garden, no, you mustn't say a word to her. Oh dear! oh dear! Was any one ever so unfortunate as me?"

Colonel Garden was much perturbed. Beauty in distress was enough to upset any man, above all such a very youthful beauty as Dot Ollerton, with her slim figure and her big brown eyes set in the mischievous bright face, at present all smudged and tearful. He put his arm round her waist.

"Miss Ollerton, Dot, for heaven's sake don't take it to heart so, whatever it is. Don't, I say—it's perfectly awful." Here the colonel fairly lost his head and kissed the weeping damsel. "There! There! Do cheer up!"

But Dot only sniffed dismally against his shoulder, exclaiming between the sniffs: "Oh dear, I am so wretched."

"And so you ought to be, you wicked, designing girl!" exclaimed the accusing voice of Emily Wade, who, unperceived, had hurried in from the hall, by a door which was concealed by a large Indian screen.

Dot and the colonel started guiltily apart and Miss Wade turned her attention to him:

"As for you, Colonel Garden, in your own house, on the very eve of your silver wedding, I have no words strong enough to express my contempt for you." And Miss Wade seated herself majestically on the Chesterfield facing them.

"My dear Miss Wade—" Colonel Garden began soothingly, only to be interrupted by an indignant: "Don't dare to call me your dear Miss Wade. I never was anything of the kind."

"You certainly never were," the colonel murmured.

"No, and I never shall be. I, at all events, through all the years, have always been faithful to Louisa. I love Louisa."

"And I suppose you mean to imply that I don't?" The colonel's voice was decidedly angry.

"So patent a fact needs no implication on my part. I have suspected this state of things ever since I came. For years I have watched your flirtations with disgust and Louisa's patience with amazement. Now *my* patience is at an end. I am sick of shams and hypocrisy; a mere girl like that, too! Small wonder that she weeps!"

Dot had ceased to weep. She came forward and stood in front of Miss Wade, flushed and eager. "You misunderstand, Miss Wade. I wasn't crying because of Colonel Garden."

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"Shameless one! You only make matters worse."

"Oh, where *is* Louisa?" the colonel exclaimed, clutching his hair wildly.

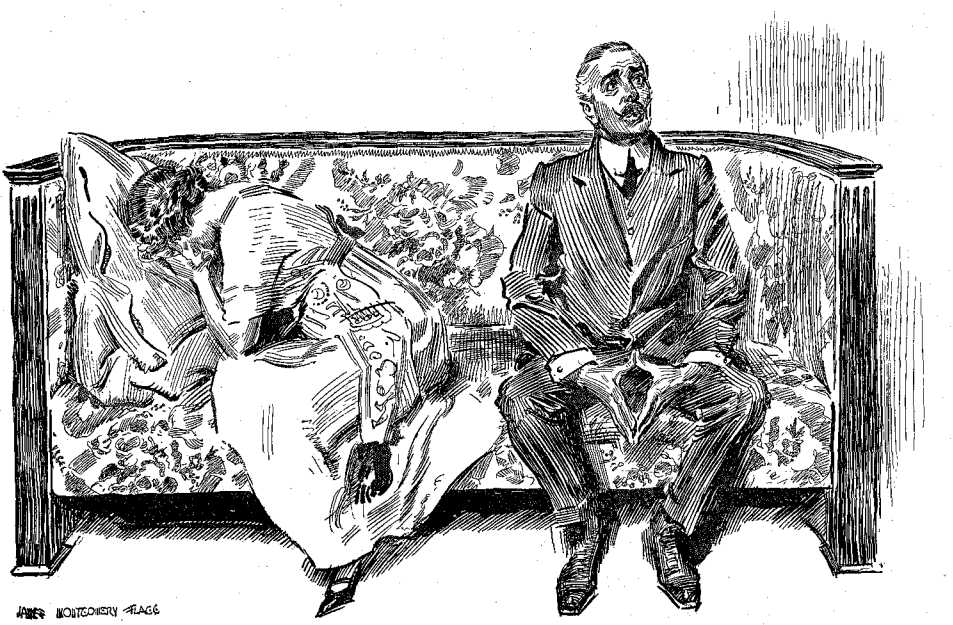
"I wonder," Miss Wade indignantly continued, "that you can have the effrontery so much as to mention Louisa. Poor, dear, deluded, trustful thing. But it's time her eyes were opened."

"I rather think she'll open yours if you go to her with any cock-and-bull story people coming this evening, and such a lot to see to for to-morrow."

"What *is* to-morrow but a mockery," Miss Wade asked tragically, "so long as you remain under this roof?"

"Look here, Miss Wade," Colonel Garden interposed, "I can't have you taking that sort of tone with Miss Ollerton. It's going a bit too far."

"And how far have you gone?" she retorted. "I do believe I should despise you



Colonel Garden was much perturbed. Beauty in distress was enough to upset any man.—Page 514.

you've concocted on the spur of the moment. If you will only listen——"

"Unfortunately there was no need to listen," Miss Wade said coldly; "I saw."

"You were misled by what you saw," the colonel said shortly.

"Misled!" Miss Wade repeated. "I suppose you will tell Louisa that your attitude toward Miss Ollerton was fatherly."

"I shall tell her nothing of the kind, but I don't feel called upon to explain my attitudes to you."

"Unfortunately the one in question explains itself."

"Dear Miss Wade," Dot said beseechingly, "do listen. You really are mistaken in what you think, and surely you would never go and worry poor dear Mrs. Garden to-day, when she's so busy, and all these less if you went off with her and never saw Louisa again."

"Went off! Went off!" the colonel repeated incredulously. "Upon my soul, this is a bit too thick. Pretty fool I should look going off without Louisa!"

"I love Mrs. Garden too," Dot interposed plaintively.

"And flirt with her husband whenever her back is turned. Flirt, indeed! That is far too mild a word for what I saw. I leave you to your own reflections," and Miss Wade rose and crossed the room to the door, which the colonel politely opened for her and closed securely after her.

Dot sank down on the Chesterfield Miss Wade had just vacated and buried her face in the cushions. Colonel Garden came and

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sat on the other end of it and whistled tunelessly.

"If she goes to Louisa in that frame of mind," he remarked presently, "I'm afraid the woman'll worry her. Eh, what?"

Dot sat up very straight. "We must prevent that, and there's only one way. I'll leave the house at once as she suggested. I'll go and pack, and you can say I had a wire or something. *Some one* must be saying horrible things. Look at that letter!"

"Exactly, that's what I've got to do. Give it to me."

"I can't."

"You must, and I'll take it straight to Louisa."

"You don't understand; how can I explain? That letter accused me of the very thing that horrid Miss Wade thinks she has found out. It said—I flirted—with you."

"Give me the letter."

"Impossible."

"Don't be a fool; there's a good girl. The thing must be sifted."

"It can't be sifted," Dot sighed. "I was so frightened I went and burned it with a match behind the sweet-peas after lunch. It had the Fletbury postmark and was typewritten."

"Well, that settles it." Colonel Garden rushed to the fireplace and rang the bell furiously. "There's only one thing to be done—to find Louisa."

Brooks, the sedate man-servant, appeared instantly in answer to the noisy summons.

"Where is your mistress? Ask her to come to me at once."

"Mrs. Garden went out in the motor, sir, directly after luncheon."

"Went out? Where?"

"I think she went into Fletbury, sir, to see about cakes for the children's tea tomorrow. She thought she hadn't ordered quite enough."

"How long has she been gone?"

"About half an hour, sir."

"Did any one go with her?"

"No one went with her, sir. I think she remembered something suddenly and went off in a great hurry."

"All right, Brooks, that's all." Then, turning to Dot, the colonel said cheerfully: "She'll be on her way back by now. Let's go and meet her and stop the car; then we can tell Louisa all about your beastly letter and that fool of a woman before she does any more mischief. I can't stick those skinny women, all gush and elbows. Suppose any garbled version of this fairy tale got to your father's ears! Think of me! Think of Louisa! Louisa's the one to silence her. Go and get your hat; be slippy now, else we may miss her."

"But suppose Mrs. Garden—minds?" Dot faltered.

"She may be a bit stuffy with me; it won't be the first time, but she's the only person who can get us out of this mess and stop that death's-head chattering. She'll do it too. However bad a smash I've come, Louisa always picks up the pieces and puts me together again. She's no ordinary woman, I can tell you. You're a pretty girl, Dot, an uncommonly pretty girl—but you should have seen Louisa five-and-twenty years ago. Ah! There was a girl for you!"

"And while you're smiling and picturing how beautiful she was, that horrid woman may be making her miserable."

"You're right. We mustn't waste a minute. Confound it, here's Benham looking for me. You wait for me in the drive. I'll get rid of him."

A thin, clean-shaven man came in by the French window just as the colonel shut the door on Dot's retreating form, and Miss Wade instantly followed him.

"My dear Geoffrey," the new-comer exclaimed somewhat aggrievedly, "I've been looking for you everywhere. What about that round at golf?"

"I'm awfully sorry," fussed Colonel Garden, "but I've an appointment I must keep. I shan't be many minutes; then we'll go out and I'll show you the new course I've made. Have a cigar, whiskey and soda, daily papers—find 'em all in the gun-room. Don't stray away, mind," and the colonel dashed out of the room as though his life depended on the mythical appointment.

Benham Fane, long and lean and leisurely, sank into the nearest chair. "How hot Geoff makes me," he exclaimed wearily. "What energy! With the thermometer at eighty-three degrees in the shade. Do sit down, Miss Wade. You, at all events, look cool and restful."

Miss Wade was nothing loth; she liked Louisa's brother, the clever barrister, and

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in view of her recent discovery society of some sort was almost a necessity.

"Was Colonel Garden *alone* in here when you came in?" she asked pointedly.

"Alone! Why, yes, I think so. Everybody seems to have disappeared since luncheon. Naturally, they are excessively busy arranging for to-morrow. I do hope this beautiful weather may hold."

"Suppose," Miss Wade continued rather breathlessly, "suppose you made a discovery that something you had long suspected *was* a fact—a discovery vitally affecting the happiness of one dear to you—would you not feel bound to disclose what you knew?"

"If," said Benham Fane, and he looked hard at Miss Wade as he spoke, "such information tended to *add* to my friend's happiness, it would, of course, be selfish to abstain from communicating it."

"And so you ought to be, you wicked, designing girl!"—Page 514.

"I hope it may," Miss Wade said with a deep sigh; "but to me it feels sultry, as though a storm were brewing."

"The glass is high, that's a comfort."

"Mr. Fane"—here Miss Wade leant forward in her chair and gazed earnestly at her companion—"are you susceptible to psychic influences?"

"Well, really—I have never considered the question."

"Have you ever experienced the curious tension in the mental atmosphere that precedes revelation?"

"As a lawyer," Benham Fane answered dryly, "I am more or less compelled to distrust mental atmosphere. It is apt to lead to revelations which do not tally with plain facts."

"Suppose you discovered that your friend was habitually deceived and imposed upon, that she—that he—lived in a fool's paradise—what then?"

"It is no light enterprise to destroy felicity," Benham Fane said decidedly, "even should such an elysium appear to us to be imaginary. You know the proverb, 'Fools rush in,' and that still more homely adage as to the advisability of letting well alone."

"But can real happiness be founded on anything but the truth?"

"The longer I live the more strongly is it borne in upon me that it is best to let

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people be happy in their own way, and—to mind one's own business."

Miss Wade started up, exclaiming indignantly: "*Don't* quote any more of those selfish, narrow sayings. Are we only to consider what is expedient? Are we never to risk unpleasantness, misrepresentation, even friendship, in pursuit of the ideal, the truest loyalty?"

"Pray be calm, Miss Wade," Benham Fane pleaded; "it is much too hot to gesticulate. The problem is certainly interesting. I take it that you are possessed of knowledge concerning one of your friends who believes in some one whom you have discovered to be absolutely untrustworthy. You consider that it is your duty to unmask this wolf in sheep's clothing. It is painful to you. It will cause pain to your friend.—Do I state the case correctly?—The question is, are you obliged to follow this line of conduct? I am by no means sure that you are. Let us ask my sister; she is a very level-headed woman in many ways. Ah—here *is* Louisa!"

III

Slowly through the French window came Mrs. Garden, reading aloud from a pencil list as she came:

"Three hundred Chelsea buns—the sort that unwind, with coffee sugar on the top; five five-pound currant cakes, iced; one hundred sponge fingers for the babies; a hundred finger rolls, buttered and spread with anchovy, for the mothers—they like something tasty; twenty dozen— Oh dear, how tired I am!" and she sank down upon the nearest chair. "Where's Geoffrey?"

"Colonel Garden went out not long ago," Miss Wade replied.

"Out!" Mrs. Garden exclaimed; "and the men have just come to set up the marquee. Benham, do go and look after them. They'll do nothing but loll about and drink beer if some one isn't there. My brain is a conglomeration of sticky buns and biscuits, packets of sweets, and rounds of beef, puddings, and pies. And, Benham! see that they put the tent-pegs in firmly, and don't you let them have one drop of beer till the whole thing's up. I *must* sit still for a minute or two."

"You may rely on me, Louisa," Benham remarked reassuringly as he departed. "I'll see that that tent is pegged to resist a hurricane."

"You look very cool, Emily," Mrs. Garden said wearily as she untied her veil. "I wish I was. Ring the bell for tea like a good creature. It's much too early, but Brooks must indulge me for once. We'll have it again for the others by and by."

"Shall I take your hat upstairs for you, Louisa?"

"Oh, no, thanks; I'll have to go out again directly. Tea, Brooks, at once, please, and where is the colonel?"

"I saw the colonel go down the drive, ma'am, about a quarter of an hour ago. Miss Ollerton was with him, ma'am."

"How tiresome," Mrs. Garden exclaimed irritably; "and I wanted them both so badly. Dot promised to do up the bags of sweets whenever they came, and I've brought the lot with me. Well, directly they come in, tell them I want them. That's all, Brooks; please hurry up tea. You look very depressed, Emily; what's the matter?"

Miss Wade had indeed assumed a most lugubrious cast of countenance on Mrs. Garden's arrival, and now she shook her head, saying rather faintly: "I have had rather a shock, but we won't talk about it just now."

"But we will," Mrs. Garden announced briskly. "What frightened you?"

"Nothing *frightened* me; a foreboding was fulfilled; that was all."

"Now, Emily," Mrs. Garden remonstrated, "you are always meeting trouble half-way. If you've had bad news, just tell me, and we'll see if something can't be done."

"I've had no bad news," sighed Miss Wade, "though naturally the trouble of a friend is a sorrow of my own."

Mrs. Garden rose hurriedly from her chair and literally strode across to Miss Wade, catching her by the shoulder and shaking her vigorously.

"You're trying to break something to me," she cried, "and of all detestable things that's the worst. Quick, don't keep me in suspense; something has happened to one of the boys and you're afraid to tell me. Which of them can't come? Is it Rex? Has he been gated again?"

"No, no, Louisa; go and sit down."

"Then it's Bobbie," cried Mrs. Garden, giving Miss Wade another shake; "they've

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stopped his leave or a gun has burst or something! For heaven's sake, tell me the worst at once."

"I assure you I know nothing about Bobbie—don't do that, Louisa—it hurts."

"Not Rex? not Bobbie? and you're sure there's nothing from Eton about the Kiddie?—has he got into trouble and they've stopped his exeat?"

Miss Wade knelt down dramatically beside Mrs. Garden's chair.

"I swear to you," Miss Wade exclaimed, rubbing her shoulder, "I know nothing about any of them that you don't know yourself."

Here Brooks appeared with tea and Mrs. Garden went back to her place.

"No telegrams, Brooks?" she asked suspiciously as he placed the table in front of her; "nothing since I went out?"

"Nothing whatever, ma'am, since the second post came in."

Brooks departed and Mrs. Garden turned angrily upon Miss Wade. "Emily, if you sit there any more looking like a skeleton at the feast, I shall scream. For goodness' sake, speak out."

Miss Wade rose, crossed the room, and knelt down dramatically beside Mrs. Garden's chair. "Louisa, I will, though it kills me to do it. Louisa, you must get that girl out of the house. Colonel Garden is weak and she is— Well, the less said about her the better. Get rid of her."

Mrs. Garden leaned back in her chair and asked wearily: "What on earth is the woman talking about? What girl?"

"Miss Ollerton."

"Dot!"

"Louisa," Miss Wade said earnestly, "I am jealous *for* you if you won't be jealous for yourself. She isn't a nice girl, Louisa. I have suspected her ever since I came, and in your interest I did something unworthy, but, instead of preventing, it seems to have precipitated matters."

"Emily, I think you must have got a sunstroke," Mrs. Garden said quietly. "I can't see what you're driving at. Go and sit down, and in the name of common sense try and come to the point."

Miss Wade arose from her knees and went back to her seat; she leant forward and shaded her eyes with her hand. "I don't know how to tell you. This afternoon in this very room I came upon them unexpectedly——"

"Came upon who?"

"Colonel Garden and Miss Ollerton—and she was in his arms and he was kissing her. There! you would have it."

The blood surged into Mrs. Garden's

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face. "I simply don't believe it and, what's more, I will not allow you to slander my husband to me! How dare you?"

"I dare," Miss Wade said sadly, "because I feel you ought to know, that you may take action before it is too late."

"His old friend's daughter!" Mrs. Garden said, more to herself than to Miss Wade—she was pale enough now—"in his own house; Emily, it is unthinkable."

"I tell you I saw them, and I was so indignant that I told them what I thought of them. She was crying——"

"Crying!" Mrs. Garden echoed with a great sigh of relief. "Oh, *that* explains everything. Of course if she cried it would be all over with Geoff, and he would be bound to kiss her. It's his way. It's the only thing he can think of in those circumstances. My dear Emily, have you known Geoff all these years and never discovered that he can't *bear* to see a woman cry? Why, if *you* cried in front of him—just to make things less painful, he'd probably kiss you."

"Indeed he would do nothing of the kind," Miss Wade protested indignantly.

"Well, well," Mrs. Garden said thoughtfully, "perhaps not. But Dot Ollerton, pretty, pretty Dot. After all, it is only the very young who cry becomingly."

Miss Wade started to walk up and down the room restlessly. "I can't understand you, Louisa—how you can take it so calmly. To me a kiss is such a sacred thing."

"Some kisses are. But there are as many kinds of kisses as there are daisies in the grass. Do you mean to tell me that when you give a peck at my cheek as you pass to your place at breakfast that *that* is sacred?"

"But between a man and a woman," Miss Wade expostulated. "Suppose you went about kissing people—men, I mean."

Mrs. Garden laughed. "I'm not tempted that way, you see. Besides, I grew up years ago. A great many men never really grow up where we are concerned, and Geoff's one of them."

"I can't think how you take it as you do. I'd be all to a man or nothing."

"Sit down, Emily, and don't fidget, and I'll try and explain my point of view."

"It needs explanation; he's always *aux petits soins* with somebody."

"That's nothing; that's only his way. Listen now. Twenty-five years ago I thought it all out. We were very much in love, both of us, and I was very happy at the prospect of the morrow. But even then I had faced the fact that I was marrying one of the handsomest horse gunners in the regiment. I could not expect that no other women would find him agreeable too. And I made up my mind that I would really take Geoff 'for better for worse,' not only for the better. I knew he loved me, but I also knew that he was constitutionally susceptible and that all through life he would probably love every pretty face he came across in a different and lesser degree, but that it wouldn't in the least alter his real love for me, if I kept wholesome and sweet and sensible about it."

"If I couldn't be first," Miss Wade said decidedly, "I wouldn't be anything to a man."

"My dear, I came first with Geoff then, and I come first now, after twenty-five years, in all that matters. You see, I don't worry about Geoff's very transient admiration for this person and that, because he *needs* me. He needs me far too much to get on without me, and when your man needs you it isn't worth while worrying over trumpery little things. Why, my dear child, only once was Geoff really in a hole—and then it was a little fool of a captain's wife who insisted on coming to lunch with him while I was away, and he telegraphed to me to come home in time to be there. It was very inconvenient; I was shopping in London, but I rushed back, and you should have seen her face when I received her."

Mrs. Garden laughed delightedly at the recollection, but Miss Wade shook her head.

"It sounds plausible enough as you put it," she said, "but I maintain that a married man should not behave like a giddy bachelor and appear, *appear* I say, as though he were greatly smitten with every pretty woman he meets."

"You're right in theory, of course," Mrs. Garden said seriously; "perfectly right. But you must remember in married life there's always a something. No one is perfect. Suppose I'd married a man who always breathed loudly down his nose whenever he made a joke; or whose collar stud always showed above his tie; or who grumbled at the house books and the school fees. *There* would have been a constant source

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of irritation, if you like. Of course," she added simply, "if I hadn't had the boys I might have minded more."

"I can't make a joke of it," sighed Miss Wade; "I can't understand how you can bear it."

"And do you suppose he has had nothing to bear from me all these years? I've got a hot temper and I'm a fusser. We've got three boys. All of them have been at preparatory and public school away from me; part of the time I was in India, and in every illness those boys had I've died a hundred deaths, and nearly been the death of Geoff as well."

"I can believe that," Miss Wade murmured, rubbing her shoulder.

"Very well, then; and he—who can ever tell how kind and comforting he has been, and how patient! Look how he has helped my people! And is all that to count for nothing?"

"That's all very well, but where is he, and with whom, at the present moment?" Miss Wade asked in Cassandra-like tones.

As if in answer to her question, the colonel's voice was heard outside shouting: "Louisa! Louisa! Where's Mrs. Garden? In the drawing-room? What the devil do you mean, Brooks, by sending me on a fool's errand in all this heat?"

"Quick, Emily," Mrs. Garden whispered, "do go. He wants to speak to me, I know, and I'll bet you a spade guinea to a brass farthing it's about this precious mare's nest you think you have discovered."

"My sentiments exactly," Benham Fane exclaimed delightedly.—Page 523.

Miss Wade made her exit quickly by the door behind the big screen and she left the door open. At the same moment Dot Ollerton and the colonel came in by the window, covered with dust, hot and dishevelled. Mrs. Garden, calmly drinking tea, surveyed them with astonishment.

"Thank God you're alone, Louisa!" the colonel ejaculated as he dropped heavily into a deep chair. "We've been scouring the country for you; Boy Scouts aren't in it with us. That idiot, Brooks, said you'd gone to Fletbury."

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"And we thought we'd meet you on the way back," gasped Dot, fanning herself with a magazine.

"But what's the matter?" Mrs. Garden asked, her eyes twinkling in the midst of a face that expressed only mild surprise. "Why run about the roads on such a hot afternoon? You knew I'd be back directly. As it happens, I came by the home farm and not by the high road."

"Where's Miss Wade?" asked the colonel.

"In her room, I suppose, resting like a sensible person. Why? Do you want her?"

"Good Lord, no. I say, Louisa, a most unpleasant thing has happened. Miss Ollerton has had an anonymous letter."

"An anonymous letter?" Mrs. Garden repeated.

"A horrid letter," cried Dot; "it made me cry, dear Mrs. Garden, it was so cruel."

"But what about? Where is it? Show it to me."

"Just what I said," the colonel chimed in; "but the little—the silly girl has destroyed it, and then——"

"Well, 'and then,'" Mrs. Garden cried impatiently; "do get on."

"I say, Louisa, you won't be stuffy about it? Anyway, *she's* not to blame."

"Of course not, poor child, but why should anybody write her anonymous letters, and what did it say?"

"It wouldn't matter so much about the letter," the colonel began in judicial tones, as if he were making the situation singularly clear; "only—she cried, you know—and I tried to comfort her—and Miss Wade—I've always told you that woman is a cat. Louisa, you must get rid of her. She must go."

"But what had Emily to do with it? What if she did come in? Didn't you tell her?"

"She didn't give us a chance," said Dot ruefully; "she flew out at us and called us all sorts of awful names."

"But why?" asked Mrs. Garden, who was thoroughly enjoying herself. "Emily is the mildest person."

"Oh, is she?" the colonel demanded ironically. "You should have heard her this afternoon."

"She said horrible things," and Dot nodded her pretty head solemnly to emphasize their horror.

"You must explain," Mrs. Garden said firmly. "What you tell me is too absurd—that Emily came and abused you both just because Dot had a letter and was crying; it's too ridiculous."

Colonel Garden arose from his chair and walked over to the tea-table. He shot his cuffs and squared his shoulders. "I've never lied to you, Louisa, and I'm not going to begin now. I grant you that Miss Wade had some excuse at first—but she wouldn't listen——"

Mrs. Garden turned to Dot Ollerton.

"What *is* he talking about? Excuse for what?"

Dot ran across the room and knelt by Mrs. Garden's chair just where Miss Wade had knelt earlier in the afternoon. "It was my fault, Mrs. Garden; he's a great dear, you know, and I was so upset that somehow I didn't mind—if it had been anybody else I'd have been furiously angry——"

"It wasn't fatherly, Louisa," the colonel spoke with quite a George Washington air; "I'm not going to say it was, and she came in just at that moment and thought the very worst of us and this on the top of Dot's letter——"

"I suppose you were kissing her, Geoffrey?" Mrs. Garden said mournfully.

"I was."

"And Emily saw you?"

"She did, may the devil fly away with her."

"And you expect *me* to explain it to Emily?"

"Well, she wouldn't listen to us."

"But what sort of an explanation do you propose that I should give?"

"Come, now, Louisa, a clever woman like you——"

Dot lifted her flushed face from Mrs. Garden's knee where she had hidden it. "Couldn't you tell her you didn't mind—if you don't? It really isn't any business of hers."

"How do you know I don't mind, you young monkey? I confess I see excuses for Geoffrey."

"He said I'm not a patch on you."

"Oh, he did—did he?"

At that moment Miss Wade and Benham Fane came in from the hall and he was asking: "Did you propound the problem?"

Mrs. Garden sat very straight in her

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chair and remarked: "Emily, I'll trouble you for that brass farthing."

Miss Wade ignored her hostess, but turned to Benham Fane. "I did not ask her, Mr. Fane, but I'll do so now. Louisa, if you honestly believed (no matter whether you were mistaken or not); if you honestly believed a friend's husband to be deceiving her, would you not consider it your duty to tell her of your suspicions?"

"No, Emily," said Mrs. Garden with great decision; "I should not consider it my duty to do anything of the kind. For, if my friend had been married for some time, I should be pretty sure that she probably knew more about her own husband than anybody else in the world. Always provided, mind you, that she was not a fool."

"My sentiments exactly," Benham Fane exclaimed delightedly. "I assure you, Miss Wade, that what you call 'revelation' is generally the precursor of an action for libel, and the damages nowadays——"

"There," the colonel ejaculated, drawing up a chair beside his wife, "didn't I tell you, Dot, that she is no ordinary woman? Didn't I say Louisa would know what to do?"

"Louisa has no intention of doing anything whatever, but you, Geoff, might ring the bell for more tea, and then go and get brushed, you poor, dear, silly, dusty man! Hark! isn't that the motor? Oh, Geoff, come quick and let us meet our boys together."

"I suppose now I shall take a back seat, eh, Louisa?" asked the colonel as they hurried across the hall.

She stopped short and smiled up at him, holding out her hand. "You dear old silly," was all she said. But the colonel seemed quite satisfied.

THE POINT OF VIEW

A RECENT Superintendent of West Point expressed the amazement which he was as well entitled to feel as any graduate of that institution, that "the honor of an appointment as candidate for entrance to the Military Academy should go begging." What Grant and the school-boys of his generation coveted as an education which of itself assured success in life, as appears from a letter written by the general when he was a cadet, by no means so universally appeals, it seems, to the contemporaneous school-boy. There are other explanations, very possibly, than the discouraging one that the "nurse of arms" loses her occupation in a "sink of level avarice," though that explanation is the most obvious. And it is but fair to remember that in General Grant's school-days, every technically educated military man in the United States was either a West Pointer or a foreigner.

The Three R's

But it seems that the discouraging and portentous list of vacancies in the corps of cadets is by no means wholly attributable to the want of interest of American youth, but very largely to the presentation of unqualified candidates. As the superintendent also pointed out, the mental and physical requirements for admission are perfectly intelligible, perfectly simple, and the mental requirements perfectly elementary. It is known that they have been kept elementary from the beginning, in order to comply with the demand that the regions in which the available schooling was but elementary should have their fair chance with the regions in which it was further advanced. The boys of these more favored parts were handicapped in their progress by the exigencies of the boys of the less favored. The irreducible minimum of the three R's was and is alone imposed, for there has been little change for a hundred years in the entrance requirements. Only it was and is insisted that this irreducible minimum should be really known. And it now appears that a discouragingly large proportion of the boys who come to the Academy do not know that of which every American boy who had had access to the common schools of any part of the country was a century ago "charged with knowledge." And this not alone with the boys of the districts most educationally backward, but quite equally with

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those of the districts which boast themselves to be in the foremost educational files of time. There was, and possibly still is, a time when West Point took in the graduates of certain selected high schools, as many colleges take them in, on certificates of their proficiency. But that method was found by the examiners at West Point a very inefficient substitute for their own investigations to ascertain whether a boy really knew the few and simple things he was supposed and certified to know. The late Colonel Larned, of the Academy, exposed in print some of the grievous results of this investigation. Many of the certificated pupils were in the position of that candidate for a schoolmastership of whom the examiner inquired of what country Vienna was the capital, and who was fain to answer: "Why, I know of what country Vienna is the capital as well as you do, but I haven't the flow of language to express it."

This indication that there is something decomposed in the state of our public education is unluckily but one of many. It is a question of objects and methods. It is conceivable that some of the prize boys of the "progressive" high schools who fell lamentably down in reading and writing and arithmetic and primary geography might have soared in ethical culture and some of the ologies, if they were neologies, and have been proficient enough in "nature-study" to know infallibly "how to tell the birds from the wild flowers." All that they lacked was the basis of anything that deserves, according to the consensus of mankind, to be called an education. Johnson, with his "massive sagacity," once exhorted Boswell not to "refine" in the education of his children. "You must do as other people do." One would like to have that sentence inscribed over the doors of some of the institutions which inculcate that, in matters of education, they must signalize themselves by doing as other people do not do. Those reactionaries who insist that, of whatever a boy may be ignorant, he must at least know how to spell and write and cipher, describe these innovators as "faddists." One of the innovators, waxing exceedingly bold, and taking the conservative bull by the indurated horns, has of late publicly proposed to turn the tables by the simple process of describing the old-fashioned elementary education as a "fad." It is at any rate clear that eternal vigilance is the price of preserving a general adherence to the rudiments, and of postponing the advent of a day when primary education shall be as R-less as the oysterless months.

The Changing City Type

NOTHING is more frequent, in the New York of to-day, than the search in some lower side street, not latterly visited, for some old address which proves to be non-existent. To one on such a quest there will come evidences of change, realization of profound transmutations which will never reach him in his daily passing to and fro along the main longitudinal thoroughfares of the city; which will quite escape him as he goes about his daily occupations and pleasures in the central portion of the streets, where he has "moved up," as everybody else "moved up," and where the full, thronged feeling of his habitual New York surrounds him like an iridescent cloud-bank. If one has known, and perhaps rather imaginatively felt the quality of, an older New York, to find oneself on one of the quieter lateral blocks, at some odd hour, is often to sense again, quite unexpectedly, impressions that one would have thought sunk beyond recovery in distant holes of consciousness. There were pictures of that older New York that memory always flashed back, at whatever distance one chanced to be, whenever remembrance of the city was evoked—and one of those pictures was sure to be that of a narrow side street, with rows of tight little red houses on either hand, and with the cold yellow of a winter sunset at the end of it. Perhaps you are one of those in whom that picture still brings up a troop of undefined suggestions, and, in the ensuing momentary vagueness that besets you, not finding the house of which you are in search, you appeal for information to a person standing in a door-way. His back is toward you, a familiar back, a youthful male back, which you recognize without giving it any attention as the usual male back, to be seen in every American city the land through. Then, as he turns to answer you—and to answer in the American voice, as familiar as his back—an extraordinary thing happens to you.

You find yourself looking into the face of the American who will perhaps be walking through these side streets of New York when you are not.

The foreign element in the population of New York is a matter of persistent, indeed compulsory, contemplation. But we have conceived of it, until now, as segregated. Literary Englishmen, and other persons with

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a taste for picturesque cosmopolitanism, visit the foreign segregations; the native New Yorker feels them chiefly as rather interesting spots of color on the outskirts of his life. The last thing he thinks of is that an infiltration from the outer segregations is beginning. There is an alien integration. Here and there a face—like the face of the young man in the door-way—already tells the story. As yet these faces are few. But once have your eyes sharpened to see them, and you look for them and make queer discoveries.

I suppose it never occurred to any of us that the countenance of any American who might come after us could be radically different from our own. If imagination ever showed us those Americans of future generations, it probably showed them as not more unlike us than we are unlike our progenitors. These progenitors, whether they look out upon us from the frames of family portraits or from the little velvet-lined cases of old and humbler daguerreotypes, are, on the whole, singularly homogeneous of aspect. It is the kind of face that has always been seen hitherto wherever the English language was spoken. The assimilative force of American life has been counted on to perpetuate that kind of face indefinitely. And here, surprisingly, are signs that one can't probably count on any such thing. This integration of a different, over-seas, Southern-Easternly visage in the effect, the "style," of an American is a new thing, a startling thing—and startling, precisely, in the measure in which you grasp the fact that it is not an isolated instance, here and there, that you see, but rather an outward emergence of deep-lodged underground elements, in the Eastern cities of the Atlantic seaboard, that soon must push everywhere to the surface.

A New Urban Face

A STRIKE of youthful garment-workers is in progress, and in a street near Union Square many groups are assembled along the sidewalks. Young girls, almost all; some barely more than children; many with soft, round cheeks and the dewy eyes of young animals. They have long, warm coats and cheap hats that follow the fashions of the hour in terms of violence and distortion. In such outward semblance they are of America. But in their shapeless backs and their shuffling, out spread, spatulate feet they betray the exact number of years during which they have been of the workers of New York—and those years are few.

For the back and the feet, you presently observe, are the points at which the new influence first makes itself felt. Backs that had cringed and slouched, as if they had always carried burdens, or expected to, straighten up and grow taut and flat. And feet that had not known how to wear shoes and legs that had not seemed to have any circulation below the knee grow articulate, fine down at the ankle, and, in the second generation, step out with the crisp, light briskness of the American walk. With a little practice you may tell the Italian back, the Russian-Jewish back, the German-Jewish back, a block away. There is something in the step of a newly arrived Syrian by which you can recognize him afar. What more characteristic than the strange roll in the gait of the man who now passes you—also in the neighborhood of Union Square—and whose countenance of greenish-copper should properly be looking out—to be "in the picture"—from under a Turkish fez? But let American-made clothes and shoes do their work. Let the habit of conforming to a certain set type of dress (a habit of conformity stronger here than anywhere on earth) strike into the man with all its unconsidered but moulding pressure. Let the children who exhibit these uncouth feet and peasant backs pass through a few years of the American public school. Then fresh numbers are added to those crowds upon the New York streets whose extraordinary sameness in gesture, movement, outline, has struck attentive observers from all over the world.

But the levelling seems to stop at the face—more specifically at the upper part of the face. In the back part of a Fifth Avenue book-shop, to which you have been admitted in pursuit of a dusty tome, two men are working, side by side, at some repairing. The elder, who appears to be somewhat in command, has lightish hair, now fading into gray, and the wide-apart eyes of Celtic blue that keep, whatever the doings of the rest of the man, inveterately their air of innocent detachment. The younger is safely diagnosed as probably born in southeastern Europe, but indubitably acclimated to the streets of New York and the back rows of

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New York's cheaper vaudeville theatres since early boyhood. The two treat each other with an equal, quizzical tolerance dashed with humor. But the black eye of the younger has the boring power of a steel drill. And that same black eye, now sullen, now warm, but always incisive, is not the least little bit like Uncle Sam's. But it multiplies, and it changes the panorama of the streets. Intent black eyes, set close together above the escarpment of a larger, more trenchant nose; more definiteness about the eyebrows; more modelling—or, at least, a different modelling—about the forehead—there you have the newer New York face; what we shall probably, a generation or two hence, and in the Eastern States, be calling the urban American face.

It never will be, we feel, the face of the American farms and villages. Take but a two hours' journey away from New York—on Long Island, up into the farming districts of New Jersey—and you plunge so deeply into the physiognomical characteristics of the older stock that you could swear that no other physiognomy ever could be. One may imagine the cleavage growing sharper, until the old-stock American face fills the countryside, while the foreign-American face rises up, like a slow, strong tide, from the mills, the factories, the freight and railroad yards, to the dominance of the great cities.

Dominant is the word for the type. These keen, semi-Oriental visages have an entire appearance of having arrived, of taking possession. It is the look of races in which long-suppressed will, energy, power, have at last been released in the upper air. They seem to indicate that they know precisely what they want, and what they want are perfectly tangible, concrete things. Beside them, people of the older, Celto-Teutonic stock look quite unworldly and visionary—so bland and open and casual are their countenances by comparison. And the things they do not often seem to know, by contrast! Hear the chatter of three middle-class, pretty, much-dressed, dark young girls, halted on the corner, about to-morrow's matinée at the opera, and Hempel and Bori! And how much less would three young girls in the same "walk of life" have known of such matters, of art and "metropolitan amusements," had they been of the older New York!

But then, again, the people that made the older New York, if dull and provincial in such affairs, were of the kind and stock that could manufacture the particular brand of free institutions under which all New Yorkers, old, new, or newest, now flourish together—a point, this, on which they can hardly be blamed if they shall come eventually to insist a little, since entering into a heritage of social conditions to one's liking, and painfully and practically thinking out and building up those conditions through centuries of effort, are by no means one and the same thing.

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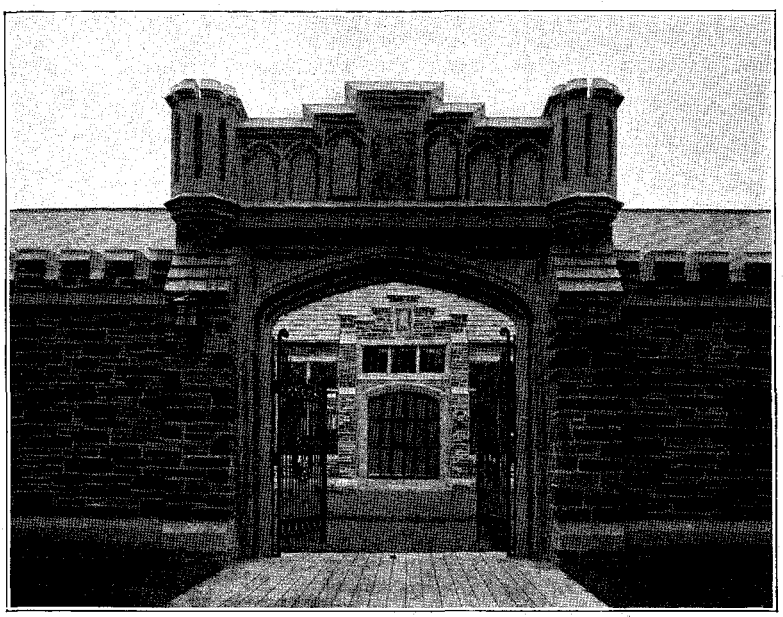
THE FIELD OF ART



The gateway of the Princeton University Press.

UNIVERSITY STUDY OF ART IN AMERICA

DELIGHTFULLY housed and admirably equipped in a new building into which it moved about two years ago, the Princeton University Press has from the first done a useful work in publishing the routine printing of the university, besides student journals and occasional publications of the faculty. Now it undertakes a more ambitious and enduring enterprise in a series of "Princeton Monographs in Art and Archæology." Professor Marquand's "Della Robbias in America" has already appeared. The starting of this series and the particular character of this first monograph constitute an interesting landmark in the study of art in America. It is no novelty for Americans to make investigations in the history of art. I need hardly recall the researches of Charles Eliot Norton, Charles H. Moore, Professor William H. Goodyear, and Arthur Kingsley Porter in the field of architecture, of the late Ernest F. Fenollosa and Edward S. Morse in Far Eastern art, of Bernhard Berenson in the painting of Italy. The list must remain incomplete, but in a general way, not only in the frequented ways of European art, but also in the remote eras of Minoan and Mesopotamian art, in Egyptology, and in the obscure fields of Central and South American archæology, American scholarship has for years been playing a creditable part. And the American universities, too, have shown an occasional activity in publishing studies in the history of art. Harvard now and then includes in her excellent "Classical Studies" a paper on an archæological theme. The Chicago University Press has published a few monographs of merit in the art historical field. Such studies at times appear in the transactions of our other universities and learned societies. University publications of a more consecutive sort have been put forth by the University of Pennsylvania, comprising, besides studies in Chaldæan antiquity, the remarkable Nubian explorations of Mr. Randall MacIver. Princeton itself has won a similar prestige from Professor H. C. Butler's reports of his archæological pilgrimages in Syria, and doubtless he will publish in similar fashion the valuable discoveries he is now making at Sardes, in Asia Minor. As to art historical journals, the *American Journal of Archæology*, the official organ of the Archæological Institute, is in a vigorous seventeenth

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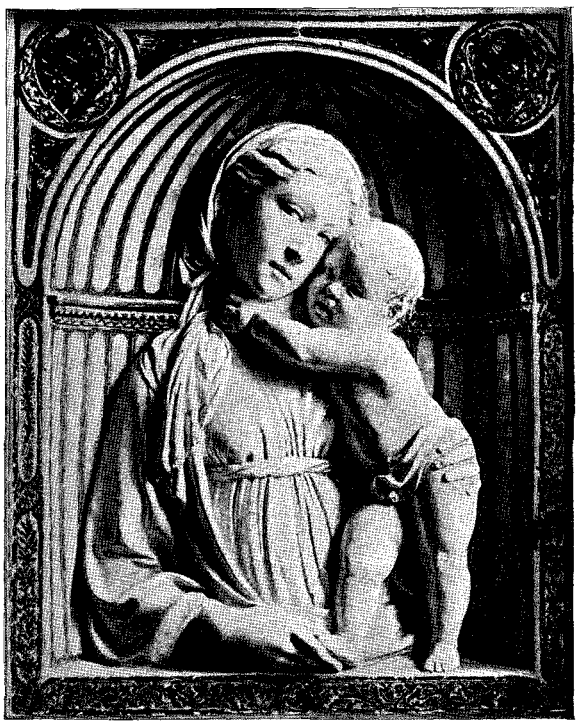
year. It is devoted chiefly to the classical period. A promising new magazine, *Art in America*, has just appeared and is chiefly dedicated to research in the Mediæval and Renaissance field.

At first glance, this enumeration, which I have tried to make reasonably complete, will seem to deprive the "Princeton Monographs" of all originality. More fairly considered, such preceding studies merely emphasize the peculiar significance of the present enterprise. It is the first time that an American university undertakes a series of publications specifically devoted to the whole field of art. Earlier publications have embraced a narrow field, and have frequently appeared under the auspices of other sciences, such as philology. There is nothing surprising in the fact that Princeton, where for some thirty years Allan Marquand has been teaching, should produce studies in the history of art. What is remarkable in the "Princeton Monographs" is that they are a pledge of continuity. The university engages year by year, with orderly regularity, to train scholars whose work shall be worthy of publication. Those studies which before have been limited and sporadic in America have become comprehensive and regular at Princeton. The history of art takes its place beside the accredited studies of the curriculum as a regular and normal training, offering a career to its proficient graduates. In short, the subject of art history which has hitherto borne an occasional aspect in America now assumes professional permanence and dignity.



Madonna and Child, by Luca della Robbia.
In a private collection, New York.

It ill beseems one who is soon to produce a "Princeton Monograph" to dwell rather on the general significance of the series than upon its intimate details, yet I cannot refrain from remarking the peculiar interest of the initial volume, Professor Marquand's "Della Robbias in America." In a special sense Professor Marquand is the creator of the art department of Princeton University and a chief promoter of the higher study of the history of art in America. It is owing to his faith, patience, and generosity that Princeton can offer genuine university facilities in this subject. Nobody but he was thinkable as editor and inaugurator of the "Princeton Monographs." Then his subject, "Della Robbias in America," has also an especial interest. It is a mere by-product of studies extending over many years. Soon Professor Marquand will begin to publish his life-work, a complete *catalogue raisonné* of all the sculptures of the Robbia family. The first volume on Luca della Robbia is already announced. To bring together and interpret some seventy American examples of Robbia ware is strikingly to illustrate the progress of art collecting in America. Twenty years ago, it is doubtful if half a dozen pieces could be found west of the Atlantic. In this transmigration of rare objects from Europe, Professor Marquand's father, for many years president of the Met-

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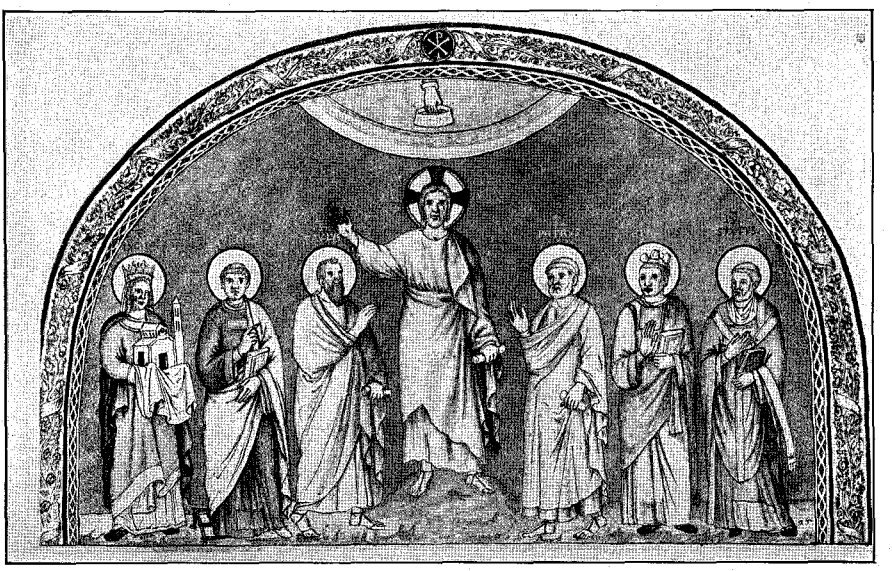
ropolitan Museum, played a notable part. The charming Madonna which is here reproduced was once in his possession. But nobody who knows Professor Marquand will suspect him of assembling the American Robbias merely to exalt the collecting logued in a form available for the private scholar. So for many years to come there will be need of such publication of works of art in America as Professor Marquand has provided in his Della Robbia book. I hope to follow his example in publishing the pic-



Seventeenth-century sketch of lost Apse Decoration of S. Lorenzo in Lucina, Rome.

movement among us. The book represents rather a duty and a courtesy to European art historians to whom many of the pieces now first illustrated are unknown.

The time has come when no European student of art history can write exhaustively of any subject without considering examples owned in America. Frequently studies appear in defective form by reason of such ignorance. Accordingly a chief duty of American scholarship for some time to come must be the modest task of publishing in adequate reproductions important works of art which have left Europe unrecorded. The late John LaFarge and A. F. Jaccaci, in their "Notable Paintings in American Private Collections," planned a most valuable work, now in progress, the cost of which, unfortunately, seriously limits its accessibility to students. Certain private collectors have set a good example in having their treasures catalogued and reproduced. But these catalogues, too, are seldom widely circulated. Few amateurs have followed the public-spirited precedent of Mr. James Loeb who had his beautiful Arretine pottery catatorial furniture panels (chiefly bride chests—*cassoni*) of the Italian Renaissance in America. Some sixty of these, of which one is reproduced, will be illustrated and interpreted as representative of the customs and ideals of the Renaissance.

The owner of Professor Marquand's monograph on the American Robbias will perhaps be surprised by the fact that it looks, not like most learned works, repellent, but good to read or put on one's shelf. A trial of the inside will prove that it is both learned and good to read. Clear, simple, unpretentious in his manner, the author speaks tranquilly and with modest authority from the abundance of both heart and head. There could be no better evidence that to be profoundly learned and academic is not necessarily to be unreadable. It was, I think, George E. Woodberry who twenty years ago at Columbia made the astounding discovery that a doctor's dissertation might not merely be printed like a readable book, but also read like one. And at Princeton we likewise believe that the results of scholarship can and should be made directly ac-

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cessible to the cultured public. We want to be read not only by our academic colleagues, but by all who seriously love the beautiful objects to the study of which our best energy and enthusiasm are applied. Accordingly we have made the form of the "Princeton Monographs," while not sumptuous and costly, attractive, and we shall without apology endeavor to make the text equally attractive. Here Professor Marquand has set a high mark for his associates. Those who read Professor Elderkin's lucid little essay on the complicated theme, "Problems in Periclean Buildings," which will shortly appear, may convince themselves that there is something like a Princeton preference for orderly and pleasurable writing. That predilection is, after all, but natural in a college that had among its pioneers James Madison and Jonathan Edwards, and among its most recent presidents Woodrow Wilson and John Grier Hibben.

To avoid misapprehensions it should be said that the "Monographs" are strictly a Princeton enterprise. They will be written solely by members of the university. The possibility of opening the series to outside contributors was discussed, but it seemed best first not to intrude in the field of the art historical journals now existing or to be published, while it also seemed a loyal course not to limit competition by taking over under Princeton auspices the scholarly output of other universities, but rather to encourage emulation in this line on the part of friendly rivals. To have done otherwise might have increased the prestige of "Princeton Monographs" at the expense of the general cause of art publication in America.

At this time it would not be proper to make large promises. The monographs actually in sight cover a considerable range of subjects following the specialties and preferences of the contributors. Professor Morey has procured from the Royal Library at Windsor photographs of seventeenth-century sketches after ancient Roman mosaics many of which perished in the great building era that followed. In some cases, as in that of the apse decoration of San Lorenzo in Lucina, here reproduced, these drawings are the only record of interesting designs now lost. In other cases the drawings enable us to control and correct extensive restorations made since the seventeenth century. Professor Harmon has studied the decorations of a peculiar kind of Etruscan pottery found at Cervetri. His results may cast light on the matter now being generally discussed of Oriental influence upon the art of the West. Our most important monographs for years to come will undoubtedly be Professor Marquand's complete illustrated catalogue of the work of the Robbias. It may be added that the "Monographs" will not usually be a medium for the publication of Princeton doctoral dissertations, though we shall gladly include dissertations of sufficient maturity and importance.

The significance of this enterprise should now be clear. It marks the coming of age of the study of art history in America—its steady as distinguished from its sporadic pursuit. It marks a genuine attempt to avoid the pedantry into which exact scholarship too often falls, and to make the researches of the specialist widely accessible to cultured readers. Finally, it would ill meet the aims of the promoters of this series of art studies if Princeton should long retain pioneer honors in this field. Our most welcome reward would be a wholesome rivalry between many university series similarly devoted to the history of art, and so general an acceptance of our ideals as would leave us at Princeton merely the elder in a large and more distinguished brotherhood.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Cassone front: A wedding and the feast.
In the collection of Martin A. Ryerson, Chicago.

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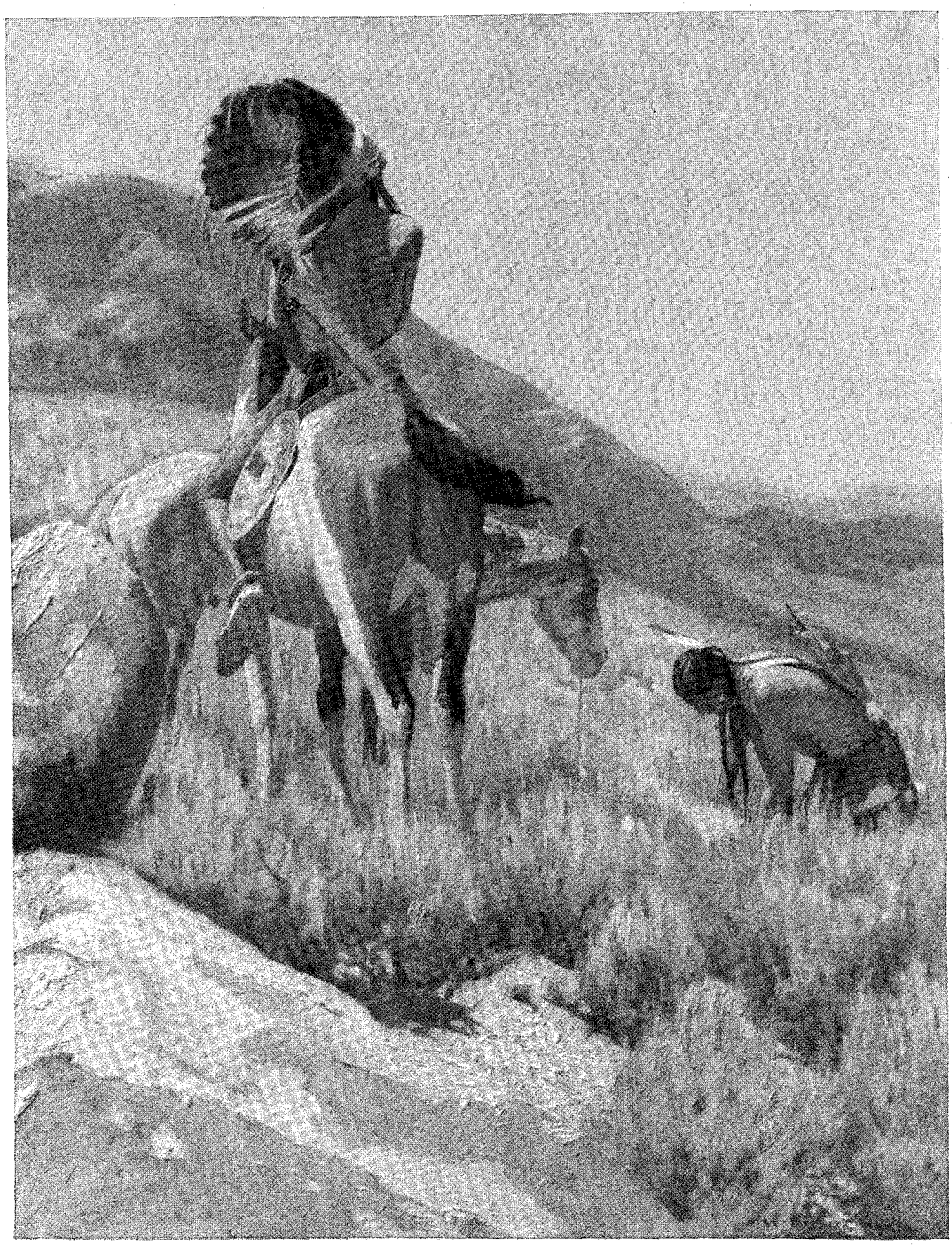

Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

THE SIGNAL-FIRE.

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